

Feb 10 1920

# Hearst's International Cosmopolitan

combined with

PERIODICAL ROOM  
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

March

Cents

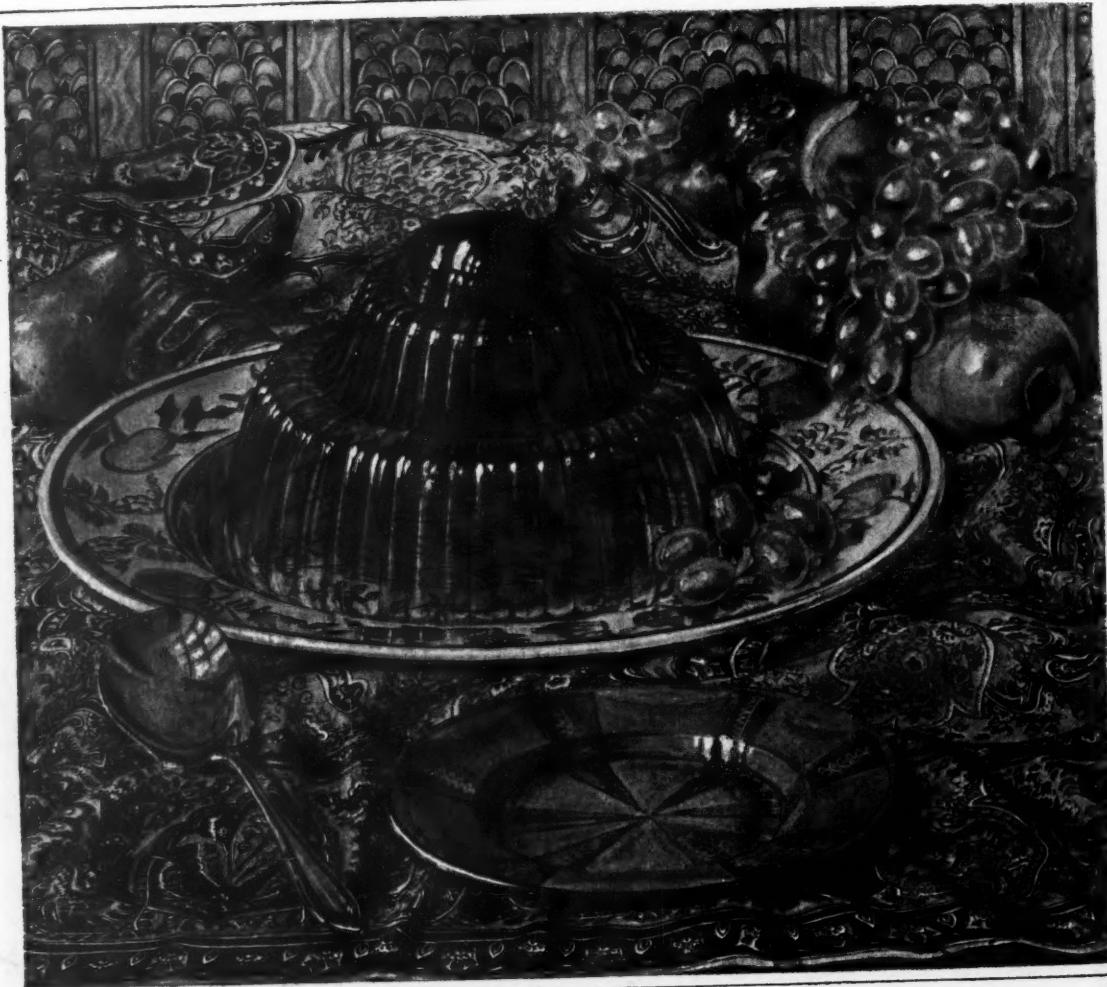
beginning

"The Understanding Heart"  
A Glorious Novel by Peter B. Kyn

Harrison  
© T. T. K.

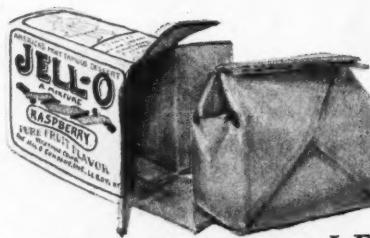


America's most famous dessert



# JELL-O

Six  
Delicious  
Pure Fruit  
Flavors ~



The  
Quality  
is Always  
the Same

THE JELL-O COMPANY Inc. ~ LE ROY, NEW YORK

© 1925 BY THE JELL-O COMPANY, INC.

# Hearst's INTERNATIONAL

Combined with

# COSMOPOLITAN

MARCH  
1926

## I See a Vision

LIKE millions of other immigrants I came from the old world to the new, afire with dreams.

Our dreams were of all colors, all kinds and all shapes. But at the heart of it all was the deathless hunger for freedom—self-expression—the unquenched hope of the oppressed of all lands that in America everybody would lift up their heads with everybody alike. Our cramped, stunted peasant bodies would stretch up to giant heights. Our shut-in, stifled souls would leap up out of the suppression of centuries.

Colors that never saw light, songs that died unvoiced, fancies that never had a chance to soar, the thirst for knowledge, the passion for beauty, every longing of heart and brain would find fulfilment in America.

But in the kitchens, in the factories, in the mills, where I and my kind had to wear out our bodies and give up our dreams for wages that kept us always trembling with fear of starvation—the thought of freedom, self-expression, was a laughing mockery.

Where was that new world that for generations and generations haunted our visions, clamored in our hearts, and drove us here?

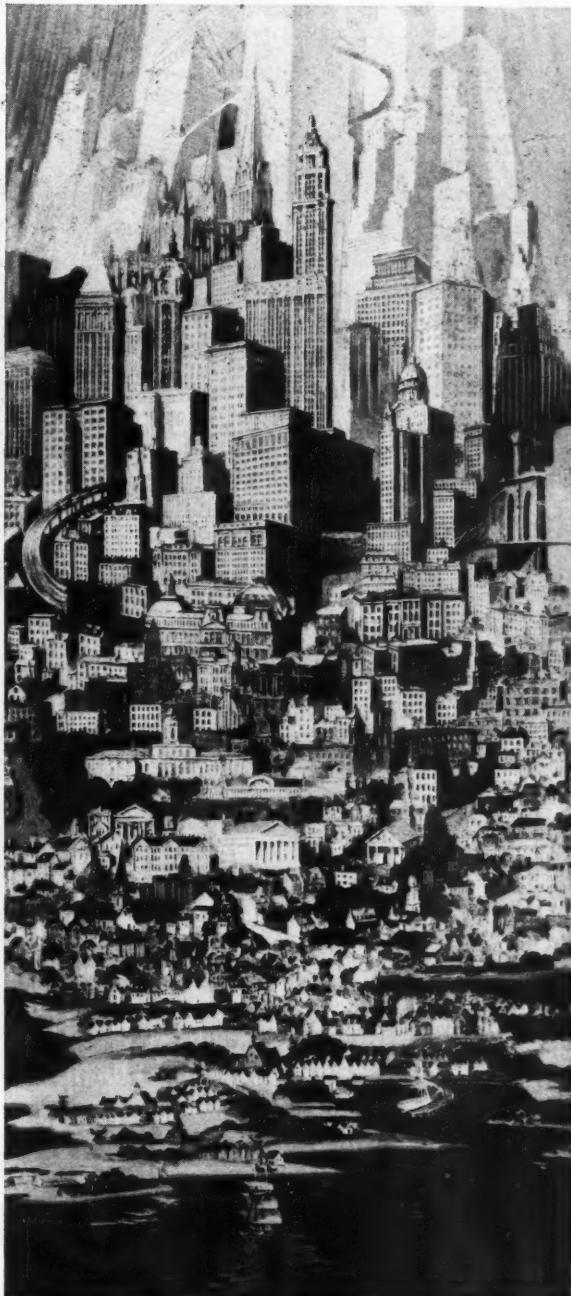
How I hated the sight of the shops, the factories, the towering office-buildings where we had to sell ourselves for bread!

As I looked up out of my weakness and littleness to those granite sky-scrappers, my embittered, frustrated soul saw in them only inhuman, stony structures of ugliness built by the mighty millionaires out of our sweat and blood and tears.

But slowly the driving, crowding hurry and worry of my work wore down my rebellion. My all-consuming struggle to tear myself out of the slavery of my body and learn to use my head as a writer, released me, without my knowing, from the blind, bitter savagery of my hate.

One day, not long ago, I chanced into Wanamaker's department store, where they were celebrating the three-hundredth birthday of New York City. I looked at the awe-inspiring painting of the Titan City by Willy Pogány.

As my eyes followed the soaring spirit of the sky-scrappers that Pogány has revealed, a million voices rose up in me. I realized



Willy Pogány's awe-inspiring painting of the Titan City.

and wine, the body and brain of our whole people.

I thought of the priests of the Christian churches who extort the last pennies of the poor to build vast cathedrals. And I realized for the first time how right they were in their demands.

Just as the cathedrals give back to the poor the immortal symbol of life, of beauty, that none of their own savings could ever buy, so these towering sky-scrappers give back to the masses a symbol of beauty, a sense of power, of self-expression, that transcends the highest dream of their own individual fulfilment.

By  
Anzia  
Yezierska

with a stunned joy of amazement how our city was beautiful! Pogány had thrown a light on these temples of industry that made me see them with new eyes. It was as though materialism itself became spirit. Mammon burst into a god!

This passionate outpouring of humanity's life-blood that these skyscrapers represent could never be satisfied with mere brute strength. It had to sublimate its energy into beauty—a beauty that could only be born out of the fused souls of *all* our people. *All* had become creators in this stupendous vision, the slave as well as the master, the low as well as the high.

I saw the hearts and souls of the nameless million toilers going into the steel beams, the blocks of stone of these gigantic towers. The least of the laborers, the riveters, the masons, the mechanics and the hod-carriers had touched the skies no less than the inspired artists whose vision had created it all.

Money alone piled up for ages could never have realized this miracle of human achievement.

The artists alone could never have done it. Here was the living sacrament of our nation, the bread

The Gibson Girls of 1926 — The Most

By CHARLES



“Have you a book innocent

Interesting Young Women in the World

# DANA GIBSON



enough for Grandma and Grandpa to read?"

# The Understanding Heart

LONG the narrow, single-track dirt road that led through the canyons and over the low foot-hills on the western fringe of the San Dimas National Forest a young man rode on a handsome Morgan-bred horse. Behind him a small but powerful black mule, with a "mealy" nose, trotted mincingly under a canvas-covered pack in an effort to keep pace with the rapid running walk of the horse; from time to time this mule brayed his displeasure at the hardship.

"Won't do you a bit of good, you tricky rascal," the rider called back to the protesting mule, in the tone one employs to an understanding and well understood comrade. "We've got to make headquarters by sundown. No loafing or browsing along the road for you, Jupiter, and no funny business to win my sympathy. Hey, there! Stop that!"

Jupiter, having, as he concluded, given due warning, was leading trumps, as it were, which is to say that with all the sincerity and earnestness of purpose of a mule, he was endeavoring to get from under that pack. His pitching and braying came to an abrupt stop, however, when the young man whirled his horse, "hazed" Jupiter in circles and belabored him with a rawhide quirt, for mules—and pack-mules in particular—have too much intelligence to fight a losing fight, and nobody had ever accused Jupiter of being dull. He ceased his cavortings, knowing from vast experience that the instant he did the quirt would cease to fall upon him. Bowing his head meekly, he trotted on ahead of the horse. Seemingly he had surrendered to the inevitable.

Of mules, however, it has been said that they will treat one kindly for twenty years in order to gain one's confidence and thus facilitate the task of kicking one's brains out in an unguarded moment. Thoroughly deceived by Jupiter's gesture of surrender,



the young man dismounted to adjust his saddle and tighten the cinch; Jupiter, casting a speculative glance to the rear, waited until he saw the cinch dangling, and then slid quietly off the graded trail and went crashing down through a thicket of aspens, his intention being to brush the pack off his back since he had been denied the effort to buck it off.

To Jupiter's huge disgust the delicate aspens refused to stand up to the job he had set them. What he required, Jupiter now realized, was a heavy, low-growing limb or series of limbs on a scrubby juniper or bull pine tree. Below him, in the canyon, was timber suited to his purpose and toward it he trotted, heeding not the shouted commands of his owner to halt and behave himself. Before the latter could cinch his horse and follow, Jupiter had disappeared in the thick, heavy growth.

"You double-crossing devil!" the young man growled. "I'll never trust you again. Hereafter you'll trot ahead of me at the

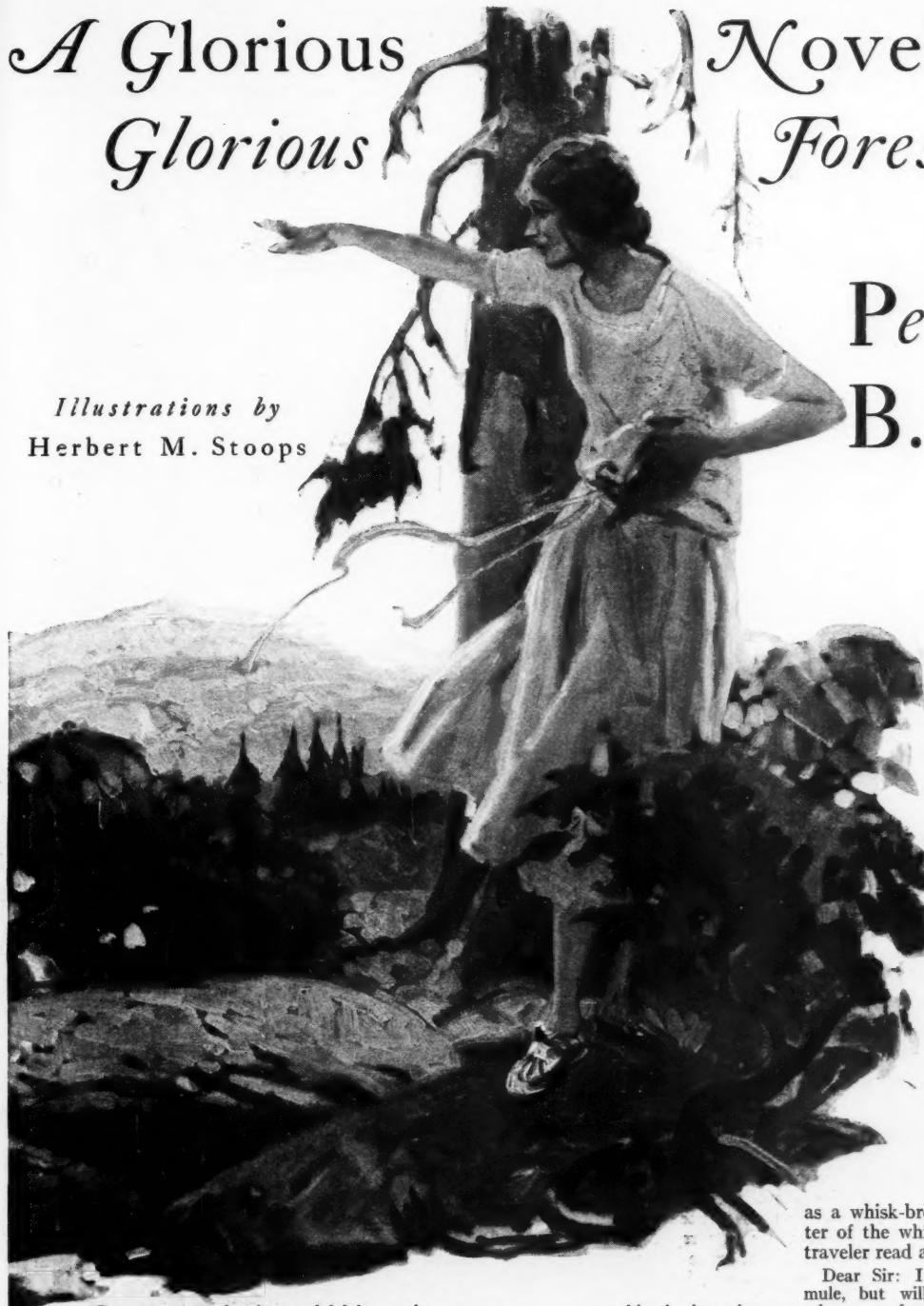
end of  
whip.

As he  
bending  
out of  
trail w  
canyon  
the ex  
it he  
ment.  
and be  
of it.  
knee-h  
"Ju  
the yo

# A Glorious Glorious

# Novel of the Forests by Peter B. Kyne

Illustrations by  
Herbert M. Stoops



**¶**In Tony Garland's youthful heart there was a strange, wild thumping. As for Monica—well, the great loneliness had lifted from her soul.

end of a riata, while I keep you on the jump with a four-horse whip. Right now you're scattering my dunnage from hell to breakfast, and when you've done your worst you'll start grazing."

As fast as he could he made his way through the aspens, which, bending, sprang back and slapped him cruelly before he could get out of range. Consequently his progress was slow. Jupiter's trail was quite apparent, however, and once at the bottom of the canyon the rider spurred to a trot and entered the timber at the exact point where the mule had entered. Thirty yards into it he emerged in a tiny open glade—and pulled up in astonishment. Quite in the center of the glade his pack-saddle reposed, and beside it his pack, with the pack-ropes neatly coiled on top of it. And while the lush green grass that Jupiter craved grew knee-high in that glade, Jupiter was not in sight.

"Jupiter can back out of a pack but he can't unsaddle himself," the young man decided. "And he'd never be obliging enough to

stack my outfit neatly in the open, where I would have no difficulty finding it. Neither would it occur to him to untie the pack-ropes and coil them on top of the pack. Evidently Jupiter had an engagement to meet a gentleman friend here. Hello, what's this?"

The canvas that covered the pack had been purchased the day before, but the dust of travel had turned it from pure white to dull gray. In the center of this gray expanse a space about a foot square had been dusted off, with the result that the original white showed prominently in the field of gray; beside the pack lay the little sprig of green fir that had been used

as a whisk-broom. And in the center of the white patch the despoiled traveler read a penciled message:

Dear Sir: I have borrowed your mule, but will see to it that you get him back again, none the worse for wear. But for me he would have scattered your pack all over the San Dimas. One good turn deserves another. Thanks.

The young man chuckled. "Steals my mule and makes me like it," he soliloquized. "No, he hasn't stolen it, either. He says he's merely borrowed Jupiter. And he's perfectly right in his conclusion that if he hadn't captured that hell-anointed mule I would even now be developing lumbago picking up my scattered possessions. I had a rifle just on top of this pack. Wonder if he took that."

He lifted up the canvas cover and peered under it. The rifle was gone. His glance wandered to the heavy revolver in its leather holster strapped to the front of his stock-saddle and he shook his head. "You win the right to ride that infernal Jupiter far and fast and until he bucks you off, as he most certainly will the minute he gets the notion in his head that he's done a day's work. I could follow you, mister, but I couldn't hope to contend with a pistol against your—I mean my—rifle. Besides, you've promised I shall have Jupiter back, bad as he is. Stranger, I believe you'd be a friendly cuss if given half a chance. You hated

## The Understanding Heart

to do this thing to me but you just naturally had to, so for your decent intention I'll forgive you."

He unsaddled his horse, cinched the pack-saddle on him instead and painstakingly packed him with Jupiter's discarded load and his own saddle. Then, leading the horse by the macarte, he set out afoot to follow the trail of the recreant Jupiter.

By sundown he had followed it ten miles to another little glade, and quite in the center of this glade, held between the cleft in an alder branch thrust upright in the soft earth, he found another message. It was written in pencil on the white inner side of a square of willow bark, fresh-cut, and in order that the message might not be overlooked a red bandanna handkerchief had been tied to the alder branch. The message read:

I'm sorry I borrowed your mule. He bucked me off here and headed north. When he strikes the trail again he'll probably follow it, or you may find him around here grazing. I borrowed your rifle but not for any mean purpose. Just figured that if I took it you wouldn't follow in a hurry to recapture the mule and tell me what you think of me. Herewith the rifle. Many thanks. If I had only had my own outfit on your mule I would have taught him to take a joke.

"I wish I could meet this cheerful fellow," was the thought that occurred to Jupiter's owner. "He's evidently on the dodge, but something tells me it isn't for anything very serious."

He unpacked in the little glade, put the stock-saddle on his horse and set out briskly on Jupiter's trail. A half-mile farther on he found the mule grazing and looking innocent, so he roped him and led him back to the pack, put hobbles on him and a bell, hobbled his horse, turned both animals loose to graze and went into camp for the night.

Early next morning he was on the road. He found the trail again—he had traveled parallel with it the preceding day—and about noon reached the headquarters of the Forest Ranger force in charge of the San Dimas. A ranger came out of the office and greeted him as he dismounted.

"Hello, there, stranger. You're Garland, I take it?"

The new arrival saluted him. "Yes, sir, I am."

"I'm Chief Ranger Casey. We rather looked for you to arrive last night, Garland."

"Oh, I had a brawl with this fool mule! He delayed me, so I camped out rather than prowl through a timbered country I don't know, and in the dark."

"Well, light and have luncheon with Mrs. Casey and me. I'm going to locate you at the Tantrum Meadows station, about ten miles from here. Better rest yourself and your animals for two hours and feed. You can get to your station by dark."

The chief ranger called an Indian, who took charge of Garland's horse and pack-mule, while he took charge of Garland and led him over to his comfortable log bungalow. Mrs. Casey came out of the kitchen, where she was preparing luncheon for her husband, and the chief ranger presented her to the recent arrival.

"Mr. Garland, Bessie, is the transfer from the Cocopah Reserve, in Arizona," he explained. "He takes Jem Scully's station up on Tantrum. He will have luncheon with us."

Mrs. CASEY favored young Garland with an old-fashioned curtsy, in which he noted more than a little embarrassment. She was about forty years old and had never been beautiful. Her face, red with the heat of the kitchen, was perspiring freely and when she spoke Garland noted that her voice was pitched an octave too high. "She's tired, nervous and irritable," he thought. "I'll bet she henpecks the Chief."

"You're welcome," the lady acknowledged the introduction and her lord's mandate. "I'm sure we haven't anything fit to give a guest, but such as it is, if you can stand it, we can." A nervous little titter concluded her ungracious speech.

"Jupiter is an intellectual giant compared with that woman," the youthful ranger told himself. "I've always heard Casey was hard-boiled. Now I know why." He was about to venture a cheerful commonplace when the lady returned to her kitchen and Casey followed her in. When he came out his face was red with annoyance.

"She's scolded him for bringing a guest in on her without warning. As if the poor devil could help it!" Aloud Garland said: "I'm afraid, Chief, I'm putting your wife to a lot of unnecessary trouble. Tell her, please, not to make a fuss over me as if I were company."

"The women who raise the most hell when they're fussed are just the ones ten men and a boy couldn't keep from fussing. Sit down, Garland, and I'll explain your new job to you," Casey answered bluntly. He drew Garland up to a large blue-print map tacked on the wall. "This is the San Dimas," he said,

"and the map is correctly oriented. Here, in between these two ridges, is Tantrum Meadows—about five miles long and a mile and a half wide at the most. Your station is at the eastern end—here. Kitchen, combination living and dining room, bedroom and bath—if you care to heat your water with a kerosene heater. Barn and a corral, chicken-house and a few chickens. Jem Scully was a bit of a nester and liked things comfortable. It's a nice, comfortable station and I think you'll like it. We try to run this show without fuss or feathers, Garland. I'm known as a hard-boiled chief ranger and I am—toward slackers; but when I get a good man on a station I respect him and leave him alone."

The younger man smiled. "Thank you, Chief. I see you and I are going to get along together as slick as two eels swimming in oil."

"I have but one piece of advice for you, Garland. Don't find too many excuses to visit the lookout station on Bogus Peak. Here it is—right here. You'll have enough work to keep you busy all week, so reserve Sunday for your social life."

"Oh, have we some social life in the San Dimas?" Garland queried. "I always understood it was a lonely, God-forsaken stretch of country."

"We haven't very much, Garland, but then, what we lack in quantity we make up in quality. Bogus Lookout is the social center—or at least it draws rangers from the Tantrum Meadows station as a magnet draws needles. The lookout on Bogus is a girl."

"Indeed! What sort of a girl, Chief?"

CHIEF RANGER CASEY glanced darkly toward the kitchen and replied in a lowered voice: "A regular girl! A lalapalooza! Whew-w-w!" He whistled softly and Garland was aware that his chief had expressed the apotheosis of admiration and approval. "She'll knock your eye out," Casey continued, "although I'm not supposed to say so out loud."

Although an unmarried man, Ranger Garland thought he understood his chief's position, and his heart went out to the honest fellow.

"I'm for the girl a mile," Casey resumed, "although she's a thorn in my official side. She raises such hell with my organization!" Again his glance wandered kitchenward, and Garland was aware that Mrs. Casey was part of the chief's organization! "As fast as I plant a married ranger at Tantrum I lose him. His wife finds it lonely, so she mounts a horse and rides up to Bogus to sort of collaborate with her own sex. One look at the lookout lady and the ship is sunk without a trace. The ranger's wife fears for her husband, whose duties may take him into the danger zone, and first thing I know she has him out of the Tantrum station and I have to get a new ranger. So I try an unmarried one—and within a week he has proposed to Monica Dale and been refused. Then he feels like a dirty deuce in a clean pack and gets out of the country. You know how it is with a young fellow. He's always embarrassed when he has to meet the girl who's turned him down and trampled on his conceit."

"They do not appear to be very persistent wooers," Garland suggested.

"Oh, they're as persistent as the ordinary run of men, but the trouble is, Monica Dale isn't an ordinary girl. She has a faculty for selling a fellow an idea, and the best thing she sells is the idea that the fellow isn't wanted. She takes the tuck out of them somehow."

"Hum-m-m!" Garland's contemptuous grunt was not lost on Casey.

"She'd take the tuck out of a graven image," he declared. "Boy, hear me. She's man-proof. Forest rangers she figures as pointblank range; she has her sights set for bigger game."

"Well, that's to her credit," Garland laughed.

"You be careful, son. Wait till you hear her voice over the telephone. Stir you a bit!"

"The girl's safe from old man Garland's boy, Chief. I might fall in love with her, but until she fell in love with me I'd keep my fool mouth shut. I'm in no position to ask any girl to marry me, Chief. I have no desire to give hostages to fortune."

"You'll have the desire, all right. Not to have it would be inhuman and unmasculine. I admit Sunday belongs to you, but don't let me catch you spending a couple of afternoons a week on Bogus. And when you do go there on week-days, be sure you have a sound excuse. By the way, you'll find a duplicate of this map at your station. All the fire-fighting stations are marked very plainly and I suggest that you spend the first week with your forest guard, Martin, going over your territory and familiarizing yourself with it."

"Is Bogus—

"Theodore had any g—

"What tureen of s—

"I was w—

a half-hea—



**G**"I'm sure the men swear by you, Monica." "And I swear by them, Tony. The only friends I have are men."

"Is Bogus Lookout in my territory, Chief?" asked Garland. "Theoretically, yes. However, I never knew anybody who had any government business there, except to mend the Forest Service telephone-line, or pack supplies up for Monica Dale."

"What about that Monica Dale?" Mrs. Casey, bearing a tureen of soup, had emerged from the kitchen.

"I was warning Mr. Garland against her," Casey replied with a half-hearted attempt at humor.

"The hussy! She rolls her eyes at everything in pants."

"Oh, come, Bessie, my dear!" the chief ranger pleaded.

"Everybody in pants knows Monica is a lady."

"A hillbilly's daughter—the child of an ignorant prospector a lady?" Mrs. Casey tittered mirthlessly and Garland hoped she would drop the tureen of hot soup and scald her feet.

Knowing, however, that if anybody was to be scalded that person would be the chief ranger, he skilfully changed the topic

of conversation by steering it into the channel he guessed would be most pleasing to the lady—to wit, herself, her interests, her nobility in making such a delightful home for her husband in a country so barren of the social and cultural influences women of her class must crave. He was so barefaced about it—blatant, almost—that Casey gave him a sly wink of approval and a barely perceptible nod which said, in plain English, "She likes that sort of guff. Feed her more of it."

When, two hours later, Ranger Garland resumed his journey toward Tantrum Meadows station, the Caseys parted from him with genuine regret. "What a nice young man!" Mrs. Chief Ranger Casey declared, and went to the gate and gazed after him.

"I wonder what the devil he's doing in the Forest Service," Casey mused. "He's been bred and raised for something better in life, although I was too, for that matter." He sighed. "Perhaps, like me, the open spaces have got him. Perhaps he loves trees, and peace and homely comfort and freedom from the competition of existence. Nice lad. Wouldn't be surprised if he gives Monica Dale a dose of her own medicine. Wouldn't I cheer if he did! But he'll not!"

THE morning following his first night at the Tantrum Meadows station Ranger Garland was awakened at an early hour by the telephone bell, insistently ringing the call of that station. He found Chief Ranger Casey on the line.

"Got a special job for you, Garland," the chief ranger informed his subordinate. "Today you double as a policeman. There's an escaped convict in the San Dimas and I'm notifying all rangers and forest guards to be on the lookout for him. The sheriff and his posse are on his trail. They left it about a mile east of my headquarters and came over here for breakfast, but they have bloodhounds and can pick the trail up again after they have eaten."

"Have you a description of the man, Chief?"

"Yes. In fact, I know him well. His name is Robert Lee Mason. He's about twenty-eight or twenty-nine years of age, about six feet tall, a spare man, but powerful—shoulders as broad as a barn door. Weighs about a hundred and eighty but doesn't look it. Thick fair hair, inclined to be wavy, dark blue eyes and olive complexion. You couldn't mistake him because of that detail. Most people with olive complexions have brown eyes, but this chap's are dark blue, a little deep-set and with a piercing expression. When he looks at you you know a man is giving you the once-over. His nose is thin and high—patrician countenance—and his mouth sets shut like a cellar door. His teeth are fine, even, white and all there, and the first joint of his left index-finger is missing. Got it snarled up in his rope one day when he was laying it on a steer—most cowmen lose a finger before they emerge from the awkward squad. In a company of ten men you'd pick this fellow for Number One."

"I'm glad to hear him so well spoken of, Chief," Garland replied pleasantly. "I take it he isn't a convict because he committed an atrocious crime."

"He didn't. Garland, he's a mighty decent chap. He only bumped off a man a good many folks in this country say wanted killing most gosh-awful bad."

"Must we run the poor devil down and deliver him to the sheriff?" Garland queried plaintively.

"We must." Casey was very emphatic. "He's a mountain-man and he has one enemy in this country at the present time. Seems as if he couldn't complete his murder engagements before they sent him down to San Quentin. We'll have to round him up, if possible, to keep him out of trouble and save old Jethroe, of the Hercules Hydraulic Mining Company at Dogwood Flats, some funeral expenses. The sheriff says he's back here to get

22



Monica had removed the soft-nosed cartridge from her rifle and slipped a steel-jacketed bullet into its place. "Well, my friend," she addressed the stranger casually.

Jethroe—not that anybody gives a hang, but then why permit him to make a mess? Anyhow, you and I are in the Forest Service. We are sworn to cooperate with the civil authorities and empowered to arrest law-breakers. It is our duty and we can't dodge it."

"Hard-boiled or ever faithful—I wonder which," Garland mused. Aloud: "Very well, Chief. I wish Robert Lee Mason well, but if I should walk into him he'll not escape."

"Good man!"

"Have you telephoned that girl—what's her name?—the one in charge of the lookout station on Bogus—to keep an eye out for him? With that telescope of hers she can see anything that moves within a radius of five miles."

"She couldn't see it now. There's fog in the San Dimas."

"I didn't know. Your ring got me out of bed. But she could be ready when the fog lifts—"

"The sheriff doesn't want her to be ready. She knows this man Mason. He's an old friend of hers—some say an old admirer. Anyhow, she likes him better than any man she ever met; she's a mountain girl and would help him if she could."

"Bully for her!" said Ranger Garland.

"She reasons two ways—with her heart, like a woman, and with her head, like a man. Usually she uses her head on men,

but he feels certain he must know her of yours in the fog telephone If you have and that if you can

"That's

"Nature from the old fat cowards"

"I can use half

"If I have her now, to

Garla

have bl



but her heart would go out to Bob Mason. Sheriff Bentley feels certain he will head for Bogus, for he must have food. He must be half starved by now. Of course the girl doesn't know he's on the loose. Now, then, son, you mount that horse of yours and ride up to Bogus to make a neighborly call. If the fog lifts use that telescope of hers freely and report to me by telephone if you see anything like a man moving anywhere. If you have reason to believe Mason has already reached Bogus and that the girl has him in hiding there, arrest him—that is, if you can find him."

"That means I am to search for him."

"Naturally. By the way, there's a reward of fifty dollars from the state for capturing an escaped convict, I believe, and old fat Jethroe has offered a thousand personally. I'll bet the cowardly skunk is shivering in his boots."

"I could use that thousand to advantage—I mean, I could use half of it. Naturally half is yours if I land Mason."

"If my rheumatism hadn't come on this morning you'd never have heard from me in this matter. I'd be on my way to Bogus now, to collect the entire thousand for myself."

Garland laughed at the chief's bluntness. "Did you say they have bloodhounds on his trail?"

"I did."

"Then, unless he's too far ahead of them, they'll trail him right up to Bogus. The country is as dry as tinder ordinarily, which would make trailing difficult for the best of hounds, but fortunately the fog you speak of will help a heap. With all the moisture he ought to leave a trail like a polecat."

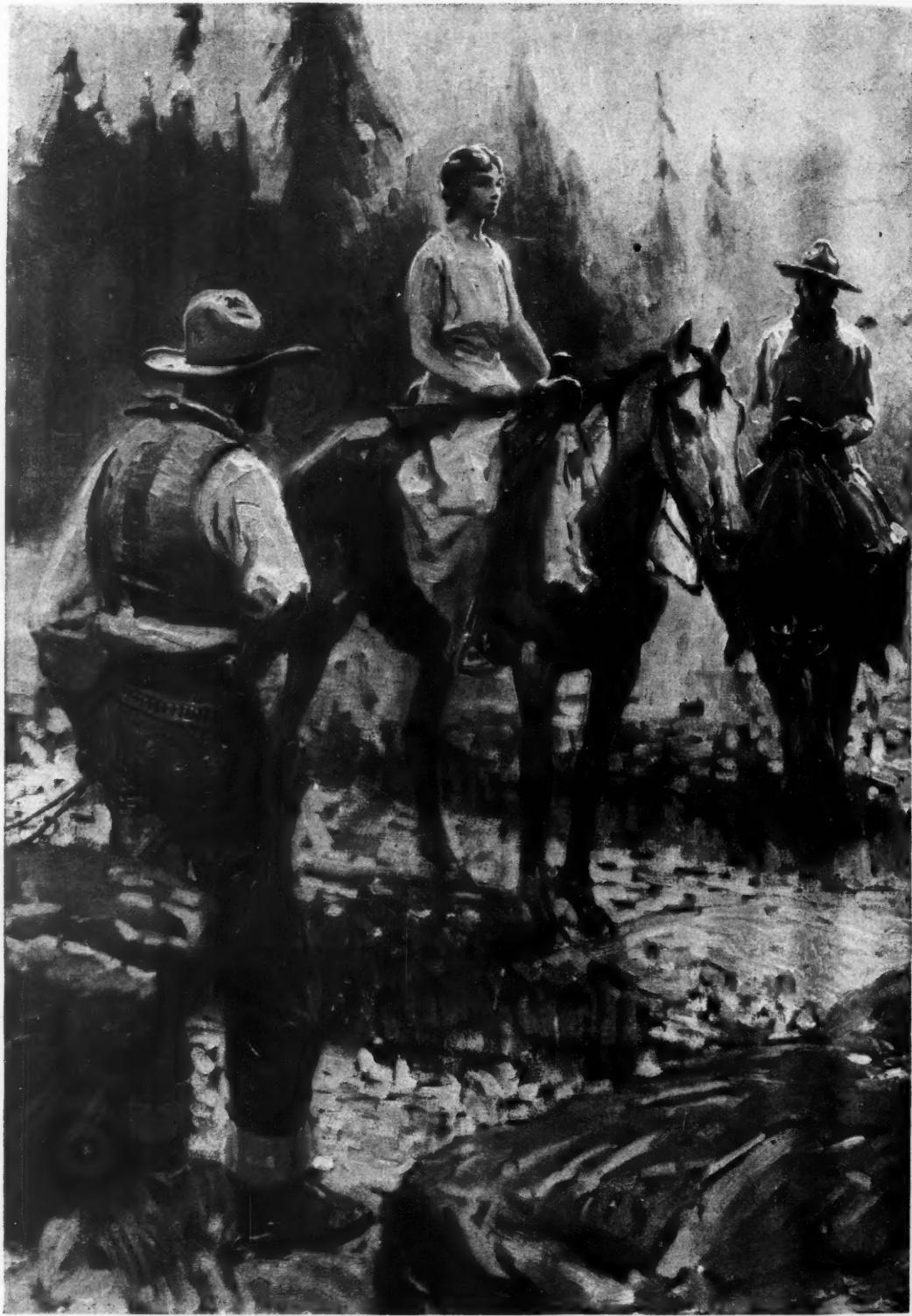
"Well, you go get him first, son. We need the money."

"I'll be on my way within the hour. I'll breakfast first."

"Good man! *Adios!*"

In the very act of sugaring his coffee Ranger Garland paused with brimming spoon uplifted. "Now, I'll bet a ripe peach," he reflected, "that this Bob Mason man is the honest rascal who stole my Jupiter mule and rifle yesterday. Yesterday he caused me a ten-mile hike and today he's causing me a ten-mile ride. Yes, Casey is right. In a company of ten men that chap would most certainly be Number One. And I don't blame that lookout girl for liking him. I never saw him and I like him! The scoundrel's on the square!" He dropped the sugar into his coffee. "I hope he's miles from Bogus when I get there, but if he should be there—well, five hundred dollars is a great deal of money. Anyhow, I'll have a look at this modern Circe."

There was eerie, sublime loveliness in the panorama outspread before Monica Dale, yet it failed to awaken in her the thrill



which, undoubtedly, it would have awakened in one not so habituated to it as the mistress of Bogus Lookout. During the preceding afternoon a heavy North Pacific fog had blown in before the northwest summer trade-wind. Scudding eastward from the ocean, it had crept up and over the redwood-studded crests of the Coast Range mountains, where it hung until sucked down into the interior valleys by the vacuum created when the hot atmosphere of the plains climbed to cooler heights; billowing steadily eastward it had rolled up the western slopes of the Siskiyou Range and now, in the dark blur of sugar and white pine that was the San Dimas National Forest, it rested, too spent and thin to climb higher.

As far to the west as Monica could see her world was a sea of fog, white as a gull's breast. Above it arched a cerulean sky; as the sun climbed to the zenith and the white invader retired slowly before the onslaught of its rays, the fog gradually took on a bluish tinge. That was the downthrust of light from the sky and the upthrust of light from the dark forest below. Presently hilltops and mountain peaks rose from the surrounding vapor and gave to the scene an appearance truly maritime—a peaceful sea dotted with lovely little islands all crested with huge trees, among whose crowns thin wisps of fog still fluttered like a bride's veil. And over all was silence—the silence of the silent places—the silence that speaks like the thunder of many guns.

Fog the evi  
knowle  
to the p  
more is  
escape  
whereas  
closing  
she cap  
the retr  
Sudd  
The so



**C** "Confound your photograph, young woman," said the sheriff, "you've killed a thousand dollars' worth of the best blood-bounds in California. We were after an escaped convict."

Fog in a hilly, timbered country is ever a magic artist, but the evidence that the magician was departing, rather than the knowledge that he had been there, brought a distinct comfort to the girl. Always when the fog swirled around Bogus, she felt more isolated and lonely than before, for if the hills prevented her escape into the outer world, at least they were distant sentinels; whereas the fog was disturbingly expressive of gray prison walls closing in around her. Now that the gray walls were falling away she came out of her cabin into the yard, the better to watch the retreat.

Suddenly a few hundred yards below her a dry twig snapped. The sound came from the timber on the far edge of the little

mountain meadow in which she could see her horse grazing. "A deer," Monica thought—but instantly changed her mind as she observed her horse lift his head, stare interestedly in the direction of the snapping sound and snort. "A bear in the huckleberry bushes," the girl decided and ran into the house for her rifle. She could find much of food value in a fat bear that close to her habitation and his pelt would be worth something provided the animal's summer ranging had not scuffed too much of the fur off his abdomen.

Emerging from the cabin she walked slowly down the hillside, screening her advance as much as possible behind intervening trees and manzanita shrubs. At the (Continued on page 180)

# With *I the* Best *INTENTIONS* *W in the* World

**N**EEDLES and pins, needles and pins when a man marries his trouble begins. That's the way the old application goes. But in the case of Jerome Bracken it didn't go. After he married, life ran for him on very smooth rollers and there were neither needles nor pins to prick him. Possibly that was because he chose for his wife a virtuous and well-meaning woman, one a bit narrow in her views perhaps and rather stiffly opinionated, as a good many good women are who protect their own tepid moralities inside a quill-work of sharp-pointed prejudices. They are the female porcupines of the human race, being colorless and lethargic in their mentalities but acute and eager when they take a dislike. Still, the porcupine rates high among the animals. While generally not beloved, it generally is respected. And undoubtedly this lady who became Mrs. Jerome Bracken was well-meaning and remained straitly so until the end of all regulated things.

Or then on the other hand, possibly Jerome Bracken's marriage was a success because he picked precisely the sort of woman who had the qualifications for being a suitable wife to an up-and-coming man, a man who kept on up and kept on coming until he had arrived, with both feet planted on how firm a foundation! But then Jerome always had been, as the phrase is, a clever picker.

He had proved that when as a very young man he moved to Dyketon and picked Queen Sears for his girl. He kept on proving it—by picking the right business, the right code of deportment before the eyes of mankind, the right church to belong to, and precisely the right father-in-law.

This Queenie Sears, now; she was not the one he married, naturally not. Queenie Sears was not the sort any man in his sane senses would marry, she being what used to be called a fancy woman. She was an inmate of Madame Carrie Rupert's house when he first met her and it was there, under that hospitable but disreputable roof, down on Front Street in Dyketon's red-light district, that the meeting took place.

About this first meeting there was nothing significant. He called, a stranger, and she entertained him, it being her business to entertain callers. He at this time was a shrewd but countrified youth of twenty or thereabouts. She was a little older than that, blond, simple-minded, easy-going, rather pretty in an insipid way, with a weak, self-indulgent mouth. Already she was plump, "with the certainty before her that, barring ill health to pull her down, the succeeding years would enhance her plumpness into rolls and cushions of fat. Probably, if the truth were known, she deliberately elected to take on this life she was leading. However, and be that as it may, she had the customary story to account for her present vocation when somebody who was maudlin with a sympathy based on alcohol asked her how she came to be what she was.

Hers was a stock story lacking novelty as well as sincerity—a sentimental fiction dealing with a trusting and ignorant maiden's downfall in an orange grove vaguely described as being "away down South," and then discovery and disgrace and a traditional proud father whose heart could be flinty and yet broken, and a shamed girl's flight in the night and all the rest of the stage props. But sometimes it was a plantation instead of an orange grove; or if the inquirer happened to be a Southerner, it might be a ranch



in the far West. Queenie was taking no chances on getting herself checked up.

As for Jerome, his tale was a short one, not particularly interesting but having the merit, as hers did not, of a background of fact. Raised on a farm in the central part of the state; poor parents; common school education; lately landed in Dyketon; stopping now at a second-rate boarding-house out on Ninth Street; working for eighteen a week as a bookkeeper at Stout & Finberg's clothing store; ambitious to better himself in both these latter regards—that, brought up to date, was young Bracken.

Nor was there any special significance in the intimacy which followed between these two. He visited her at more or less regular intervals. Thus early he was shaping his days into a calculated and orderly routine which remained a part of him forever after. She liked him, being at heart kindly and, considering her trade, susceptible to affectionate impulses; he liked her, being lonely, and that substantially was all there was to it.

At the end of a year he began his journey up in the world. Mr. Gus Ralph, president of the Ralph State Bank, took him on as an assistant receiving teller at a hundred a month and prospects. Unknown to the newcomer, Mr. Ralph had had his eye on him for some time—a young man of good manners and presumably of good habits, bright, dignified, industrious, discreet, honest—in short, a hustler. Mr. Ralph was on the lookout for that kind. He made a place for the young man and from the hour when he walked into the counting-house and hung up his hat Jerome was justifying the confidence Mr. Ralph put in him. If he was continuing to sow his wild oats—and privately he was—at least he sowed none during banking hours, nor did any part of his harvesting in public, which was sufficient for his new boss. Mr. Ralph often said he had been a youngster once himself, saying it with an air which indicated that he had been very much of a youngster indeed.

At the  
more,  
sowing  
He did  
single d

"Que  
the last

"Wel  
unless y  
the row

"It's  
the line  
hands—

"I see  
self enga

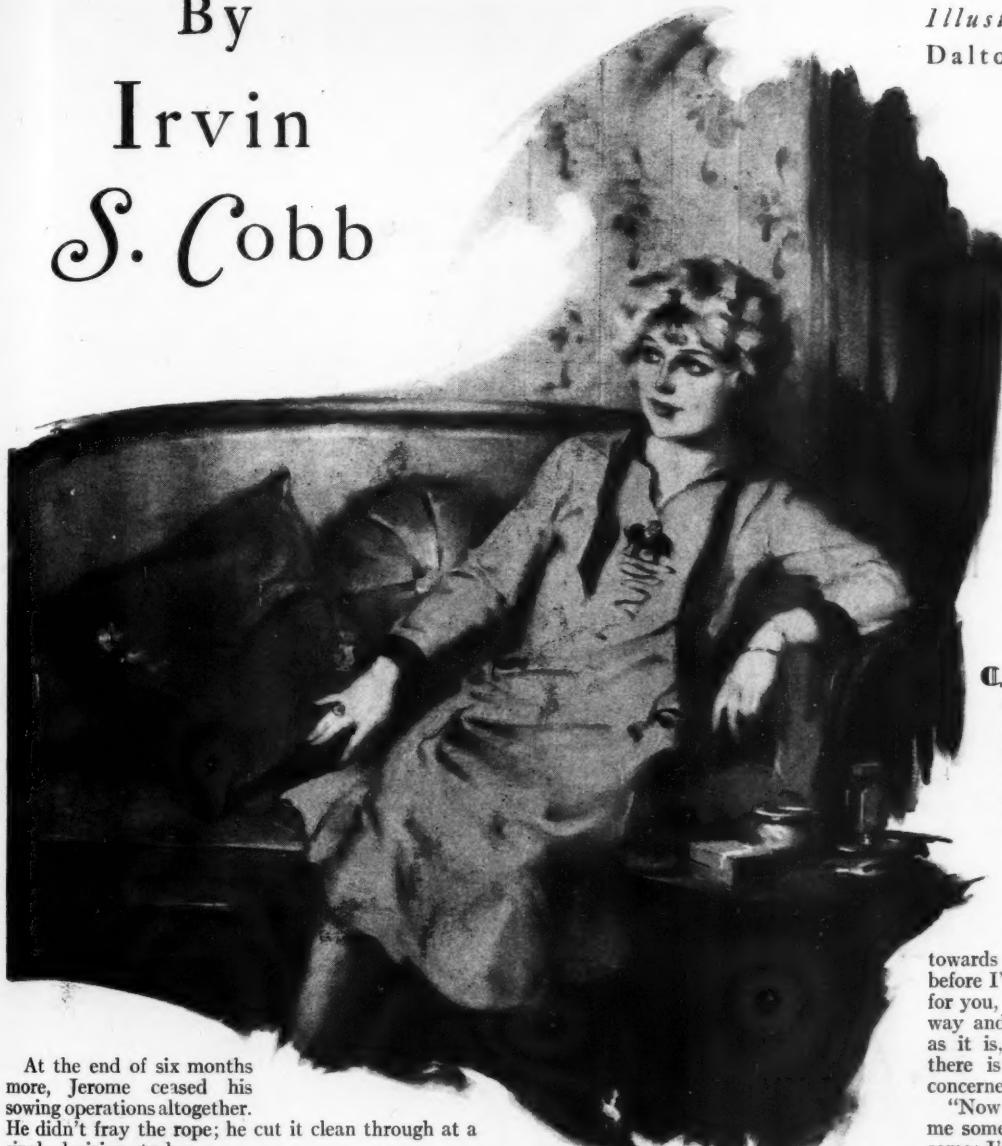
"Yes,  
She d

to tell h  
century  
everybod  
some pl  
a gentl

"Here  
good-by  
that you  
keep on  
if it was  
same—y  
what co  
drunk, y  
tried to  
sir, that  
face aga

By  
Irvin  
S. Cobb

Illustrations by  
Dalton Stevens



**Q** "I'll be kind of sorry to say good-by, Jerry," said Queenie, "but I want you to know I wish you mighty well."

At the end of six months more, Jerome ceased his sowing operations altogether. He didn't fray the rope; he cut it clean through at a single, decisive stroke.

"Queenie," he said to her one night, "this is going to be the last time I'm ever coming down here to see you."

"Well, Jerry," she answered, "that'll be all right with me unless you start going to some other girl in some other house along the row here."

"It's not that," he explained. "I'm going to quit going down the line altogether. I'm through"—he made a gesture with his hands—"through with the whole thing from now on."

"I see," she said, after a moment or two. "Been getting yourself engaged to some nice girl—is that the way it is, Jerry?"

"Yes," he told her, "that's the way it is, Queenie."

She did not ask who the nice girl might be nor did he offer to tell her. In that ancient age—the latter decades of the last century before this one—there was a code for which nearly everybody of whatsoever station had the proper reverence. In some places—barrooms, for examples, and certain other places—a gentleman did not bring up the name of a young lady. It was never the thing to do.

"Here, Jerry," she said next. "I'll be kind of sorry to say good-by, but I want you to know I wish you mighty well. Not that you need my good wishes—you're going ahead and you'll keep on going—but I want you to have them. Because, Jerry, if it was my dying words I was speaking, I'd still say it just the same—you've always been on the square with me, and that's what counts with a girl like me. You never came down here drunk, you never used rough language before me, you never tried to bilk me or take advantage of me any kind of way. Yes, sir, that's what counts. Even if I don't never see you face to face again I won't forget how kind and pleasant you've been

towards me. And I'd die before I'd make any trouble for you, ever. You go your way and I'll go mine, such as it is, and that'll be all there is to it far as I'm concerned.

"Now then, you've told me some news; I'll tell you some: I'm fixing to buy out Miss Carrie. She wants to quit this business and go

over to Chicago and live decent. She's got a married daughter there, going straight, and anyhow she's made her pile out of this drum and can afford to quit, and I don't blame her any, at her age, for wanting to quit. But me, it's different with. I've got a little money saved up of my own and she's willing to take that much down and take a mortgage on the furniture and trust me for the rest of the payments as they fall due. And just yesterday we closed up the bargain and next week the lease and the telephone number and all go in my name. So you see I'm trying to get along, too, the best way I can." She lifted the glass of beer that she was holding in her hand. "Here's good luck and good health to the both of us!"

She took the draft down greedily. Her full lips had the drooping at their corners which advertises the potential dipsomaniac.

**F**ACE to face, through the rest of her life he never did speak good-by to her. To be sure, there were at various irregular intervals telephone conversations between them. I'll come to that part of it later. Anyhow, they were not social conversations, but purely business.

He saw her, of course—Dyketon was a small place then; it was afterwards that it grew into a city—but always at a distance, always across the wide gulf that little-town etiquette digs for encounters in public between the godly and the ungodly. Once in a while she would pass him on the street, she usually riding in a hack and he usually afoot, with no sign of recognition, of course,



Long after the rest was a faint jumble, Jerome remembered the wicked talking parrot at Queenie's.

on the part of either. Then again, some evening at the theater, he, sitting with his wife down-stairs, would happen to glance up toward the "white" gallery and she would be perched, as one of a line of her sisters of transgression, on the front row there. The Dyketon theater management practised the principle of segregation just as the city government practically enforced it in the matter of the set-apart living-quarters for such women. These communal taboos were as old as the community itself was. Probably they still endure.

With time, even the occasional sight of his old light-o'-love failed to revive in his mind pictures of the house where once he had knowledge of her. The memories of that interior faded into

a conglomerate blur. One memory did persist. Long after the rest was a faint jumble he recalled quite sharply the landlady's two pets—her asthmatic pug-dog with its broody cocked eyes, and her wicked talking parrot with its yellow head and its vice for gnawing woodwork and its favorite shrieked refrain: "Ladies, gent'men in the parlor!"

He remembered them long after he forgot how the place had smelled of bottled beer and cheap perfumery and unaired sofa-stuffing; and how always on the lower floor there had prevailed in daytime a sort of dusky gloom by reason of the shutters being tightly closed and barred fast against sunlight and small boys or other Peeping Toms who might come venturing on forbidden

ground; resident rise the from the and the

THE C  
Mr. three or the engag Jerome the best fam Mr. Ral had not sight had the bank when to meant no days at he was o public a

He had wedding Presbyter Episcopa piety. T

It was except h bank, cl another Five year was pres other na was a m his wido the stock

Jerom Look at his tithe bestowec up treas Look ho ers and Jerome I torch in

Still, t that wit took on greedy f to those the small succeeds envy br throne b one, and bound to

Take, was ca seemed and, wh quite a it in his a boy a and his indirect wasn't o from the who mended.

Mr. E felt sorry stated w on him. him; he common his patro He went Quin's Bracken indictm tion's c fidelity

ground; and how, night-times, above the piano-playing of the resident "professor" and the clamor of many voices there would rise the shrill squeals of an artificial joy—the laughter forced from the sorry souls of those forlorn practitioners at the oldest and the very saddest of human trades.

THE one he married was the only daughter of his employer, Mr. Gus Ralph; a passionless, circumspect young woman three or four years his senior. The father approved heartily of the engagement and in testimony thereof promptly promoted Jerome to a place of more responsibility and larger salary; the best families likewise gave to this match their approval. Even so, Mr. Ralph never would have advanced the future son-in-law had not the latter been deserving of it. The elder man's foresight had been good, very, very good. Jerome was cut out for the banking business. He proved that from the start. He knew when to say no, and prospective borrowers learned that his no meant no. He was frugal without being miserly and, in the earlier days at least, he had firmness without arrogance; and if personally he was one of the most selfish creatures ever created, he had for public affairs a fine broad spirit.

He had been brought up a Baptist but almost on the heels of his wedding he joined his wife's congregation. She was a strict Presbyterian, and in Dyketon the Presbyterians, next after the Episcopalians, constituted the most aristocratic department of piety. This step also pleased old Mr. Ralph exceedingly.

It wasn't very long before Mr. Bracken, as everybody nearly except his intimates called him, was chief of staff down at the bank, closest advisor and right-hand-man to the owner. In another five years he was junior partner and vice-president. Five years more, and he, still on the sunny side of thirty-five, was president. Mr. Ralph had died and among the directors no other name was considered for the vacancy. His election merely was a matter of form. With his wife's holdings and his own and his widowed mother-in-law's, he controlled a heavy majority of the stock.

Jerome Bracken was a model to all young men growing up. Look at the way his earthly affairs were prospering! Look at his tithes to religion and to charity—one-tenth of all he made bestowed on good causes and in good deeds; a sober man laying up treasures not only in this world but for the world to come! Look how the Lord was multiplying his profits unto him! Mothers and fathers enjoined their sons' notice upon these proofs. Jerome Bracken's life was like a motto on a wall, like a burning torch in the night-time.

Still, there were those—a few only, be it said—who claimed that with increasing years and increasing powers Mr. Bracken took on a temper which made him hard and high-handed and greedy for yet more authority. This hardness does come often to those who sit in lofty seats and rule over the small destinies of the smaller fry. On the other hand, though, anyone who notably succeeds is sure to have his detractors; success breeds envy and envy breeds criticism. That fierce light which beats upon a throne brings out in clean relief any imperfections of the illumined one, and people are bound to notice them and some people are bound to comment on them.

Take, for instance, the time when that young fellow, Quinn, was caught dead to rights pilfering from the petty cash. It seemed he had been speculating in a small way at bucket-shops and, what was worse, betting on the races. It further seemed to quite a number of citizens that Mr. Bracken might have found it in his heart to be pitiful to the sinner. Not much more than a boy and his father and mother hard-working, decent people and his older brother a priest and all—these were the somewhat indirect arguments they offered in condonement. And besides, wasn't old man Quinn ready to sell his cottage and use the money from the sale to make good the shortage? Then why not let the whole messy business drop where it was? Least said soonest mended. And so on and so forth.

Mr. Bracken couldn't see the situation in any such light. He felt sorry enough for the lad and sorrier for the lad's family, and so stated when a sort of unofficial delegation of the pleaders waited on him. Nor was it the amount of the theft that counted with him; he said that, too. But in his position he had a duty to the commonweal and topping that, an obligation to his depositors and his patrons. He refused to consent that the thing be hushed up. He went himself and swore out the warrant and that night young Quinn's wayward head tossed on a cot in the county jail. Mr. Bracken went before the grand jury likewise and pressed for the indictment; and at the trial in circuit court he was the prosecution's chief witness, relating with a regretful but painstaking fidelity the language of the defendant's confession to him.

Young Quinn accordingly departed to state's prison for two years of hard labor, becoming what frequently is spoken of as a warning and an example. While there he learned to make chair-bottoms but so far as might be learned never made any after his release. When last heard of he was a hobo and presumably an associate of members of the criminal classes. By all current standards of righteous men the example was now a perfected one.

Persons who found fault with the attitude Mr. Bracken had taken in the case naturally did not know of any offsetting acts of kindness performed by him behind closed doors. Regarding these acts there was no way for them to know. Had they known, perhaps they might have altered their judgments. Or perhaps not. Behind his back they probably would have gone right on picking him to pieces. A main point, though, was that nobody berated him to his face; nobody would dare. He passed through his maturing years shielded by an insulation of expressed approval for what he said and what he thought and what he did.

This was true of the home circle, which a fine and gracious flavor of domestic harmony perfumed; and it was true of his life locally and abroad. When you get to be a little tin god on wheels, the crowd is glad to trail along and grease the wheels for you with words of praise and admiring looks. And when everybody is saying yes, yes, oh yes, to you, why, you get out of the habit ever of saying no, emphatically no, to yourself. That's only human nature, which is one of the few things that the automobile and the radio have not materially altered.

So much, for the moment, for this man who was a model to young men growing up. It is necessary to turn temporarily to one who went down, down, down, as that first one, in the estimation of a vast majority of his fellow beings, was going up and up and ever higher up.

Queenie Sears was the one whose straying feet took hold on hell. Presently her establishment had a booze-artist for a proprietor and a hard and aggravating name among the police force. They called it the toughest joint in the First Ward. City court warrants were sworn out against her—for plain drunkenness, for disorderly conduct along with drunkenness, for fighting with other women, for suffering gaming and dope-peddling on her premises.

WHEN an inmate of her house killed herself under peculiarly distressing circumstances, sermons were preached about her from at least two city pulpits, the ministers speaking of depravity and viciousness and the debauching of youth and plagues blotting on the fair burnished face of the civic shield. When she took the Keeley cure—and speedily relapsed—those who frequented her neighborhood of ill repute had a hearty laugh over the joke of it. She was gross of size and waddled when she walked, and her big earrings of flawed diamonds rested against jowls of quivering, unwholesome bloat.

But dissipation did not destroy the beldame's faculties for earning money—if money got that way could be said to be earned—and for putting it by. Mr. Jerome Bracken, who had known her back in those long bygone days of her comeliness, was in position to give evidence, had he been so minded, regarding her facility at saving it up. This was how he came to have such information:

Once or twice a year, say, she would call him on the telephone at his office in the bank. Across the wire to him her eaten-out voice would come, hoarse and flattened—with a hoarseness and a flatness which increased as the years rolled by.

"Jerry," she would say, following almost a set pattern, "you know who this is, don't you—Queenie?"

"Yes," he would answer, "what can I do for you now?"

"Same as you done the last time," she would say. "I've got a few more iron men tucked away and I'm looking for a little suggestion about a place to put 'em. And Jerry, I hope you don't mind my calling you up. There ain't nobody else I could depend on like I can on you."

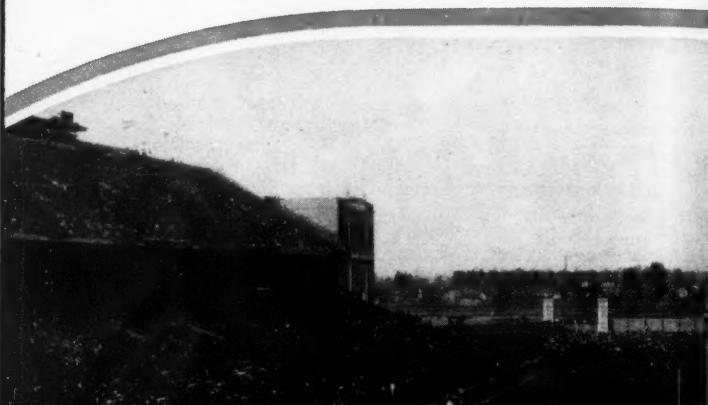
She never told him, in dollars and cents, how much she had for investment nor did he ever ask. If inwardly he guessed at the possible total his guess did not run to large figures. But just as he might have done in the case of any individual seeking his counsel in this regard, he would recommend to her this or that bond or such-and-such a standard stock, and she would repeat the name after him until she had memorized it and then she would thank him.

"I'm mighty much obliged to you, Jerry," she would say. "I ain't ever lost any money yet by following after your advice. It's awful good of you, helping me out this way, and I appreciate it—I certainly do."

"That's all right, Queenie," he would tell her, in his precise manner of speech. "I'm glad to be (Continued on page 177)

**Started as an iceman. Drew crowds like this.**

## The Other Side of \$750,000



# We Pay Red Grange 10

And This Is What His  
Old College

**E**IGHTEEN years ago I graduated from the University of Illinois. During those eighteen years my university meant little to me. But almost overnight a new interest and a new pride took hold of me.

Red Grange came from my University—and Red Grange was the most spectacular football player in a score of years. Rather immodestly I bragged of this and in a small way wagered and won money on his fleet heels.

By the end of the last football season he had dashed from college stadiums onto the field of big money. Overnight he turned from playing amateur football for glory to professional football at \$7,000 to \$20,000 a game.

Then Grange in a single day signed contracts for \$340,000—\$300,000 for a movie and \$40,000 for the use of his name in advertising.

That gave me a jolt.

What was happening to Grange was not of importance but I began to wonder what was happening to my old university and what the effect of all this fantastic money—aggregating in one year ten times more than the annual salary of the President of the United States—was on the minds of the young men there.

So I decided to go back and find out.

It was easy to see. From a school of some 3000 men and women, rather easy-going with plenty of room and time for dreamers and idealists, the University of Illinois had become a factory of learning with 10,000 workers doing standardized work for standardized degrees. To stand at noon on a campus corner and watch the buildings spew out their thousands was like watching a cotton-mill vomit its workers when the whistle blew.

"There are still dreamers," Coach Zuppke, a very wise man, said to me the first day, "but they are deadened by the thought embodied in the phrase 'What is there in it for me?'—which is the great American slogan now. The technical and commercial colleges are sponging up the ideals that were fostered by the colleges interested in the humanities—the fine and gentle things."

30

That same day I started talking to students anywhere and everywhere I found them. The first was a senior.

"What do you think about all this Red Grange business?" I asked.

"We come to college to learn how to make money, don't we?" he answered. "Well, Red has learned how. Why shouldn't he practise his profession of football?"

I turned to another senior walking with us.

"Well, we're all 'for' Red around here," he told me. "I suppose ninety-nine percent of the students are only interested in seeing Red get rich. He did a lot for this school—more than any man ever connected with it. He landed Illinois on the front page of every paper in the country. He put us on the map."

"Did you ever hear of Toronto University?" I asked him.

"Yes, I think so."

"Ever hear of a man up there named Banting?" I questioned.

He shook his head in the negative.

"Well, he discovered a cure for diabetes. He's scoring touch-downs against Death. Have you got anybody around here who has done anything like that?"

Again he shook his head. "But you don't understand just what I mean," he went on. "Lots of people never heard of the University of Illinois until Red Grange came along. He did a lot for this school."

"And all this money that's been thrown in his lap doesn't mean anything to you?" I asked.

"Only that it's coming to him. He's the greatest football player of his time."

"You don't feel there is any moral question involved?"

"Why, no, of course not. You can't blame Red!"

"How about that contract he signed with his manager Pyle,

B

Fell  
Thi

and the  
Zuppke:

My se  
that. W

"But I  
football,  
you feel

"Yes,

"Mon

"Sure  
money."

That

The fir  
college, s  
little edg  
easier. T

With  
None of  
to make i  
of them b

I kept  
one stud  
tackled t  
early last  
Manager  
and he di

The sec  
—and he  
same—Re

Then, t  
member o

By Frazier Hunt

And in one day signed contracts for \$340,000.



# Times as Much as Coolidge

## Fellow Students in My Think Of It All

and then later denied to the University President and Coach Zuppke?"

My senior shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, well, I forgot all about that. We didn't think of that as being particularly wrong."

"But he had signed a contract while he was still playing college football, and he did deny it to the President, didn't he? Don't you feel there is some moral question?"

"Yes, but who wouldn't have taken the money?"

"Money is the thing, then, isn't it?" I asked.

"Sure—that's what we come here for—to learn how to make money."

That night I corralled six freshmen.

The first, in answering my question as to why he had come to college, said: "Well, I figure if a fellow goes to college he's got a little edge on the other fellows. He can make money a little easier. That's the reason I came."

With slight variations this was repeated by the other five. None of them had come to college with any dream or ideal except to make it a little easier to make money. And, of course, to each of them Red was an ideal.

I kept at it. Sooner or later, I was sure, I would find at least one student who felt that there was another side to all this. I tackled two "I" men on Red's team. One of them had known early last year that there was some sort of agreement between Manager Pyle and Grange for Red's advent into professionalism—and he didn't care in the least.

The second football player was obsessed with Red as the hero—and heroes of college boys can do no wrong. Always it was the same—Red deserved his big money and they hoped he got it all.

Then, the last evening I was at the University I met a third member of the Illinois team. He was a man earning his way

through school. I asked him what he thought about Red Grange. "Of course I wish him good luck—but I think he did wrong in deceiving Zup and President Kinley about the contract he had signed. I don't blame him for taking the easy money but I do blame him for not telling the truth."

I wanted to pat him on the back. Here was one man, at least, out of the fifty I had talked with who saw a part of the folly and extravagance of it all—one out of fifty who hadn't been completely blinded by hero worship, by the dazzle of quick and easy dollars.

I was ready to leave. I felt sad and a little bitter.

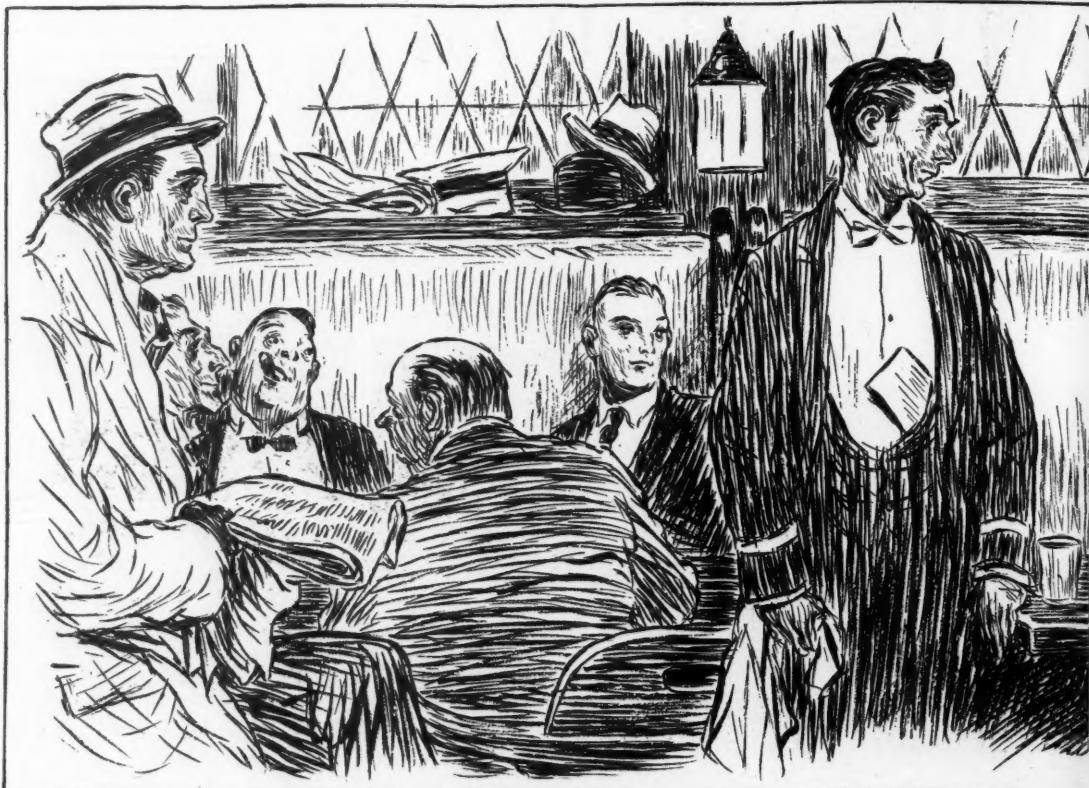
All the thousand-mile ride back to New York I tried to analyze what it was that had happened. I thought of the great brick and stone fraternity houses of today—city clubs costing sixty, seventy, eighty thousand dollars. I thought of the tremendous buildings, the 10,000 students—the impersonal, hardened university that was rearing its proud head out of the memories of the past.

Something had gone forever—something rather fine and gentle. I suppose it had mostly to do with the chance to dream. For dreams do belong to youth, and if college men have lost their chance to dream they have lost something precious. After all, teaching boys and girls to make dollars may not be all there is to it; possibly they should be taught as well how to make dreams and ideals.

I know there are still thousands of splendid boys in this particular university—and almost half of them so eager for education that they are earning their way through. Nowhere else but in America could this happen.

That's the reason these boys deserve the finest traditions and backgrounds of American ideals—something a little finer than alumni demanding winning teams, \$300,000 football seasons, exploited alma maters, subservient faculties. And these boys don't seem to be getting these ideals any longer.

Maybe the universities are not to be blamed—but anyway, I don't believe I want my boy, Bobby, to go to one.



“It didn’t get popular,”

# Rhythm

**T**HIS story is slightly immoral, but so, I guess, are all stories based on truth. It concerns, principally, Harry Hart, whose frankness and naturalness were the traits that endeared him to fellow members of the Friars' Club and all red-blooded she-girls who met him in and out of show business. Music writers have never been noted for self-loathing and Harry was a refreshing exception to the general run. That was before “Upsy Daisy” began its year's tenancy of the Casino.

You can judge what sort of person he was by listening in on a talk he had at the club one night with Sam Rose, lyricist of “Nora's Nightie,” “Sheila's Shirt” and a hundred popular songs. They were sitting alone at the table nearest the senile piano.

“Sam,” said Harry, “I was wondering if they's a chance of you and I getting together.”

“What's happened to Kane?” asked Sam.

“It's off between he and I,” Harry replied. “That dame ruined him. I guess she married him to make an honest man of him. Anyways, he got so honest that I couldn't stand it no more. You know how I am, Sam—live and let live. I don't question nobody's ethics or whatever you call them, as long as they don't question mine. We're all trying to get along; that's the way I look at it. At that, I've heard better lyrics than he wrote for those two rhythm numbers of mine in ‘Lottie’; in fact, between you and I, I thought he made a bum out of those two numbers. They sold like hymns, so I was really able to bear up when we reached the parting of the ways.

“But I'll tell you the climax just to show you how silly a guy can get. You remember our ‘Yes, Yes, Eulalie.’ Well, they was a spot for a swell love duet near the end of the first act and I had a tune for it that was a smash. You know I'm not bragging when I say that; I don't claim it as my tune, but it was and is a smash. I mean the ‘Catch Me’ number.”

“I'll say it's a smash!” agreed Sam.

“But a smash in spite of the words,” said Harry.

“You're right,” said Sam.

“Well, the first time I played this tune for him, he went nuts over it and I gave him a lead sheet and he showed it to his wife. It seems she plays piano a little and she played this melody and she told him I had stole it from some opera; she thought it was ‘Gioconda,’ but she wasn't sure. So the next day Kane spoke to me about it and I told him it wasn't ‘Gioconda’; it was Donizetti's ‘Linda di Chamounix.’ Well, he said he didn't feel like it was right to work on a melody that had been swiped from somewhere. So I said, ‘Ain't it kind of late for you to be having all those scruples?’ So he said, ‘Maybe it is, but better late than never.’ So I said, ‘Listen, Benny—this is your wife talking, not you.’ And he said, ‘Let's leave her out of this,’ and I said, ‘I wished to heaven we could.’

“I said, ‘Benny, you'll admit that's a pretty melody,’ and he said yes, he admitted it. So I said: ‘Well, how many of the dumb-bells that goes to our shows has ever heard “Linda di Chamounix” or ever will hear it? When I put this melody in our troupe I'm doing a million people a favor; I'm giving them a chance to hear a beautiful piece of music that they wouldn't never hear otherwise. Not only that, but they'll hear it at its best because I've improved it.’ So Benny said, ‘The first four bars is exactly the same and that's where people will notice.’

“So then I said: ‘Now listen here, Benny—up to the present you haven't never criticized my music and I haven't criticized your lyrics. But now you say I'm a tune thief. I don't deny it, but if I wasn't, you'd of had a sweet time making a living for yourself, let alone get married. However, laying that to one side, I was over to my sister's house the other night and she had a soprano singer there and she sung a song something about ‘I love you, I love you; 'tis all my heart can say.’ It was a mighty pretty song and it come out about twenty or thirty years ago.’

“So then Benny said, ‘What of it?’ So I said, ‘Just this: I can recall four or five lyrics of yours where “I love you” comes in, and I bet you've used the words “heart” and “say” and “all” at least

twice ap  
did you  
That's w  
ethics w  
split up  
help to  
been slay

“Well

“Well

come an

he think

Prenderg

him I w

So that's

“It so

“I onl

based on

your lyri

a novelty

“Have

“New

at the p

I'm Gatt

He pla

that see

the left.

“It's p

as surely

the avera

“A wo

“Don'

“The

“No,”

out the

shows wi



said Hart, "because Verdi didn't know rhythm!"

## By Ring W. Lardner

*Illustrations by J. W. McGurk*

twice apiece during your remarkable career as a song writer. Well, did you make those words up or did you hear them somewhere?" That's what I said to him and of course he was stopped. But his ethics was ravaged just the same and it was understood we'd split up right after 'Eulalie.' And as I say, his words wasn't no help to my Donizetti number; they'd of slayed it if it could of been slayed."

"Well?" said Sam.

"Well," said Harry, "Conrad Green wired me yesterday to come and see him, so I was up there today. He's so dumb that he thinks I'm better than Friml. And he's got a book by Jack Prendergast that he wanted Kane and I to work on. So I told him I wouldn't work with Kane and he said to get who I wanted. So that's why I gave you a ring."

"It sounds good to me," said Sam. "How is the book?"

"I only skimmed it through, but I guess it's all right. It's based on 'Cinderella,' so what with that idear combined with your lyrics and my tunes, it looks like we ought to give the public a novelty at least."

"Have you got any new tunes?"

"New?" Hart laughed. "I'm dirty with them." He sat down at the piano. "Get this rhythm number. If it ain't a smash, I'm Gatti-Casazza!"

He played it, beautifully, first in F sharp—a catchy refrain that seemed to be waltz time in the right hand and two-four in the left.

"It's pretty down here, too," he said, and played it again, just as surely, in B natural, a key whose mere mention is henbane to the average pianist.

"A wow!" enthused Sam Rose. "What is it?"

"Don't you know?"

"The Volga boat song."

"No," said Hart. "It's part of Aida's number when she finds out the fellas is going to war. And nobody that comes to our shows will spot it except maybe Deems Taylor and Alma Gluck."

"It's so pretty," said Sam, "that it's a wonder it never got popular."

"The answer is that Verdi didn't know rhythm!" said Hart.

Or go back and observe our hero at the Bucks' house on Long Island. Several of the boys and girls were there and thrilled to hear that Harry Hart was coming. He hardly had time to taste his first cocktail before they were after him to play something.

"Something of your own!" pleaded the enraptured Helen Morse.

"If you mean something I made up," he replied with engaging frankness, "why, that's impossible; not exactly impossible, but it would be the homeliest tune you ever listened to. However, my name is signed to some mighty pretty things and I'll play you one or two of those."

Thus, without the conventional show of reluctance, Harry played the two "rhythm numbers" and the love-song that were making Conrad Green's "Upsy Daisy" the hit of the season. And he was starting in on another, a thing his informal audience did not recognize, when he overheard his hostess introducing somebody to Mr. Rudolph Friml.

"Good night!" exclaimed Hart. "Let somebody play that can play!" And he resigned his seat at the piano to the newcomer and moved to a far corner of the room.

"I hope Friml didn't hear me," he confided to a Miss Silloh. "I was playing a thing he wrote himself and letting you people believe it was mine."

Or catch him in the old days at a football game with Rita Marlowe of Goldwyn. One of the college bands was playing "Yes, Sir! That's My Baby!"

"Walter Donaldson. There's the boy that can write the hits!" said Hart.

"Just as if you couldn't!" said his companion.

"I don't class with him," replied her modest escort.



**C** "Let's not kid ourselves, girlie," Hart said to Rita. "They're staring at you, not me."

Later on, Rita remarked that he must have been recognized by people in the crowd. Many had stared.

"Let's not kid ourselves, girlie," he said. "They're staring at you, not me."

Still later, on the way home from the game, he told her he had saved over \$25,000 and expected to average at least \$40,000 a year income while his vogue lasted.

"I'm good as long as I don't run out of pretty tunes," he said, "and they's no reason why I should with all those old masters to draw from. I'm telling you my financial status because—well, I guess you know why."

Rita did know, and it was the general opinion, shared by the two principals, that she and Harry were engaged.

**W**HEN "Upsy Daisy" had been running two months and its hit numbers were being sung, played and whistled almost to cloyment, Hart was discovered by Spencer Deal. That he was the pioneer in a new American jazz, that his rhythms would revolutionize our music—these things and many more were set forth by Deal in a four-thousand-word article called "Harry Hart, Harbinger," printed by the erudite Webster's Weekly. And Harry ate it up, though some of the words nearly choked him.

Interesting people were wont to grace Peggy Leech's drawing room on Sunday afternoons. Max Reinhardt had been there. Reinard Werrenrath had been there. So had Heifetz and Jeritza and Michael Arlen, and Noel Coward and Dudley Malone. And Charlie Chaplin, and Gene Tunney. In fact, Peggy's Sunday afternoons could be spoken of as salons and her apartment as a hotbed of culture.

It was to Peggy's that Spencer Deal escorted Hart a few weeks after the appearance of the article in Webster's. Deal, in presenting him, announced that he was at work on a "blue" symphony that would make George Gershwin's ultra rhythms and near dissonants sound like the doxology. "Oh!" exclaimed pretty Myra Hampton. "Will he play some of it for us?"

"Play, play, play!" said Hart querulously. "Don't you think I ever want a rest! Last night it was a party at Broun's and they kept after me and wouldn't take 'No' and finally I played just as rotten as I could, to learn them a lesson. But they didn't even know it was rotten. What do you do for a living?"

"I'm an actress," confessed the embarrassed young lady.

"Well, would you like it if, every time you went anywhere socially, people asked you to act?"

"Yes," she answered, but he had already moved away. He seemed to be seeking seclusion; sat down as far as possible from the crowd and looked hurt. He accepted a highball professed by his hostess, but neglected to thank her. Not a bit discouraged, she brought him Signor Parelli of the Metropolitan. "Mr. Hart," she said, "this is Mr. Parelli, one of the Metropolitan's conductors."

"Yay?" said Hart.

"Perhaps some day Mr. Parelli will conduct one of your operas."

"I hope so," said the polite Parelli.

"Do you?" said Hart. "Well, if I ever write an opera, I'll conduct it myself, or at least I won't take no chance of having it ruined by a foreigner."

The late war increased people's capacity for punishment and in about twenty minutes Peggy's guests began to act as if they would live in spite of Harry's refusal to perform. In fact, one of them, Roy Lattimer, full of Scotch courage and not so full of musical ability, went to the piano himself and began to play.

"Began" is all, for he had not completed four bars before Hart plunged across the room and jostled him off the bench.

"I hope you don't call yourself a pianist!" he said, pronouncing it as if it meant a cultivator of, or dealer in, peonies. And for two hours, during which everybody but Spencer Deal and the unfortunate hostess walked out on him, Harry played and played and played. Nor in all that time did he play anything by Kern, Gershwin, Stephen or Isham Jones, Samuels, Youmans, Friml, Stamper, Tours, Berlin, Tierney, Hubbell, Hein or Gitz-Rice.

**I**T WAS during this epoch that Harry had occasion one day to walk up Fifth Avenue from Forty-fifth Street to the Plaza. He noticed that almost everyone he passed on the line of march gazed at him intently. He recalled that his picture had been in two rotogravure sections the previous Sunday. It must have been a better likeness than he had thought.

New York was burning soft coal that winter and when Hart arrived in the Plaza wash-room he discovered a smudge on the left side of his upper lip. It made him look as if he had had a mustache, had decided to get it removed and then had changed his mind when the barber was half through.

Harry's date at the Plaza was with Rita Marlowe. He had put it off as long as he could. If the girl had any pride or sense, she'd have taken a hint. Why should he waste his time on a second-rate picture actress when he was hobnobbing with women like Elinor Deal and Thelma Warren and was promised an introduction to Mrs. Wallace Gerard? Girls ought to know that when a fella who has been taking them out three and four times a week and giving them a ring every morning, night and noon between whiles—they ought to know that when a fella stops calling them up and taking them out and won't even talk to them when they call up, there is only one possible answer. Yet this dame insists on you meeting her and probably having a scene. Well, she'll get a scene. No, she won't. No use being brutal. Just



**C** "It starts off, 'I love you, I love you,'" Rita heard Harry's voice. "It sounds wonderful!" she said.

make it  
to be an

"We

"Now

date with

"I do

would be

"I can

"When

"I'll g

"I thi

"Abou

**H**IS sy  
and Deen  
ahead of

A part

Harry m

young co

aid. Ha

Avenue

wanted t

He had

new shov

again wi

Green to

Deal. T

a new si

ginnin

collection

rhyme

chance o

let alone

girls as a

by Ernes

"Terri

comment

musicalac

"You'r

said Han

make no

you thi

with you

and lyri

and that'

If you do

talk to m

"Your

one of m

Green.

he practi

But that

there. If

which To

himself co

ing of ly

night at

chorus all

the one-t

because y

day for th

A year

amounted

sale of sh

read in th

book for

composer

been a p

He found

"It's t

you at fir

anything

have been

you've be

I've signe

"Mayb

"I don

spot whe

On his

other ye

changed

make it apparent in a nice way that things ain't like they used to be and get it over as quick as possible.

"Where can we go?" asked Rita. "I mean, to talk."

"Nowhere that'll take much time," said Harry. "I've got a date with Paul Whiteman to look over part of my symphony."

"I don't want to interrupt your work," said Rita. "Maybe it would be better if you came up to the house tonight."

"I can't tonight," he told her.

"When can you?"

"I'll give you a ring. It's hard to get away. You see——"

"I think I do," said Rita, and left him.

"About time," said Harry to himself.

His symphony went over fairly "big." The critics seemed less impressed than with the modern compositions of Gershwin and Deems Taylor. "But then," Harry reflected, "Gershwin was ahead of me and of course Taylor has friends on the papers."

A party instigated by Spencer Deal followed the concert and Harry met Mrs. Wallace Gerard, who took a great interest in young composers and had been known to give them substantial aid. Hart accepted an invitation to play to her at her Park Avenue apartment. He made the mistake of thinking she wanted to be petted, not played to, and his first visit was his last.

He had been engaged by Conrad Green to do the music for a new show, with a book by Guy Bolton. He balked at working again with Sam Rose, whose lyrics were hopelessly proletarian. Green told him to pick his own lyricist and Harry chose Spencer Deal. The result of the collaboration was a score that required a new signature at the beginning of each bar, and a collection of six-syllable rhymes that had as much chance of being unriddled, let alone sung, by chorus girls as a pandect on biotaxy by Ernest Boyd.

"Terrible!" was Green's comment on advice of his musical adviser, Frank Tours.

"You're a fine judge!" said Hart. "But it don't make no difference what you think. Our contract with you is to write music and lyrics for this show and that's what we've done. If you don't like it, you can talk to my lawyer."

"Your lawyer is probably one of mine, too," replied Green. "He must be if he practises in New York. But that is neither here or there. If you think you can compel me to accept a score which Tours tells me that if it was orchestrated, Stokowski himself couldn't even read the triangle part, to say nothing of lyrics which you would have to ring up every night at seven o'clock to get the words in the opening chorus all pronounced in time for Bayside people to catch the one-twenty train—well, Hart, go along home now, because you and I are going to see each other in court every day for the next forty years."

A year or so later, Harry's total cash on hand and in bank amounted to \$214.60, including the \$56 he had cleaned up on the sale of sheet music and mechanical records of his symphony. He read in the Sunday papers that Otto Harbach had undertaken a book for Willis Merwin and the latter was looking around for a composer. Merwin was one of the younger producers and had been a pal of Harry's at the Friars'. Hart sought him there. He found Merwin and came to the point at once.

"It's too late," said the young entrepreneur. "I did consider you at first, but—well, I didn't think you were interested now in anything short of oratorio. The stuff you used to write would have been great, but this piece couldn't stand the ponderous junk you've been turning out lately. It needs light treatment and I've signed Donaldson and Gus Kahn."

"Maybe I could interpolate——" Harry began.

"I don't believe so," Merwin interrupted. "I don't recall a spot where we could use either a fugue or a dirge."

On his way out, Hart saw Benny Kane, his collaborator of other years. Benny made as if to get up and greet him, but changed his mind and sank back in his sequestered chair.

"He don't look as cocky as he used to," thought Harry, and wished that Kane had been more cordial. "What I'll have to do is turn out a hit song, just to tide me over. Of course I can write the words myself, but Benny had good ideas once in a while."

Hart stopped in at his old publishers' where, in the halcyon days, he had been as welcome as more beer at the Pastry Cooks' Ball. He had left them for a more esthetic firm at the suggestion of Spencer Deal.

"Well, Harry," said Max Wise, one of the partners, "you're quite a stranger. We don't hear much of you lately."

"Maybe you will again," said Hart. "What would you say if I was to write another smash?"

"I'd say," replied Wise, "that it wasn't any too soon."

"How would you like to have me back here?"

"With a smash, yes. Go get one and you'll find the door wide open. Who are you working with?"

"I haven't nobody."

"You could do a lot worse," said Wise, "than team up again with Benny Kane. You and him parting company was like separating Baltimore and Ohio or pork and beans."

"He hasn't done nothing since he left me," said Hart.

"No," replied Wise, "but you can't hardly claim to have been glutting the country with sensations yourself!"

Hart went back to his hotel and wished there was no such thing as pride. He'd like to give Benny a ring.

He answered the telephone and recognized Benny's voice.

"I seen you at the Friars' today," said Benny, "and it reminded me of an idear. Where could we get together?"

"At the club," Harry replied. "I'll be there in a half-hour."

"I was thinking," said Benny, "when they were seated at the table near the piano, 'that nobody has wrote a rhythm song lately about 'I love you'; that is, not in the last two or three months. And one time you was telling me about being over to your sister's and they was a soprano there that sung a song that went 'I love you, I love you; it's all my heart can say,' or something."

"What of it?"

"Well," said Benny, "let's take that song and I'll just fix up the words a little and you can take the tune and put it into your rhythm and we're all set. That is, if the tune's o. k. What is it like?"

"Oh, 'Arcady' and 'Marchéa' and maybe that 'Buzz Around'

song of Dave Stamper's. But then, what ain't?"

"Well, let's go to it."

"Where is your ethics?"

"Listen," said Benny Kane—"I and Rae was talking this afternoon, and we didn't disgust ethics. She was just saying she thought that all God's children had shoes except her."

"All right," said Hart. "I can remember enough of the tune. But I'll look the song up tomorrow and give it to you and you can rewrite the words."

"Fine! And now how about putting on the feed-bag?"

"No," said Harry. "I promised to call up a dame."

Whereupon he kept his ancient promise.

"You've got a lot of nerve," said Rita at the other end of the wire, "imagining a girl would wait for you this long. And I'd say 'No' and say it good and loud, except that my piano has just been tuned and you've never played me your symphony."

"I ain't going to, neither," said Harry. "But I want to try out a new rhythm number that ought to be a smash. It starts off 'I love you, I love you,'"

"It sounds wonderful!" said Rita.



By *Cynthia Stockley*

# The Dice of God

## *The Story So Far:*

NOTHING quite so lovely as Narice Vanne and Anne Haviland, the former an artist and the latter a writer "doing" Africa together, had appeared at Victoria Falls for a long time, and they were royally feted by a group of Rhodesian men who happened to be at the hotel. Of these, Sir Anthony Tulloch immediately fell in love with Narice's dark, lively beauty, to the delight of his comrade, Blake. Tulloch's nickname was Bad Luck, gained from an old love-affair and his war wounds, which rendered him unfit for the vigorous physical life he had once lived; and Blake thought Narice just the person to bring him out of his habitual quiet and somber mood.

But Anne Haviland quickly disillusioned Blake regarding Narice. Learning Bad Luck's story, including the fact that he was immensely wealthy, she informed Blake that Narice was not only a heartless though delightful flirt, but had a husband somewhere in the background as well. Blake determined to warn his friend at once and steer him away from Narice and in the direction of Anne.

36

He did deliver the warning, but not before Bad Luck had all but declared himself during a night walk with Narice and had felt her answering fire. Next morning Blake's ill news was confirmed by Anne herself, and also by a ring Narice had lost and which Bad Luck found. It was inscribed, "To N.—Heart of My Heart." Returning the ring to its owner, Bad Luck did the only caddish thing in his life—he crushed Narice to him and kissed her lips harshly and cynically. But he was in a pit of bitterness.

Both the girls had been invited to Portuloch, Bad Luck's enormous estate up-country, but of course Narice now refused. The men, however, having gone on ahead, made ready for Anne's arrival; with them they had Rupert Morrison, Anne's cousin, a smooth gentleman whom neither Bad Luck nor Blake liked.

After hanging for thirty-six hours above almost certain death, Narice, there in Tulloch's arms, was not only alive, but smiling at them.

tiger  
despite  
upset  
his  
hardly  
his bro

At V  
return  
marri  
had so  
chance  
leaving  
was no

"I sl  
called i

F  
period  
thigh.  
friends



Illustrations by  
W. Smithson Broadhead



A New  
ROMANCE  
of  
SOUTH  
AFRICA  
by the  
author of  
"PONJOLA"

gloom lighted up very little, and all the sweet messages from beautiful Anne at the Falls were received with a dark inscrutability. As for his engagement, all he had to say about it was:

"Too bad you were away while she was here, Bill. Portulloch has never been so merry and bright."

"Well, perhaps I may still have an opportunity of enjoying the old place under a new régime—unless you want me to quit, Tony?"

"Quit? Don't talk through your topper, Bill. You and Portulloch and I are inseparable."

Which was highly gratifying to Bill, of course. But he couldn't help wondering whether Portulloch's prospective mistress would think otherwise. Not that it mattered, for Bill Blake had no intention of living in anybody's pocket, and on that vast acreage there was room enough for everybody.

"I suppose you'll be going home for a bit after the wedding?" Anthony Tulloch shrugged slightly. "She must decide that. I am entirely in her hands."

It didn't sound very ardent. Yet from all accounts he had been ardent enough, and gay enough too, during Anne Haviland's visit. It was only after the engagement was announced, followed by her speedy departure, that his old dejection had seized and sunk him, that he had taken to shutting himself up for hours at a time, and that when he did come forth, it was with a mood sadly lacking in sweetness and light. The other men on the ranch commented freely upon the change for the worse of his temper.

"If you ask me, our precious Bad Luck will prove no mild and amiable Benedick."

"The goddess at the Falls is going to get a bad deal. Gad, if she could only see and hear him first thing in the morning!"

"Lord help the mon that's chained to oor Davy," as the old woman said!"

Thus the bunch of rascallion and irreverent "younger sons" who ornamented life at Portulloch, and entertained themselves and others by learning to raise cattle and grow cotton. To all of which Bill Blake retorted:

"Oor Davy's all right, and you're a lot of indecent and undiscerning Hottentots."

But in his heart he was troubled, troubled. Life had been so pleasant, and, bar an occasional bad mood, Anthony Tulloch so content up here on the banks of the Kafue before these women came barging in! Not that he resented Anne Haviland if she was

Blake was away at the Cape, visiting a sister who was seriously ill, when the news came that Bad Luck and Anne were engaged. He was delighted, until his brother-in-law came out with a disquieting remark: there had been an Anne Haviland, a writer, mixed up in a bad scandal in India; her fiancé had been shot "accidentally" in a tiger hunt, and she had got away with £20,000 insurance money, despite the contesting suit of the insurance company. What upset Blake especially was the news that Bad Luck was settling his estate on Anne before their marriage. The two women could hardly be the same, thought Blake, and yet . . . He asked his brother-in-law to write for full details from India.

At Victoria Falls, Blake again saw Narice and Anne—she had returned from Portulloch and was staying here pending her marriage. Narice was the ghost of her former gay self, and she had something she wanted to tell Blake; but Anne gave them no chance to be together alone. At last, just before his train was leaving, he did see her for a minute, and received a warning that something was going on which was "unfair" to Bad Luck. There was no time to say more.

"I shall be down specially to see you next Monday," Blake called to Narice as the train started.

FOR an accepted lover and happily expectant bridegroom, Anthony Tulloch's general demeanor was somewhat disappointing and lacking in *joie de vivre*. Blake had, in fact, never known him more morose, even during that ticklish period when there was a threat of his leg being amputated at the thigh. He was of course genuinely glad to see Blake back. Their friendship was too old to need demonstration, or get it, but his



all right and on the square; if she was going to understand and cherish and comfort broken, moody Bad Luck, who had so much that was big and fine in his nature. It only required the *right* woman to drive away the black vultures.

Blake remembered in what high hope he had first visioned that picture, with Narice Vanne as its central figure. But the picture had soon smudged and gone to smash. He himself had helped in the smashing, by relating the story of Miss Vanne's marriage. That was when the trouble began. That had torn it. Tony had never been the same man since the night of the Rain Forest. Narice Vanne was the storm-center—Anne Haviland only little side tempest. The engagement was no more than a rebound from one woman to another.

It was all as clear as mud, and it wouldn't wash. Even if Anne Haviland was true blue all through, it wouldn't wash. And was she true blue? What about this murky story from India? Refutation or verification of that would soon come from Tim, but would it come in time? And what about those somber warning words of Narice Vanne's? "*They are not playing fair with him.*" Something sinister in that. A hint, if nothing worse, of underground workings against Anthony Tulloch's peace of mind.

It was not for the sake of idle gossip that that girl had dragged those words out of herself. She had done it against her own will, from a sense of fair play only. She might be a faithless wife and a flirting jade, but there was a strange ring of truth and sincerity about the things she said. Anyway, this had to be looked into. He must find out too, with some certainty, how much time there was still to run before the irrevocable came to pass.

"You ought to give a fellow some idea of the date of the wedding, Tony," he remarked, when on the point of leaving to keep

his appointment with Narice Vanne. "There is rice to be bought, and what not. I must get me a pair of spats too."

"Spats? Rice? Are you up the pole, Bill?"

"No good wedding is replete without rice, and spats on the best man," gravely asserted the man cast for that office. "Bet you Morrison will be wearing a pair. By the way, what is that sportsman doing down in Bulawayo, I wonder?"

"As a matter of fact he's fixing up those marriage settlements on my behalf. Of course I shall have to go down and sign when they're all ready, but meanwhile he's saving me a lot of trouble. You know how I loathe the business."

"I ought to, seeing that I've conducted most of it for you all these years up till now," said Blake somewhat dryly, and Bad Luck was quick to suspect a note of reproach in the remark.

"Of course I'd have asked you to attend to it, Bill," he said warmly, "if you hadn't happened to be away. As it was, Morrison seemed the next best man to take it on. After all, he's Miss Haviland's only living relative."

"I didn't know that."

"Yes, it is so, and very natural therefore that he should want her future safety fixed up as far as money is concerned."

"Surely her future is safe enough with you as her husband?"

"Oh, you never know what might happen after—or even before that comes to pass," said Anthony Tulloch carelessly, and Blake had a sudden sensation as of something cold stealing round his heart, something like the point of a knife, or the nosing of a bullet. But he knew that he would never have had this feeling but for the Indian story which even yet might be refuted, so he only said rather unsteadily:

"I suppose it was Morrison put that into your head?"

"As a  
if one c  
enough  
one is al

So tha  
Bill Bla  
anyway,  
railway

At the  
never fa  
ever the  
guests  
parties a  
his frien  
ice, and  
Blake's r  
Miss Va  
on a pain  
followed  
carrying

This i  
larly wa  
with Na  
And on  
is not s  
upon ev  
enough,  
Miss Ha  
from the



**C**"What Miss Vanne has undergone would knock out an ox," Doctor James told Blake. "Her thinking apparatus needs to be in cold storage for a while."

"As a matter of fact it was—and quite rightly. After all, if one cares enough to ask a woman to marry, one should care enough to endow her with one's worldly goods, to enjoy whether one is alive or dead."

So that was that—and quite sufficient to go on with! It kept Bill Blake's mind lugubriously busy from Kafue to Livingstone anyway, and he began to wonder if he was ever again to have a railway journey free of sickening problems and forebodings.

At the Falls, however, he was cheered by the usual bustle that never failed to hail his advent. In the hotel Major Blake was ever the most welcome guest, for his arrival heralded that of other guests from Livingstone and surrounding districts, merry parties and special menus. His friend the chef came rushing out, his friend the barman produced his favorite drink straight off the ice, and his friend the manager pressed for his society. But Blake's most pressing need after a gin and lime-juice was to find Miss Vanne. The manager reported her to have gone off as usual on a painting expedition, but he also reported that she had been followed about an hour later by Miss Haviland and Morrison carrying a thermos full of tea. Morrison, it appeared, had arrived from Bulawayo the night before.

This information gave the tracker pause. He did not particularly want the company of the other two during his interview with Narice. In fact, they would be most confoundedly *de trop*. And on the veld with nothing about you but earth and sky, it is not so easy to get rid of *de trop* people. He decided to wait upon events awhile, and chance their returning alone. And sure enough, he presently spied his game—Rupert Morrison and Miss Haviland coming up at a tidy pace, considering the heat, from the direction of the bridge—and strolled forward to meet

them. As soon as they got within speaking distance Anne called out blithely:

"It's no good. She refuses the company of all and sundry."

"But I've come by special request," protested Blake, shaking hands, and piercing her with his gimlet eye.

"I know," laughed Anne, "but she's repented that and doesn't want you now—not before luncheon anyway. She told us to tell you so if we met you."

"It seems she is putting the finishing touches to her masterpiece," said Morrison, "and resents interruption. But I tell you what, Blake, it is going to be a masterpiece, if that's any consolation to you."

"Consolation be blown!" grumbled Blake. "She invited me to fill the rôle of art critic, and I'm going to."

"Right-ho!" Morrison shrugged, smiling. "Your blood be on your head."

But Anne said more seriously: "Really, I wouldn't go, Major. You don't know what it means to be interrupted when one is at good work. Nothing more infuriating. And after all, she's promised to be back to luncheon. You'll only have to wait another hour or so."

It certainly seemed a little unreasonable to persist under the circumstances, and Blake allowed himself to be persuaded, and walked back to the hotel with them.

A train load of people had just arrived, tourists and what not from down-country, including some friends of Blake's with a red-hot scandal from Salisbury; a Russian Royalty in exile; a great American politician; and a dancer known to all the world. It was easy enough to fill in the next hour agreeably, but disappointment came at luncheon time, for Narice Vanne did not

keep her promise to return. Even by tea time she had not materialized, and Blake's mood passed from a slight impatience to irritation and a sense of being "sold."

"She's trying to dodge me," he concluded, and was the more determined to get out of her what she knew. "She'll find she can't backslide on me!" he promised grimly. And presently, very unobtrusively, he managed to get away from the others and slip off quietly towards the river.

He knew she would be somewhere along the edges of the gorge, but had no idea of her base of operations and could only make his way diligently along the south bank until almost within reach of the Rain Forest. Having no luck in that direction, he retraced his steps and crossed the bridge to the north bank. There at last he struck the trail if not the actual quarry. In a lovely spot sheltered by frondy ferns and palms, he found her painting equipment and the perfect little gem she had been putting onto a two-foot by three-foot canvas. A marvelous view of that giant cleft known as the gorge, with the mist of the Falls above, and below, the river, so swift and deep and sinister, yet sluggish as lava, stealing between the mighty walls.

He stood for some minutes lost in admiration and amazement that she could have got such beauty onto that little canvas, then fell once more to the consideration of her whereabouts. Beside her canvas stool stood a luncheon basket, which he had the curiosity to look into, with a view to finding out if she really had meant to return for luncheon. Curiosity was rewarded by surprise. Not only had she brought luncheon with her in the basket, but there it still was—a good-sized packet of sandwiches, a banana, an apple, and a bottle of lemonade. Yet here at five-thirty P.M., it remained unconsumed!

He felt both puzzled and annoyed. It was clear that her intention had been to lunch out, in spite of what she had said to Anne and Morrison. He could only come to the conclusion that this was on account of her having repented her impulse to tell him what he insisted on knowing. She was deliberately dodging him! That did not, of course, explain why she had not eaten her luncheon, but perhaps he would find that out when he found her; for she did not know Bill Blake if she thought he was to be put off as easily as that.

Diligently he set out once more on the hunt. Dusk was beginning to fall, but that was all the more reason why she could not evade him much longer, for she must return soon to collect her impedimenta and go back to the hotel. Certainly she was nowhere on the south bank, for he had thoroughly combed it. Remained only that narrow track of thinnish bush known as the Knife Edge, but by the time he had carefully traversed this and returned, it was nearly dark.

Then his irritation altered subtly and swiftly to a sharp uneasiness, and suddenly, without admitting to himself the why and wherefore, he found himself returning at top speed to the hotel. The manager met him in the veranda, a few hasty sentences were exchanged, the police were telephoned to, and in another twenty minutes a search-party had been organized. Nothing was said to the other inmates of the hotel, but a matter of this kind cannot be kept dark, and the news soon flew round at the furious pace of a bush fire.

AT NINE o'clock that evening Narice Vanne was still missing, and almost every man, woman and native in the place had joined in the search. The Livingstone police having been notified, they came down in a body which included Nibby Brookes, the Blood-Orange and half a dozen other fervent admirers of the missing girl, and the hunt went on all night. There were men among them with eyes like hawks' that nothing could escape, one would say, but eyes that looked in the dawn of the next day significantly blank.

For there was only one conclusion to come to. Narice Vanne had somehow, somewhere, got over the edge of the gorge and into the Zambezi. Whether it was into the whirlpool, the Boiling Pot, or straight down the Knife Edge, the result was bound to be the same. Even supposing the actual fall had not proved fatal, down there no one could survive long. The strongest swimmer could not cope with the power and swiftness of that dark river, so secret and so far.

The basaltic sides of the gorge are almost sheer, and no one ever attempts to scale them, chiefly because the river below flows so close to the sides, with no foothold anywhere except an occasional jagged point of rock. Parts are densely mossed with ivies, ferns and lianas, and these in turn as densely inhabited by myriads of birds to whom it has been sanctuary from time unknown. At rare spots there exists the slightest of gradients down these precipitous sides, where indeed the thick undergrowth

might offer handhold. But imagination mocked at the hope that any woman could cling precariously there through all the hours that had now elapsed since Narice Vanne first disappeared. Besides, peer who might, there was no sign down that gaping chasm of riven rock of any living creature save the birds.

Police attention had been attracted to a spot on the northern bank, not far from the deserted easel and stool, where a branch of a bush leaning over the gorge had been snapped off, the loose earth scuffed, and the grass trampled flat. But this was not observed till dawn, and it seemed most probable that these surface disturbances had been made by some of the many amateur sleuths.

Amateur or professional, they had to give it up at last, and come reluctantly to the conclusion that the quest was vain. A terrible sense of helplessness and uselessness settled upon all in that dawn hour. Women who had joined ardently in the search were crying with exhaustion as well as despair. The policemen remained fiercely silent. Blake had never felt so futile, so pygmyish in his life. Anne Haviland, after showing a feverish activity for the first few hours, gave way just after midnight to desperate weeping, and had to be sent to bed in a state of collapse. Morrison, whose diligence appeared inexhaustible, looked thoroughly washed out and done for, though continuing to respond almost automatically to any fresh suggestion or direction. But truth to tell, suggestion and direction were expended. Even though the search continued all through the following day, the secret verdict of the police had long since been muttered among themselves: "Not a hope. The river has got her."

THEN Anthony Tulloch turned up. Blake never knew what induced him, as soon as he realized on Monday evening that the girl was lost, to send a wire to Portulloch apprising his friend. It might merely have been that it was almost second nature with him to share every sensation and excitement with Anthony Tulloch, yet it had seemed somehow the work of a Power outside himself that caused him to walk into the telegraph office and pencil down certain words:

"Miss Vanne lost, fear she has fallen over gorge and been drowned."

Having performed this act almost mechanically, he forgot about it, or rather it lost itself in the searching, peering, tramping phantasmagoria of the hours that followed: the long nightmare of flickering lanterns, hurrying feet, agitated voices; the cold hopelessness of the dawn; and then the new day of dreary goings and fro.

It was during an interval snatched for a hasty meal, standing with a couple of others, sandwich and glass in hand, at the hotel bar, that he saw Bad Luck coming along with such a surprising spring in his gait that it was hard to believe him the possessor of a crock leg. The incident of the telegram returned to Blake's memory.

"We haven't found her," he said mechanically.

"And never will," appended Mundell of the police, gloomily. "Once you're over that blighted gorge, your name is mud. What do you say, Bad Luck?"

But Bad Luck appeared to have no comments to offer. He merely, with the concentrated air of a thoroughly thirsty man, flattened an out-size drink and wolfed a sandwich at top-gear. He must have come down from Kafue top-gear too, for according to train schedule, the thing seemed almost impossible. There were one or two inquiries about this, but Bad Luck was not doing any explaining either, at this season. His complexion, as highly colored as is usual with men of Scotch blood—especially when they live in Rhodesia—seemed to have toned down a shade, his eyes, nondescript until they were fixed on something, had become like still water with a search-light at the back of them. He was a non-committal Scotchman. You never knew what he was thinking about, or what he was going to do, but when he looked like that, Bill Blake was aware that "things would shift," as the saying is.

And sure enough, within a few minutes of picketing a couple of drinks and sandwiches, he had disappeared as rapidly and unobtrusively as he came, taking no one with him except Gundaan, a native boy whom he had brought down, and who was renowned for his capabilities as a black-tracker. The next news was that Gundaan had *found something* at the spot already under suspicion of being the actual scene of the accident. When Blake came up to them, both white man and native were flat on their stomachs, their heads over the gorge. Bad Luck raking every inch of the precipitous sides through a pair of powerful field-glasses, and Gundaan making strange grunts and muttering beside him. Suddenly Anthony Tulloch leaped up and called for rope—



¶ "Oh, Major Blake, I am dreadfully worried about Narice," Anne murmured tragically. "I believe her mind is unbroken, poor darling."

V. SMITHON  
BROADHEAD.

miles of it, the thickest and strongest to be found in the place, and people went racing upon this errand, others rushing up to be assigned a task, and the edge of the gorge crowding over once more with men and women, anxious, breathless, trembling with fear of tragedy, eager and praying for a miracle.

Nothing less than a miracle it surely was that in the falling dusk of late afternoon Anthony Tulloch's eye, directed by Gundaan and abetted by the best racing glasses in Rhodesia, should have glimpsed far down the vast deeps of the gorge, amidst the mossy fernery and heavy growths that clung to the face of the rock, just

a flicker of something that seemed foreign to that region of majestic gloom. It might only have been the under-side of a bird's wing as it flew to its nest, or the pale leaf of some sunless plant stirring in the evening breeze!

But, lest it should be what they hoped, the faint wave of a woman's hand, or what they feared, a torn scrap of a woman's dress fluttering from a bush, a dozen men were eager and ready to essay the gorge. But Anthony Tulloch had not come from Kafue merely to look on other men's feats, and he told them so pointedly, and very briefly, because there (Continued on page 153)

# An Irish Ballad Music in the



Regina anxiously followed the words of Willie's song. "Fine, darlin'!" her lips said soundlessly.

**I**F IT was left to us. Lord knows when we'd have the spring—maybe along in August sometime, when we got round to it," Mrs. Callahan observed mildly.

A mere listener might at first have thought her talking to herself, in the sweetness of the June morning in the kitchen. For a full minute the only sound, as the richly amused, leisurely accents of her voice died away, was the splashing of the warm water she was swashing about in a sauceman gummed and crusted with oatmeal.

"Leave that soak, ma," said Annie Callahan Curley then. And immediately Annie added, tenderly: "Why wouldn't you put on your hat and step out for a little walk, Bessy dear? Paul, leave mama wipe that jelly off your mouth, and walk down to the drug-store with Bessy?" she suggested to a two-year-old boy, who was solemnly manipulating a jelly spoon on the floor.

"Look at him wipe it in his hair!" Annie added indulgently, lifting up the child.

The other women—there were two of them in the kitchen besides Mrs. Callahan—all glanced fleetly and furtively at the young girl Annie had addressed. Bessy Reilly, eighteen years old, was drooping in a rocker, holding Ellen Murphy's baby in her lax young arms. Bessy was beautiful, even though she had been crying.

Tears stuck her long lashes together, like a child's wet lashes. Her red, full Irish mouth trembled, her flyaway soft black hair was disordered about her flushed face, like a drift of smoke. Her blue eyes, when she looked up in agony at Annie, shone like dark sapphires, very blue through their tears.

42

in Prose

Illustrations by

Bessy loved Jim Harrigan with the deep passion of a girl just awakening to life. And Jim had "walked off on her," after their first quarrel, now almost two months ago.

The girl was an orphan, living with her sister Regina, who was the proud wife of young Willie Kernaghan, a rising singer, known favorably already in club and social circles as "the Irish Ace." Willie had brought Jim Harrigan to the house—young Jim Harrigan, handsome, splendid, daring, successful, his years twenty-two, as against Bessy's eighteen. Oh, how Jim had flirted, and sung, and danced and chattered, and driven his father's car and spent his salary—and how Bessy, shy and young and bewildered and ecstatic, had adored him!

Her first fresh, frightened kiss had been for Jim. Her tugging little scared hand had learned to lie still in Jim's hand. Her full days—Bessy worked in a dentist's office—were made magical by the mere thought of him. He was the most masterful man she had ever known, the first man, in one sense, upon whom her virginal blue eyes had ever rested with any thought of his being a man at all; he had opened all the doors of life to Bessy.

From a shy, sweet, solitary child she was suddenly a blooming, glowing, glorious rose, ready for the picking. The hours throbbed with splendor—Bessy, in her own room at night, dreaming over her undressing, standing with the dress she had taken off pressed to her heart as some especially poignant wave of memory swept deliciously over her, would innocently wonder if love-affairs, if being engaged, being married, meant to other girls what it was going to mean to her.

When their acquaintance and their families began to couple their names—"Jim and Bessy—that's two"—it was a breath-taking delight to her. To be teased about him, to realize that other persons were taking for granted what she dared not hope herself—that was enough.

But when he kissed her, when that authoritative deep voice of his spoke about marriage, about her being his "wife" . . .

All the leisure she could steal from her office work and her housework and her prayers wasn't enough for Bessy to dream away radiantly then!

And then the quarrel. Oh, how had it come about? What a fool—what a fool a girl was ever to let such a calamity occur! Suddenly she and Jim had been quarreling, hotly, furiously. And about Willie Kernaghan's voice, of all silly, unimportant things in the world!

Jim sang himself, and although he liked Bessy's gifted brother-in-law, he had been inclined—in that quick, gay, confident manner of his—to deprecate Willie's singing.

Willie had been singing in a church for years; all right, Jim had conceded, it was a good enough voice for a church, maybe.

"But listen, Jim, the radio people's after Willie, and maybe he's going to sing for the phonograph," Bessy had senselessly argued. What had it mattered? If Willie had been singing at the Metropolitan, what was it to Bessy and Jim?

By Kathleen

Norris

# AIR

James Montgomery Flagg

The handsome face had darkened. Bessy saw now, so many weeks too late, that Jim had been only jealous. If she'd had the sense to see it was jealousy, she might have rejoiced in it as a proof of his love.

But no, fool that she was, she must go on arguing seriously. Willie had a grand voice.

Willie. Why, she didn't even like him! Wonderful voice he might have, and "the Irish Ace" he might be, but he surely led poor Regina a life of it, when one of his big-headed moods came upon him, Bessy reflected bitterly.

"Layin' in bed, and leavin' Regina run up-stairs with his breakfast every morning, and practisin' runs when the poor baby is just off asleep!" Bessy would muse.

Yet she and Jim had quarreled about him, and Jim had left her angrily, and they hadn't seen each other since.

She couldn't believe, as the slow sweet spring days, strangely darkened and sad, dragged by, that he wouldn't come back. He was proud, maybe, her sister Regina suggested; maybe he was waiting until she'd say she was sorry.

But Bessy wouldn't do that; she had her side too. It was not that she was ashamed to humble herself—the tears, the suffering she could not conceal had proved to all her little world how deeply she cared. She had no more to lose. It was only that she was convinced Jim wouldn't come—not for her pleading, nor anyone's pleading. She had lost him.

She moped about her sister's house until Willie, the Irish Ace, became unsympathetic. And then she came over for a visit to Mrs. Callahan's house, where she could claim a sort of cousinship, and often stayed for days at a time, and Annie and her old hostess mothered her and cheered her as best they might.

So that the June morning found her idling in the kitchen, among the older women, a crushed little miserable being who had been all flash and dimples and gaiety only a few weeks before. The women apparently paid her small attention, but their hearts were really aching with sympathy, and they exchanged many a glance of compassion above her dark little hunched bowed head.

"Go for a walk, dear," Annie urged her, an affectionate hand on her shoulder. But Bessy shook her head.

"Paintin' the house, now, dear knows when I'll have it done" Mrs. Callahan, after an uneasy glance at the girl, resumed her original theme cheerfully. "In October I always tell my son I can't wait until spring to get the house painted. 'And I'll have the fence-rails put in, and whitewashed,' I'll tell him. But here it is June and me not even talkin' to the painter."

"Then there's mattheresses," old Mrs. Cahill said, making a cluck-clucking noise in her mouth. "My son's wife'll call me down good for him. 'Leave us have them made over now in May,' she'll beseach me. 'I will, come the first day of the month,' I'll tell the poor child. But isn't it winther again before I can turn round!"

"I don't know where the time goes to at all," added the widow Murphy. She shut her oyster-gray eyes in a long, lean,



liver-spotted face, and jerked free her veil. "Dan Murphy have been three months in his grave," she announced, with a rending, quiet sigh.

"But the Lord, as I was sayin'," Mrs. Callahan went on in satisfaction, looking out into the dooryard that was richly shaded and fragrant with the glory of June's greenness, "the Lord has the leaves and the flowers ready the minute you'd look for them. The spring is never late on us—grass and laylocks—"

"Well, there's a notion for ye!" Mrs. Cahill said appreciatively. And there was silence in the kitchen.

Annie fed her child mashed potato and stew gravy from a casual bowl. His meal was completed with a slice of bread pasted with brown sugar. Young Curley was, however, accustomed to informal meals, and after this one wandered away into the yard, and went to sleep among some fluffing hens, a curled gray-and-black Plymouth Rock feather clutched in his moist, dirty little hand as he slept.

The older children rioted in from school as the noon whistles were shrilling, and all the women except Bessy assisted in the familiar business of feeding them. Matt and Helen sat sidewise on chairs, and plunged at spongy bread and cooling stew; each child had a large china cup of weak, milky tea. Frank, the third child, meandered about the kitchen as he ate, staring out into the yard between bites.

**C**"My own dear girl's voice come straight to me—like an arrow into my heart—'" Jim was saying. "Bessy Reilly!" called Aunt Aggie Callahan.



When the children were gone it appeared that their elders had been somehow miraculously nourished, too. Annie said she had eaten what Paul had left in the bowl; the other women assured her they had had all and more than they wanted.

"I mopped up a bit here and there. I'm never one would eat much on you," the widow Cahill repeated.

"I had a slash off the ginger-cake would keep me a week," wrinkled little Mrs. Murphy added. "What do you know about Willie Kernoghan singin' for the radio," she presently began.

"Hear Willie tell it, and you'd hear more than your prayers," Annie opined, with a laugh.

They all glanced furtively at Bessy, whose sister was Willie's wife. But she was paying no attention, and so far away from them in her thoughts that a tear rolled down upon the slumbering face of young Clement Riordan, Junior.

"He's goin' to do it, ain't he, Bessy?" Mrs. Callahan asked kindly.

The girl looked up with a start. "Willie? Yes, I think he is. Regina said something about it," she answered, trying to rouse herself.

"Do they pay them good for it, Bessy?"

Another start, and a visible rallying of her forces. "Oh, yes! Fifty dollars, I think, Willie's to get."

"Fifty dollars for how many times?" croaked old Mrs. Murphy, in a stupefied silence.

"For only the once," Bessy answered reluctantly. She hated the mention of Willie's name. Hadn't she and Jim quarreled about Willie?

44

"Well, what in heaven's name would they throw money away like that for?" Mrs. Cahill demanded pathetically, in a gentle, dazed voice, in a pause. "There's seven million people in the city, and half of them sings as good as Willie Kernoghan ever done the longest day of his life. You'd wonder they'd not get a lad to sing them an hour or so for no more than five dollars. Fifty dollars is ten pound, and I've seen the very nate little presentable cabin you cud buy outright—'" She stopped.

"Willie'll have the old gander himself beat, for a strut!" Mrs. Murphy prophesied gloomily. "Whin I come over here forty years agone, five dollars a month was what they paid me—and I as barefoot as a daisy itself—'" She stopped in her turn.

"Ten pound a year would pay the old Queen's cook in them days," Mrs. Callahan, wiping her brass faucets affectionately, contributed mildly. "And Willie'll get it for simply openin' his mouth and lettin' the voice God put there roll out. Well. And he never got that voice of his off the wind, either," she assured her hearers suddenly. "His mother had a very pretty voice, and his father was always one to lilt you a song. 'The Croppy Boy'—there's one he'd sing you until the tears ran down your cheeks for you."

"I like a very sad song," Mrs. Murphy commented mildly.

"If Willie sings on the radio, I hope he'll sing the song he give us here one night, about the fields of Ballyclare," Annie was beginning, when Bessy's dark head came suddenly up as if she had been shot.

"That's not Willie's song!" she exclaimed. "It was Jim Harrigan always sang that!"



"Well, I know one of them did," Annie amended pacifically. "Willie sings it *now*," Bessy said bitterly, "because he grabs everything. But that is Jim's song."

"Jim sings beautifully," Annie the peacemaker said invitingly. But Bessy, the flush dying from her healthy, firm young cheek, had lapsed into silence again.

"Well, I don't know ought I go and see Katie Oliver," Mrs. Callahan suggested dreamily, when she had washed her hands with yellow soap and wiped them on the roller-towel.

"I ought to step up to church—it's me anniversary," Mrs. Cahill added, without moving, after a long silence.

"Lord, I could sleep for a year!" Annie said, in a chair at the table, stretching her arms before her, and laying her head down upon them.

Suddenly Ellen Murphy Riordan came in. She had confided her baby to her mother's care some three hours ago while she did some special shopping and had luncheon with Clem. Now she had come to get him.

A beautiful Ellen nowadays; perhaps even prettier than she had been in her pretty, spoiled, warm-hearted girlhood. The mahogany bob was crushed under a charming little spring hat, and before she took her baby from Bessy the women made her revolve before them, to show the lines of her smart new tailor-made.

She tossed a snaky fur aside, balled her gloves and flung them on the table, caught the child in her arms and sank into a chair. The beautiful young head bent adoringly, the long bronzy lashes were lowered anxiously above young Clem's wrinkled, searching little face.

"There—darling—you poor little crosspatch—there," Ellen crooned. She smiled, the blue-veined breast rose and fell on a long happy sigh of satisfaction and relaxation, the baby's moist hand pressed it jealously. "I'm fifteen minutes late—did he yell his head off for me?" Ellen, free now to look up at the appreciatively watching circle, demanded, smiling.

"He never let a sigh out of him," her mother assured her. "How would the poor young boy that hasn't seen seven months yet know how to tell the time anyways?" she demanded innocently.

"He knows his meal-times, don't you worry?" Ellen said gaily.

"He sleep' every minute there was in it," Mrs. Callahan observed. "I thought the children would have him destroyed with their clatter. But not that lad! Bessy carried him in to the lounge, and he never moved on us!"

"Ellen, you'll have a cup of tea?" Annie asked hospitably.

"Tea! They'll never let me touch it, nor coffee either, with this elephant on my hands."

"The Lord love us!" Mrs. Murphy protested, now beginning preparations for departure. "I et whatever looked good to me when I was nursing you, and a handful you were too. The colic you had—"

"I'll bet I did!" Ellen agreed, with relish.

"You got your hand in your poor papa's mustache one night, when you were raisin' the roof on us," further recalled the older woman. "God rest him, he let a yell out of him that frightened the poor baby out of her wits!" she added, enjoying the attention of an audience. "Wit' that, didn't she puck her little hand full into his eye—the poor feller had to step down to the clinic to know whether he'd ever see out of it again at all?"

They all laughed.

"So she had it on him, in the latter end," Mrs. Cahill observed, with enjoyment.

"She was a great one—Ellen," her mother added, sighing and smiling.

"Ah, well—so it goes," Mrs. Callahan said slowly and thoughtfully, with another deep sigh. And again they were all silent.

Ellen rocked a little, cuddled the baby contentedly. Sometimes she left him at home, with Carrie, her colored maid; on those occasions he was just "the baby." But leaving him today with mama seemed to invest him with a suddenly developed identity. The darling—he had been among these strange faces and strange places all day, and he was as serene as a little mill-pond. The women had spoken of him as "little Clem."

Ellen thought of Clem, that dearly devoted, deeply contented Clem who had just been with her at luncheon, and to buy a perambulator. How different the happy, responsible young husband was from the lover of two years ago, the fiery, suspicious, thrilling man who had bought her Floradora sundaes, and taken her to the movies, and murmured such memorable things in her ear while his big arms held her in the dance.

They didn't go to movies and dances (Continued on page 151)

# I Am *Other* Woman

By Vera Stanley

*An Extraordinarily Frank Statement  
From the Heart of a Tortured Woman*

I HAVE tried in the following pages to set down without prejudice or exaggeration the facts of my association with a man whom I shall call Martin Hall. I have tried to explain why I have loved another woman's husband for so many years, in spite of humiliation and—God knows—agony and despair. I have done this partly to destroy the cruel untruths that have been circulated about him and me, and partly because I think that this simple narrative may help others to realize what they will, and must risk if they build their happiness on the affections of a married man.

I have been—and am—what is known as the “other woman.” I wonder if you have any idea what this means? I will try to tell you. It means that while the man you love is your happiness in this world, your hope for the next, you have no permanent hold on him. You think you are his woman; the woman he turns to for understanding, for comradeship. You ask only to give yourself to him. But the fact remains that you cannot unknot those ties which bind him to his home, to his children, to the wife who bears his name.

There is no hope of certainty for the “other woman.” Men are prone to moods. It may be your lover's kiss at moments seems less ardent. You fancy his eyes turn from yours a little quickly. You wonder why he glances at the clock when he is speaking to you. To a man's wife these things are trifles; if he be cool today he may be overwhelmingly passionate tomorrow. But to the other woman, these things have a cruel significance. To her they are the proofs of the impermanence of love unsanctified by law.

“Oh—she's the other woman!” I remember when the significance of the phrase first struck home to me. We were dining out—he and I—the man whom I loved better than anything on earth—and we were supremely happy in each other. The orchestra was playing Debussy's “*L'après-midi d'un Faune*” and the exotic joy of it got into my blood. Our eyes met across the shaded lights . . .

It was then that some one at the next table turned and stared at us.

“There's Martin Hall,” she said. “Do you know who's with him? She's the other woman.”

It was my first taste of a humiliation which later was to pierce deep down into my soul.

I had grown up in a bohemian household. My father, an Italian by birth, a cosmopolitan by preference, was a painter, and in spite of poverty and endless shifts he was always surrounded by interesting people. My mother, an Englishwoman, had died at my birth, and I journeyed with my father all over Europe, learning to play the violin in half its capitals.

I grew tired at times of perpetual impecuniosity, and the extremes of the artistic temperament frayed my nerves. I suppose it was the English mother in me coming uppermost. There were moments when I longed for an ordered existence and when John Stanley appeared upon the scene and began a steady and persistent courtship, he seemed to me an escape from the endless makeshifts which made up the greater part of my life.

John was kindly if unimaginative, and I felt the comfort of his affection. He was a London business man, earning a good income, and after a short engagement we were married. I was just eighteen and he was thirty-six. We led a quiet but happy life, with his friends, my music and, later on, our baby.

We lived in Kensington in one of those old-world squares which always remind me of Thackeray. I suppose I might have gone on until the end of my life as John's wife, moderately happy and content, secure in his undemonstrative love and assured position. I never dreamed that he might die before me, and my first feeling when, after a short illness, he succumbed, was one of intense amazement.

46

I grieved for John; but I did not feel that my life was ended. I was left with my little daughter Leila on a pitifully small income. John hadn't any relatives and my father by this time had quite disappeared, so I was alone with my baby in a cheap flat with such furniture as I had been able to save from our home.

The next three years went by swiftly and drably. I gave violin lessons and occasionally got engagements to play at concerts, and somehow I made ends meet. I had not many friends and my male acquaintances did not appeal to me. Also my clothes were getting out of date and I hadn't enough money to get new ones, so that more often than not I looked rather shabby. So I went hardly anywhere.

IT WAS in the third year of my widowhood that I met Martin Hall. I had been giving a violin lesson. My pupil was one of those heavy, unemotional creatures, and she depressed me so much with her lethargic playing that I took the violin from her and broke into the middle movement of that heaven-sent work of genius, César Franck's sonata. That sonata always does strange things to me. I somehow get away from myself and all my troubles. That afternoon I forgot everything. I felt as though I were in a beech wood with the wind blowing on my face and the golden leaves falling lightly at my feet.

I played as I can sometimes—as though I were inspired . . . I came down to earth to find a man in a suit of gray tweed staring at me from the open door. As I saw him then he is forever imprinted on my memory. Tall, loosely built, with a certain slouch of the shoulders, he gave me the impression of grace rather than strength. His eyes were grayish hazel and he had one of those whimsical mouths that always attract women. He came straight up to me and directly our eyes met I felt the vital shock that a woman like me experiences once only.

“I am Martin Hall,” he said, and I was conscious of a strong smell of tobacco and a curious unexpected whiff of violets. Somehow I could not speak. I just stared, stupidly—as I thought—though he told me afterwards my eyes said delightful things.

Martin was masculine, virile, with an exquisite sensitiveness and an innate love of beautiful things. He was an engineer, one of those adventurous people who plan bridges to span bottomless chasms, build railways across a desert, link up the ends of the earth by electric cables.

I did not take it all in then. I was too conscious and too happy in the realization that I had found a friend. Oh, the joy of that discovery; the gladness of the answering eye, the understanding words! I had been in a dry and thirsty land for three whole years and meeting Martin Hall was like finding a fresh and ever-sparkling spring.

He took me back to my flat that afternoon and next day we went out to tea. We had so much to talk about. We had both traveled and knew and loved the same places, the same things. He told me of his work and I listened, content to keep silent as to my own ambitions. Martin was the kind of man who always wants the woman he loves to listen. That was one of the first things I learned about him. John had always suppressed his own desire for conversation—I hadn't noticed it then.

Our friendship ripened quickly. I was in that state of delicious expectancy which you feel on the verge of a love-affair. I permitted myself to hope in those days. I did not know that he was married; and I felt I attracted him. He did not consciously deceive me. He thought that I had heard the main facts of his life from my pupil, and as I am not the sort of woman to ask questions, it was not until later I found out the truth.

I used to notice at times that he was moody and restless. But I was accustomed to temperamental people and I put it down to worry about his work—I even dared to think he might be apprehensive about me. He wasn't sure of my feelings



**¶**Vera Stanley, violinist with a wide reputation in Europe, and daughter of a painter of distinction

towards him; I knew that and it gave me a delicate joy to keep him from a definite declaration.

It must, I think, have been that curious protective instinct which we call intuition that warned me to steer clear of an understanding. We used to go to the theater and out to dinner. We would dance sometimes and now and again he would run me into the country in his car. As we drove back he would hold my hand; but he never kissed me. I knew he wanted to . . . You know that feeling? When expectancy tingles in your blood, when you shiver with fear and joy at the touch of his fingers, the longing for his lips . . .

Martin always left me at the door of my flat. One evening I asked him to come in. He had spoken of leaving England and I was seized with a desolation that turned me absolutely cold. He was going; I should lose him; how could I face life without his friendship? How could I go back to the dreary, drab routine?

I made him comfortable by the fire and gave him cigarettes and a glass of Italian wine, the last remnant of a consignment of lacrima Christi sent by my wandering parent as a birthday gift. I slipped into a pretty tea-gown, powdered my face and added a touch of color to my cheeks. When I went back to the sitting-room he was standing in front of (Continued on page 191)

# By Fannie Hurst

Illustrations by Leslie L. Benson

**T**HREE were gale and salt spray and the snif of them both in the face of Shard Gray.

That is to say, there was the look of them there.

Along the flanges of his nostrils there was a sensitive little motion, as if they were tickled. Not so much by what they smelled. At eighteen they had not smelled beyond the benign odors of an Indiana farm.

But by the tickle of the dream of salt spray. Yet Shard Gray had never smelled stronger salt than the pungency of cucumbers in dill.

At noon, as he lay prone on the hay, with nothing between his body and the insect-ridden heat except the single thickness of blue denim overalls and cotton shirt, that smell could bite through. Like a little bell ringing against his nostrils. Against his flesh. Against his bare feet, their soles standing up like two lantern faces and the toes wriggling ecstatically, as he lay stomach-flat on a haystack, munching from his lunch pail.

That was the Shard of the farm. With his butter-colored hair, which had beauty, straying down over eyes that strangely enough were the blue of sea water, on those clear, slightly wind-swept days that pull the ocean along like a tarpaulin.

"Sea-struck Shard" the help on the farm used to call him. He had a way of hitching up his denim overalls with a sort of sailor's hoist. Of staring off over wheat-fields as if they were swinging waves, and of lifting his face with that bared-to-the-gale look.

There were two models of ships, a chart with red-headed pins stuck in, a fish mounted on a wooden plank and a scrap-book of newspaper clippings, in Shard's room that adjoined his uncle's in the two-story box of a wooden farmhouse.

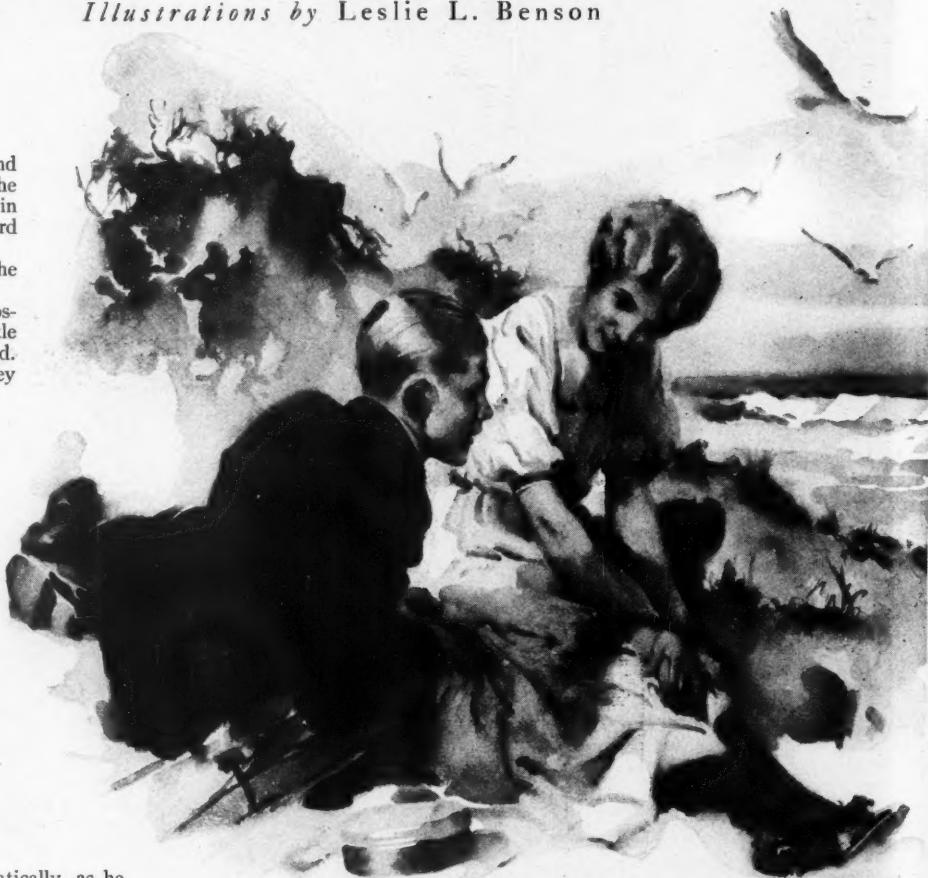
Shard could recite some of the poems in the book of clippings. One of them he said sometimes at night when he was too tired to say his prayers. It came easier, like a song:

Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea—  
Which brought us hither . . .

When Shard was eighteen, and his uncle lay in the thirteenth year of the stiffness of his paralysis, and only the farm-hands were about evenings, he could lie on the flat of his back in the room that adjoined his uncle's, and by an hallucination that came easy, close his eyes and chant fragments of the verses he knew about the sea until the corn-husk mattress beneath him gave a jolt, as of a wave. And another. And another. And the room began to retch and ride into a vastness that tasted of salt. The tickling, scratching, teasing taste of salt.

Shard lying close to his mattress of corn-shucks, riding over the crest of waves that sprinkled him with spray. Down, until his heart ran out of his body like a fish swooping with a wave. And up again . . .

The sea inside of Shard—biting, plunging, aching and tormenting.



**C** "There's something about the sea that you don't know and I want to tell you," said Shard. "I know this much," said Edna, "it's tarnished my shoe-buckles."

Those days of Shard on the farm—while his uncle lay stiff of paralysis, and the Indiana summers came scorching in, and the days stank of heat standing motionless, and the nights stank of heat rising off cows' flanks and pig wallows and stagnant pools.

If you were Shard Gray, you could walk through that heat as if it were spray, spanking you. Biting you. Teasing you. Mad-dening you. Shard's body, too white for a boy's, and at eighteen still as fluent and as timid as a girl's, was full of the sting of the sea. As if each pore contained a living organism that pricked. Pricked of the sea.

That was the Shard of eighteen.

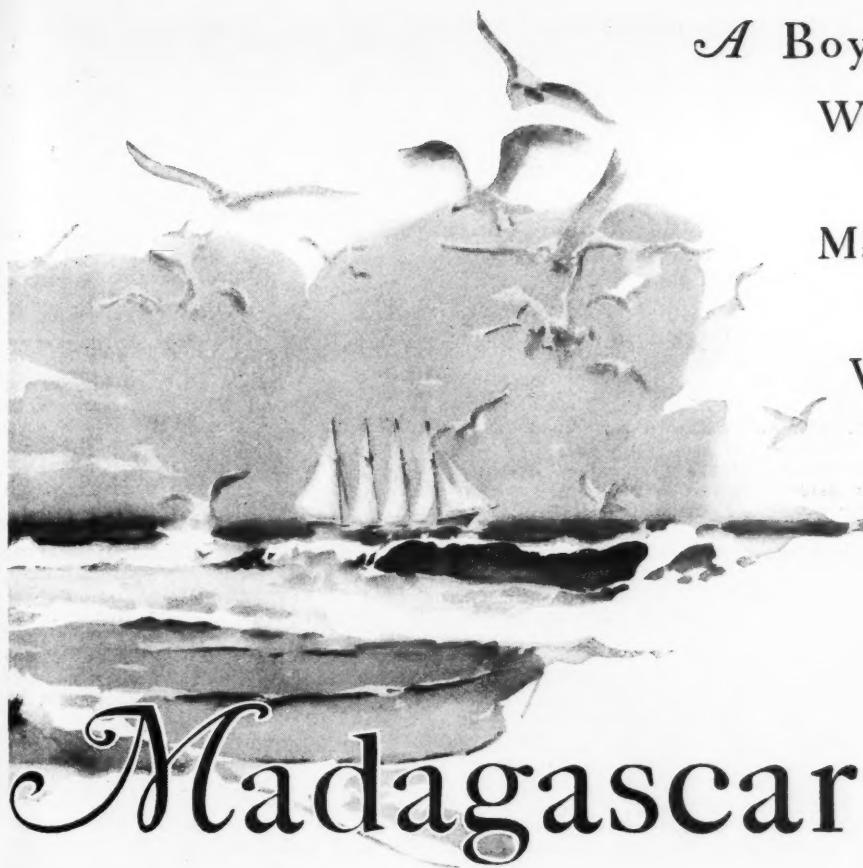
**T**HE death of the uncle who had lain in paralysis thirteen years out of Shard's eighteen, meant so little. So little that it made one a little ashamed. You batted your eyes to make them tear.

That was the Shard who at the death of this uncle came into the sum of thirty-six hundred dollars.

It was hard to keep the smell of salt from intruding across the scene even with one's new ache at the vastness of death. There was a painting of the sea, with a sailing craft on it, hung above the bier as the uncle lay stretched in the parlor . . .

"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it," pronounced the pastor, who had a chin mole with a strong hair growing out of it . . . Glory be to God . . .

Glory be to God . . . and the painting became as the sea. All gray. Gray, but with a white rim of spray. And the enormity of it came rolling in. Vaster than the room. Vaster than the funeral. As vast as death, this enormity came rolling in over the solemn occasion of the funeral of the uncle of Shard Gray; over



*A Boy's Visions of*

*What Shall Be*

*and a*

*Man's Realization*

*of*

*What Might*

*Have*

*Been*

# Madagascar Ho!

the stench of fertility of the farm, drenched there in the Indiana sun; over the body of the only surviving relative of the man in the bier—a body that was as white and as fluid and as timid as a girl's, and that at eighteen had never yet been awakened to any adolescence except the love and the yearning and the passion for the sea.

SOMETIMES, even back in the days when he had lain on the corn-husks, it had seemed to Shard that his timid body—capable of revolting almost like a lovely young girl's at the talk of the farm-hands or the travail of a cow with calf—could on the other hand almost burst its frail sides from the pressure of beauty. From within. The beauty of the tumult of the sea. The dream of riding out to a horizon into which the sun slipped like a coin into its slot. Riding out at the prow of a ship toward a cloud passing a moon; a sailboat passing a cloud. It was beauty that the flesh was too frail to endure.

And now there rolled before Shard Gray the actual sea.

He had traveled over a thousand miles to it, and there was money in his pockets, and his white unadolescent boy's body was in layers of clothing that irked, and his feet, that had so seldom known shoes, creaked in leather, and there was a red rim beneath his chin where the collar bit in.

There rolled the sea before him. As he had felt it roll within him. As he had dreamed it during the stagnation of Indiana summers. There it was. His face wet with it, his hair sprinkled with globules of it, his lips salty with it. It made his layers of clothing reek, as the clothing of the farm-hands reeked of the dung heaps.

There was the sea plunging ahead of him, through him. And the city piled up at his back like a Himalaya of electric lights. And there were tugs and dredges and schooners riding out to sea; and presently, through all the outgoing litter, a small ship with a mast.

That was especially when the body seemed too frail for the cramming, hurting beauty.

A ship with her prow pointed toward all the little clicking waves. Shard and the electric-lighted Himalayas watching her go.

To ship before the mast. That was a phrase he had picked up that very first day along the water-front. To ship before the mast. Well, in one or two days, three days at the outside, there would be a youth riding out on the prow of one of those ships . . .

It was hard to stand quietly at the lower edge of the city, on the rim of the water, and not shout it out and throw up one's cap and run fleet as wind in and out among people. The people with their feet rooted to the asphalt. To ship before the mast!

They made it so hard, though. Not a swift and fleet up-a-ladder-down-a-plank-and-aft, the way of one of the poems in the scrap-book.

There were irksome things to be done that went with shipping before the mast. As irksome as collars and the room in a lodging-house that was so near the water yet looked only on brick. A gray brick wall that stood directly outside the window like the flank of a dirty cat. A wall that shut in and irked.

That was the way of the procedure of shipping before the mast. Irksome interferences. Papers to be signed. Identifications to be established.

No, shipping before the mast was no longer a matter of up-ladder-and-down-plank. It was a matter of signing countless papers and then waiting. And there was that matter of identification.

It meant writing to Indiana. And then after six days of the waiting and the going and the coming of the mail, three days more of tramping the city for the elusive address of a man named Bankard Doe, whose brother's farm had adjoined the Gray farm.

The third day he found him.

Up in the thirty-first ledge of a cliff of an office-building in a down-town street called Nassau. A lean gray man in shirt-sleeves and an eye-shade. There were forty of him on high stools. It gave you a shock and made your eyes bat quickly to flick away a delusion. Forty Banky Does in green eye-shades on high stools over forty ledgers, with sleeve garters and the white grin of shirts between waistcoats and trousers, because forty backs stooped. Of course there was only one Banky Doe. But there were thirty-nine others identically like him.

Banky Doe could not get over Shard! To want to ship before the mast. A delicate, blue-eyed, sissy-looking boy like that. Good Lord—to want to ship before the mast with enough money in his pocket to remain comfortably on safe dry land.

Shard remembered the summer visits of Banky Doe to his brother, Marcus Doe, whose farm adjoined the Grays'. He had fitted so into the round-backed rocking-chair that when not

occupied was tilted against the Doe side porch. He had fitted so. As he fitted behind the green eye-shade.

Banky Doe was kind. At noon hour he himself went down about the matter of identification. And together they had lunch off a counter, to a dim and a hurry that made the brain feel like a tray of dishes that would not stop falling and chattering.

All that irked now were the days of waiting. There was a Sunday to be got through somehow. A motionless day of waiting for the procedure of office to begin again that would finish the making out of papers. A matter of days, almost hours now, and you could settle the matter of destination.

The China Seas! There was a red spot on the map called Honduras. Banky Doe knew of a place called Martinique where elevator boys came from. Then there was a place in a poem in the scrap-book called Madagascar. On the map it was a magenta-colored island. It pinched your breathing. Just the look of that magenta island studded into the midst of blue. And near it was a place called Zanzibar!

"Oh, Banky Doe! Oh, Banky Doe!" shouted Shard sometimes in his sleep those nights in the lodging-house. "Poor Banky Doe. Thirty-nine others of you, too, in the green eye-shades and the rubber sleeve garters. Ships are sailing for Madagascar. For Zanzibar! Come, come off your stools. To Madagascar, which is near Zanzibar. I will lead you—before the mast."

All that irked now were days of waiting. That Sunday to be got through somehow. A long envelop would be coming—with a red seal . . .

Ships to Madagascar . . .

AS HE was hurrying out of the thirty-first story office of the forty Banky Does in the green eye-shades, on the Saturday before the Sunday that must be got through somehow, she darted out of a door with a ground-glass panel in it.

A pudgy bit of brilliance in a red sateen shirt-waist with a high collar to it and a black flat bow for a necktie that was exactly the size and shape of a ferry ticket.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "Excuse my dust."

"Certainly," said Shard, who had been knocked backward, wiping out his left eye as if custard had been flung there. It was the dazzle of her he was wiping out. The dazzle of her pudginess in the red sateen shirt-waist.

They walked down the hall together toward the elevator. She was going for a drink of water. She held the tumbler in her hand and ground it between her hands with a soft rubbing sound.

"I'm always like that. Knocking the daylights out of people," she said.

"'Daylights out' nothing," said Shard, who felt as if the day-light had been knocked into him.

"It's my nature. I'm impulsive. Something my boss said just now about the way I take my dictation made me mad. I splashed out on him."

"And on me."

"Yeh," she said and laughed so that her eyes went out behind a sunburst of crinkles, and suddenly he, who had never known even the first exultation of adolescence for anything except the sea, felt his flesh ride up. Into a shudder. A shudder that made him feel something of the clammy weakness of a night-sweat.

"How do you get that way?" she said, pressing out a purl of water from a dragon's head into the tumbler, and regarding him over a shoulder so that a glow from the red sateen shot up into her face.

"What way?" he said, clenching and unclenching hands that were sticky with the fog of his clamminess.

"Your way. You look like somebody had walked you out from blowing a trumpet in a stained window and dressed you up in some new Kampus Klothes."

"And you look—beautiful."

They stood under the intermittent red and white lights of the up and down going elevators as they sped unheeded.

The little beat in her throat as she drank!

The cramming beauty that seemed to want to burst through the boyish frailty of Shard Gray's body. It was as if the sea inside him now were his own blood roaring. His own blood singing. His own blood leaping in glory. He could not take his eyes from her without the sense of tearing his flesh from hers. He wanted to kneel down there in the white-tiled, fire-proof corridor of an office-building and kiss the hand that held the tumbler.

"Tomorrow is Sunday and I am all alone."

"What is that to me?" she snapped in an adorable little turtle fashion and with a sauciness more inflaming than anything else she could have said.

"Do you like to sit before the ocean?"

"Coney? I'm off of it. I got ptomaine poisoning there last week."

"Then some other place."

"There's a place called Happyland. Ever been there?"

"No."

"Maybe I can go there with you a week from tomorrow. But I want you to understand that I'm not the kind of a girl that—"

"A week from tomorrow! No. No! I'm going away."

"Where?"

"To—to-away—to Madagascar."

"To Mada where?"

"It would be beautiful to sit with you before the ocean—tomorrow—"

"I don't know whether you're fresh or not," she said, "but you certainly got a way of getting your way. But I want you to understand I'm not the kind of a girl that—"

"Beautiful you!"

"You mean beautiful you. How funny you are for a boy! All gentle—and blue and yellow—like a girl."

"Beautiful you."

Happyland was full of shanties with painted canvas fronts and peanut stands that whined. But once your back was turned, there—out there—plunged the magnificence of the sea. The magnificence that gripped one by the throat and the heart and the eyes.

And sitting there on the sand beside Edna—think of a name like that!—the wonder of there having been a name lovely enough for her!—you wanted your heart to have lips that it might say it over and over again. Dearly. Ed-na.

Sitting there beside Edna, before the sea's magnificence. It would have been terrible to cry, especially after what she kept saying about your being all white, blue and gold like a girl. That hurt, except that her lips were soft when she said it. Puffy with softness. It would have been too terrible to cry, and yet combined with all the sense of fulness, the old fulness which you knew so well, here was the incredible and paradoxical pain of being happier than you ever had been in all the years of the secret happiness that had made life a performance akin to standing continually on the rim of a wonder and a glory.

Here was a wonder and a glory that made you bang back and forth inside like a new kind of sea. It was too heart-hurting.

"Edna."

"Tra-la-la—I knew he was a sailor 'cause he wore a sailor-hat—Madagascar—boy. You!"

"But I'm a man, too. I want to show you my sea."

"Silly. Think I've never seen it before."

"But my sea—"

"Oh! Your sea. You've signed a lease on it. Say, you're a card."

"Edna, there's something about the sea that you don't know and I want to tell you—"

"Don't I? Look. I know this much—it's tarnished my shoe-buckles. This damp."

"I'll buy you some more. Real ones. Not paste."

"You! A kid that's going to ship before the mast. You couldn't keep me in shoe-buttons."

"I've got thirty-six hundred!"

"What? Rubles?"

"Dollars."

"Where? In Doctor Cook's North Pole Watered Stock, preferred?"

"In government securities. I want to buy you shoe-buckles before I ship, Edna. There is something beautiful about buying sparkling little shoe-buckles for Edna's sparkling little feet before I ship for Madagascar. Ho. Madagascar!"

SHE rolled over on her side and looked up at him with the bright squirrel eyes that gnawed right through him.

"Diamond ones?"

"Diamond ones."

Fog blew in with the tide.

"Br-r-r-r," she said, "I'm cold," and snuggled.

He could feel his heart strain against his body as if it would burst out.

"Come close," he wanted to say, "Sweet-Beautiful," but he had not breath because her cheek somehow had laid itself against his hand.

"Why are you going to Madagascar, boy?" she said.

Her voice through the twilight made his flesh rise as if it had a nap to it.



¶, "Hey! Scum!" shouted George. "That's my boy friend. I want to go on board that way too, father. Up the rope ladder."

"Madagascar—I don't know—exactly, Edna—except—except—there must be ivory apes and peacocks there—the way it sounds . . . and on the map—it's all magenta—in the blue—"

"What will you bring me back? Are there pearls in Madagascar?"

"You are a pearl," he said, drawing her into his heart as the night drew in the ocean.

It was dawn when they straggled up the tilt of beach. She was pale and that gave her a new kind of luminosity. Like a wafer of moon in the sky at sunrise.

She started to whimper, and he in the daylight dared to kiss away the whimper. "Sweet-Beautiful."

"My old man will kill me for being out all night."

"He'll kiss you. Where do you live?" he said and marveled when she told him an address of brick and stone and street.

"And where do you live, Madagascar-boy?"

He had to read it from an address book.

"Bah!" she said. "In that side street! And you have thirty-six hundred dollars."

"But I am going to Madagascar. Edna—suddenly it is breaking my heart to go to Madagascar."

"I knew he was a sailor 'cause (Continued on page 144)

By Emily Newell Blair

# I am Curing Myself of Extravagance

**S**IX weeks ago I saw a wrought-iron wall-pocket. I have a blank cement wall on one side of my front porch. That wall-pocket filled with ferns and English ivy would transform that ugly gray space into a lovely background.

But the wall-pocket cost twenty-two fifty—twenty percent of the total cost of furnishing the porch! Extravagance! Besides, that pocket was not worth twenty-two fifty.

"Ah, yes," that devilish imp of Extravagance, the Suppressed Spirit inside me, answered, "ah, yes, but in the meantime look at your porch! Consider how perfect it would be if only that ugly expanse of gray cement were broken by the graceful fronds of green."

"But," my Sane and Sensible Self retorted, "I was trying to be economical and I ought not to have done the porch at all this year; and there is no necessity of getting any wall-pocket. The porch is pretty enough."

Then Suppressed Desire urged: "Take a look when you get home. See for yourself. That wrought-iron bracket would just make your porch."

And so the debate went on and on between the Sane and Sensible Self and the Suppressed Desire Self. My last waking thought was, "I'll get it tomorrow." I wakened in the still small hours. Conscience had downed Suppressed Desire and I vowed I never would.

I dressed and went down-town, the debate going with me. Sane and Sensible Self announced, "I will not get the wrought-iron pocket," and Suppressed Desire led me past the window. I hesitated, I stopped, I entered just to ask if they did not come in smaller sizes. The wrought-iron pocket was sent home.

If this were only the end of the story! But it is not.

There was a moment of exaltation as I fastened the bracket in the proper spot, placed therein the fern-filled pan, tucked sprays of ivy inside the edge and stepped back to view the full effect.

I've never indulged in strong drink but I am quite sure that the itch to possess which Suppressed Desire feeds is first cousin to the craving for liquor and that the first wild joy of possession has its counterpart in the inebriate's irresponsible happiness. And just as his intoxication gradually fades away does mine recede. With the sad difference that his takes its last farewell in sleep and mine gives way while I am entirely conscious and able to see the consequences of my weakness approaching.

These consequences would be the look in my family's eyes when they viewed my latest extravagance. And well I knew that when

I saw the look in their eyes my own would follow theirs and suddenly see an empty pocketbook. Equally well I knew the remorse that would overtake me. I would remember all at once the things that were needed, the things we were "saving for," a summer trip, a new car.

How I scorned myself for nights and days! And how slowly, oh, so slowly, did I regain my self-respect! And promise myself that never again would that extravagance of mine gain the victory.

Not that my punishment stopped there. The bill for the wrought-iron wall-pocket came in, came in, of course, on top of other "unexpected" expenses, and my "allowance" could not meet it. I put off paying as long as I could and then, alas, dug into my savings account, thereby postponing again our new car.

I assure you that this is not one whit overdrawn. I have been just this foolish. I have suffered just this much many times and sometimes more. You ask: "Why, then, do I continue? Why don't I learn my lesson?"

I invited a small nephew of mine one morning to go swimming with me that afternoon.

"Why not?" I asked when he declined. "Because I'll have hives this afternoon," he answered.

"But how in the world do you know you'll have hives this afternoon?" I asked. "Have you got them now?"

"Oh, no, but when I eat buckwheat cakes and maple-sirup for breakfast I always have hives; I ate them for breakfast this morning so I will have them this afternoon," he said with resignation.

"Then why," I demanded, "did you eat buckwheat cakes and maple-sirup if you knew they would give you hives?"

"Oh, aunty, when you see the maple-sirup pouring you forget about the hives. But then you remember afterwards!" The remorse in his voice!

There you have my answer. When you want a thing to add completeness, when the wantitis taste is roused, you forget all else.

I do not offer this as an excuse. I know there is no excuse—and I am making no defense of extravagance. I am well aware that I should use my will-power. I understand far better than the God of Thrift himself possibly can the vice of it. For I am a victim of it. It causes me to suffer the tortures of the damned.

Why, then, do I write of it? Because for one thing it has not been taken seriously enough. It has been looked upon as a



Emily Newell Blair, Author  
of "Letters of a Contented Wife"

rath  
So p  
time  
knew  
The  
with  
muc  
seen  
thrif  
poss  
no, 1

Sc  
that  
thos  
deny  
that  
envi  
W  
enjoy  
lessly  
no k  
I c  
inve  
trav  
If  
exer  
recog  
not.  
una

No  
ways  
who  
kitch  
sires  
Wh  
my e  
shrub  
hou  
ticul  
certa  
and  
with  
that  
silve  
Itali  
Th  
artis  
and I  
Sa  
I wa  
"Wh  
for t  
would  
Wa  
word  
But  
Be  
can b  
It  
the  
thing  
artist  
our t  
And  
of o  
pain

Pe  
a lac  
law o  
I can  
when  
of ex  
and  
my e

We  
pole  
groun  
rain  
of th  
surre

rather harmless vice, when it should be faced as a deadly disease. So pleasant has it seemed that the normally thrifty have sometimes been inclined towards condemnation, whereas if they but knew the truth they would lean towards pity.

The healthy do not belabor the tubercular—they sympathize with him. The normally sober do not scorn the drug addict so much as they pity him. But the normally thrifty, alas, have seen only the irresponsibility and the selfishness of the spendthrift; aye, and seen him too in his hour of exaltation and pride of possession. They have not seen his remorse and his punishment; no, nor seen his possessions turn to ashes and his pride to shame.

So envious of the joys of extravagance are some of the thrifty that it may be difficult to convince them of its pangs. There are those who are thrifty only because of greed. I mean, those who deny themselves the pleasure of spending some money today so that they may spend ten times as much tomorrow, and yet are envious of those who spend today.

What the thrifty do not understand, of course, is that we do not enjoy the fruits of our extravagance. They see us spend recklessly and think we are enjoying it when most of the time we get no kick at all from it.

I once lived with a thrifty woman. She saved her money and invested it. I spent mine. She called me scornfully "That extravagant person!" and felt herself very superior to me.

If she had wanted the things I spent my money for and by exercise of her will-power had mastered her desire I would have recognized her superiority, for I tried to master mine and could not. But when she simply had no such desires to master it seemed unfair that she should be virtuous and I vicious.

No matter how much money some people have, they would always be poverty-stricken as to desires. We've all seen people who built a big house and lived in the kitchen, it being the measure of their desires and the house an index of their money. Whereas I—I never go into my yard that my eye does not place about my yard the shrubbery that should be there, into my house that it does not call to me for particular curtains, for the right furniture, for certain bits of color, for a set of shelves here and a picture there. And it is the same with my table. I never sit down to it that I do not think of what glassware and silver candlesticks and Lenox china and Italian lace would make of it.

The trouble is, perhaps, that I am an artist. My soul strives always for effects and for completeness.

Said my sister to me one day when I was arranging my table for a party: "Why in the world did you buy that basket for those flowers? Your old jardinière would have done well enough."

Well enough! How well I ken those words! They are the slogan of the thrifty. But of the artist? No!

Between them and the "as good as it can be" of the artist lies a wide chasm.

It is the inability of the thrifty to realize the agony that incompleteness, or anything less than perfection, gives to the artist, that makes them fail to understand our temptation to yield to extravagance. And yet when I think of the punishment of our extravagance I know not which pain is worse, denial or remorse.

Personally, I have a defense. There is a lack in me of what my thrifty brother-in-law calls "money sense." Since I lack it, I cannot explain it. But in the nights when penitence over some manifestation of extravagance keeps me awake and I toss and tumble, I remember an incident of my early childhood which throws some light upon this weakness.

We children were practising for a Maypole dance in a home talent play on the grounds of one of our rich townsmen. A rain came up suddenly and the parents of the other children called for them in surreys and phaetons. Finally all had gone except me. The dinner hour approached.

My hostess interviewed me tactfully as to my plans. I said I was "waiting for my carriage." At last a rather annoyed father turned up on foot. My hostess explained why I had waited. And my father had to explain that we had no carriage. I suppose I believed in fairies.

I think sometimes I must still believe in fairies when I act as if my bank-account were twice as large as it is. And yet I'm not a stupid person. But there is a connection missed somehow in me between limitation and desire.

Because extravagance is my besetting sin and I wrestle so hopelessly with it, I have studied it in other people. Occasionally I see it caused by pride, by desire to deceive. We've all known examples of the braggart who spends money recklessly to convey the impression that he has plenty of it. But as I go over my list of extravagant friends I find none of that type. On the contrary, I find all of them frank about their poverty and most of them, like me, aware of the relation between their extravagance and their poverty. My wrought-iron bracket will fool no one who reads the income tax returns.

I find among these extravagantes a welfare worker, a railroad president, an embezzler and a pauper, all creatures of their imaginations, artists in life who wanted to create effects.

I have known poor extravagantes and rich extravagantes. The amount of the income makes no difference. The cause is a state of mind. It is a disease—the kind of disease that may be held in check but never cured, I fear.

That is, if I am to judge from my own experience. For though I put the monster down a dozen times one day it is back to plague me the next. And I do put it down. Because I diagnose it as a disease do not think I yield to it. Rather the contrary. For I fear disease far more than I do sin. Sins only corrupt—diseases can kill. And though I have not yet discovered a cure, I do have a treatment. It is of my own devising.

A prominent woman in our town was discovered in the act of shoplifting. For eight days the scandal was the subject of all conversations. We had discussed it thoroughly one evening at a party. That night I awoke to suffer a specially serious case of repentance. I had an unpaid bill for a fur coat which I had not been able to resist. I had needed it so—it was such a bargain! I would have wished to die except that I would leave this bill.

What my friends had said of the shoplifter came into my mind. Turning away from my misery, I thought of her for a minute and there flashed into my mind an unpleasant thought. What was the difference between taking a dress off the counter and ordering something sent home for which one had no money on hand?

Perhaps my analogy is far-fetched. But it did not seem so to me then. It does not seem so now. So when I feel the desire to possess something overcome me, when I want a thing so badly that the desire for it tears me, I say to myself: "Would I steal to get it? No! Then I don't want it enough to buy it unless I've money on hand to pay for it."

And when that insidious brain of mine answers, "But you can charge it. You'll have money enough next month to pay for it," I reply, "No, it is too much like stealing to take what you cannot pay for now."

Sometimes even now I yield but not often. For I am really honest. So that though Saneness and Sense could not outargue Suppressed Desire, generally Honesty can subdue it. It acts like a serum to neutralize Suppressed Desire. The application of it to my disease is my discovery. It is my treatment. More and more it avails. I'm even hopeful of a cure.



**¶** Mrs. Blair as a speaker for the National League of Women Voters.

# By Ernest Poole

# The Gallant Lady

*A Miniature DRAMA from MOSCOW*

**I**N MOSCOW, one evening late in the summer of 1917, I found myself with a Russian friend in a section of the city where lovely little old houses of pink or yellow stucco had been crowded almost out of sight by cheap bare tenement buildings. A "people's quarter" of the town. The streets were turbulent rivers of life. Already the Bolsheviks were about to seize control. Even that night their soap boxers were shouting from the corners—and I had grown weary of it all. The night was hot and sultry; for hours we had wandered about; our hotel was far across the town, and not a cab or a taxi in sight. But my Russian friend had a bright idea.

"We shall sleep tonight," he said, "in the house of a splendid friend of mine. It is near. For a month she has been away in the country, but before going she asked me to use her place whenever I liked."

Five minutes later we were there, in a small toy house of pink and blue stucco, one story high. And coming in from that vast disorder, what a contrast was this little home!

"I shall sleep here," my companion said, indicating a lounge in the salon. "And you," he added, "shall be here." He ushered me into the bedroom behind. "And never," he said, with twinkling eyes, "shall you pass such a night again."

I stood and stared; I did not speak. One corner of the little room was filled by a baby grand piano of rosewood, painted with garlands of flowers. Opposite was a small bed, to match; the dressing-table and the chaise longue and various little stands and chairs were in the same flowery style; and surrounding all this daintiness was a shimmering mass of color that almost made me rub my eyes.

From the low ceiling to the floor, the walls of the room were covered with huge satin ribbons of every hue. Of pink and blue and violet, of orange, white and crimson, from the ceiling to the floor they hung; and as a light breeze came drifting in through the open window, they all began to shimmy now, gently and seductively. I heard a low chuckle at my side and turned on my friend. Gravely he pointed to the small bed. Silk coverlet with rosebuds there, and painted cupids at the head!

"Who is she?" I demanded.

"One of the grandest prima donnas in our opera," he replied. And he told me her name. It was long, very Russian. Even if I remembered it, I could never write it down. "Come here," he continued, "and you shall see her as she looked when I was a boy and went to the opera for the first time."

In a corner, on a fragile stand, he showed me the photograph of a girl, young and dark and slender, with gaily smiling intimate eyes. Quite ravishing, this young *artiste*! He turned to the piano.

"And here she is as she looked when I was a university student," he said. "We were all quite insane about her then."

The lady in this picture, in a frame of crimson plush, was a gorgeous creature of about thirty, in full bloom, her charms grown so luxuriant that, as I gazed, it seemed to me I could hear her voice pour, rich and deep, out over the footlights into the dark.

"And here she is again," he went on, as we came to a later photograph.

She was still more luxuriant now—in fact, she had grown pretty large. And moreover, as he led me around from photograph to photograph, larger and larger quickly she grew—until, from a great purple frame, she looked out on us with beaming eyes.

"Schumann-Heink!" I exclaimed to my friend.

"Exactly," he said. "And once they were friends—for this lady has sung all over the north and east of the continent in her time; and like Schumann-Heink exactly she is, in the greatness of both her body and soul. She is a grand big-hearted friend to all of Russia."

"Wonderful!" But while speaking I cast a dubious look at that dainty little rosebud bed; and guessing my wonder, he smiled again.

"How can she sleep on it? Once I asked—and, not in the least offended, she said, 'Oh, I am light as the air, *golubchik*, light with the many songs I sing.'"

"Then that's all right," I answered. Already I was growing so fond of this prodigious lady, I would have felt sad had her bed broken down. "But now tell me about the ribbons."

"They are the story of her life, for every ribbon on these walls was once a part of a huge bouquet."

And as we moved about the room, he showed me on each ribbon, in gold or silver letters, the dates of triumphs in her career. But in this he was interrupted by a low, eager voice at the door, and turning I saw the lady's-maid who had let us in that night. A little old woman, wrinkled and brown, with smooth white hair, she must have been sixty or thereabout; but her black eyes were clear and bright and vigorous; and they gleamed with pride, as now, at the request of my friend, she began to read the story in those huge ribbons on the walls.

As she talked, the pictures came of many opera-houses with throngs of jeweled ladies there, and of gay young counts and princes "coming behind" with their bouquets—roses, orchids, violets, some of them from the Riviera, over two thousand miles away. Into the dressing-room came a Grand Duke, very old but very intimate. He disappeared, to be replaced by a group of shy adoring schoolboys, their spokesman red and stammering as he presented their bouquet. They, too, vanished, to make way for a deputation of workmen; and this sober group was shoved aside by a crowd of girls from the *corps de ballet*, with roses.

**W**HILE the old lady's-maid talked eagerly on, the small room in which we stood grew and grew and grew in size, until all Russia seemed to be here. Old Russia—now forever gone. Her account was interrupted by a swelling roar of voices outside; and up the street, as we looked out, came surging a chaotic parade. Men, women and children, civilians and soldiers, waving red flags, some shouldering guns—they passed, and that wild tumultuous song of revolution died away.

"Will Madame come back to Moscow?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, she will come the end of this week."

"I should like to meet her."

"We shall try."

My companion left me then; and so utterly weary I found myself that I slept in that dainty rosewood bed without one dream of the great lady's past. But a few days later, at five o'clock in the morning, my friend and I in an open cab started out from our hotel. "We shall see the prima donna," he said, "with some of the last of her old friends."

Over the cobbled streets we rattled, while the old city slumbered still; and out we came to muddy streets, so muddy at last that we stuck in a hole and lost nearly an hour, and so arrived at our destination just in time for the last race. For there on that world-famous track, closed by the Revolution, a few of the nobility and other horsemen of the old days had secretly gathered at break of day for one last glimpse of their favorite sport, before they left their country.

It was a strange sight that met our eyes. Empty, all the side stands and the enclosures down below, and the immense grandstand empty too, except for one dark cluster of a few score aristocrats—aristocrats of birth or sport—gathered like conspirators. But not in silence. For, as we climbed up the stand, on that last race the horses were off, and the little group of watchers above us rose and cheered as they swept away. Field-glasses were leveled now. Smaller and smaller the horses grew—mere moving specks across the field; but as they rounded the great track and came all together down the home-stretch, straining, flying, thundering, wild—out of the vast stand came again that thin little burst of cheers.

"The last!" exclaimed my Russian friend. "Such scenes are over in Russia now!" And his eyes for a moment were hard



**She had loved the race-track all her life, this big-hearted friend of all Russia.**

and bright. "But come," he added. "The lady is there. You see? She alone, of all women in Russia, dares come to this forbidden spot, to look upon what she has loved all her life."

We did not talk with her at first, for we found her surrounded by men, old and young. My companion gave me some of their names. They were saying good-by to her now, for tomorrow they would be *émigrés*. As one old aristocrat bent over the great singer's hand, I saw tears in his eyes. He departed, but others took his place. So we waited until, with the last of her friends, she also turned to leave the stand. Then we approached her; and as she caught sight of my companion, her face, which had been sad, was quickly wreathed again in smiles.

"Come home in my car," she urged us, and we delightedly obeyed.

"Are you leaving Russia, Madame?" I asked her, in my wretched French. With a smile she shook her head.

"No—they go but I remain." She pointed to the cars and cabs of the aristocrats ahead. "They go, poor creatures, for life in this land will soon be impossible for them now. But for me"—once more she shook her head—"I am Russian. I love my country's life. No matter how sad and dark it may be, for me it can never grow so dark that I shall wish to go away. I was born of the people—they, too, are my friends. You saw my small house—

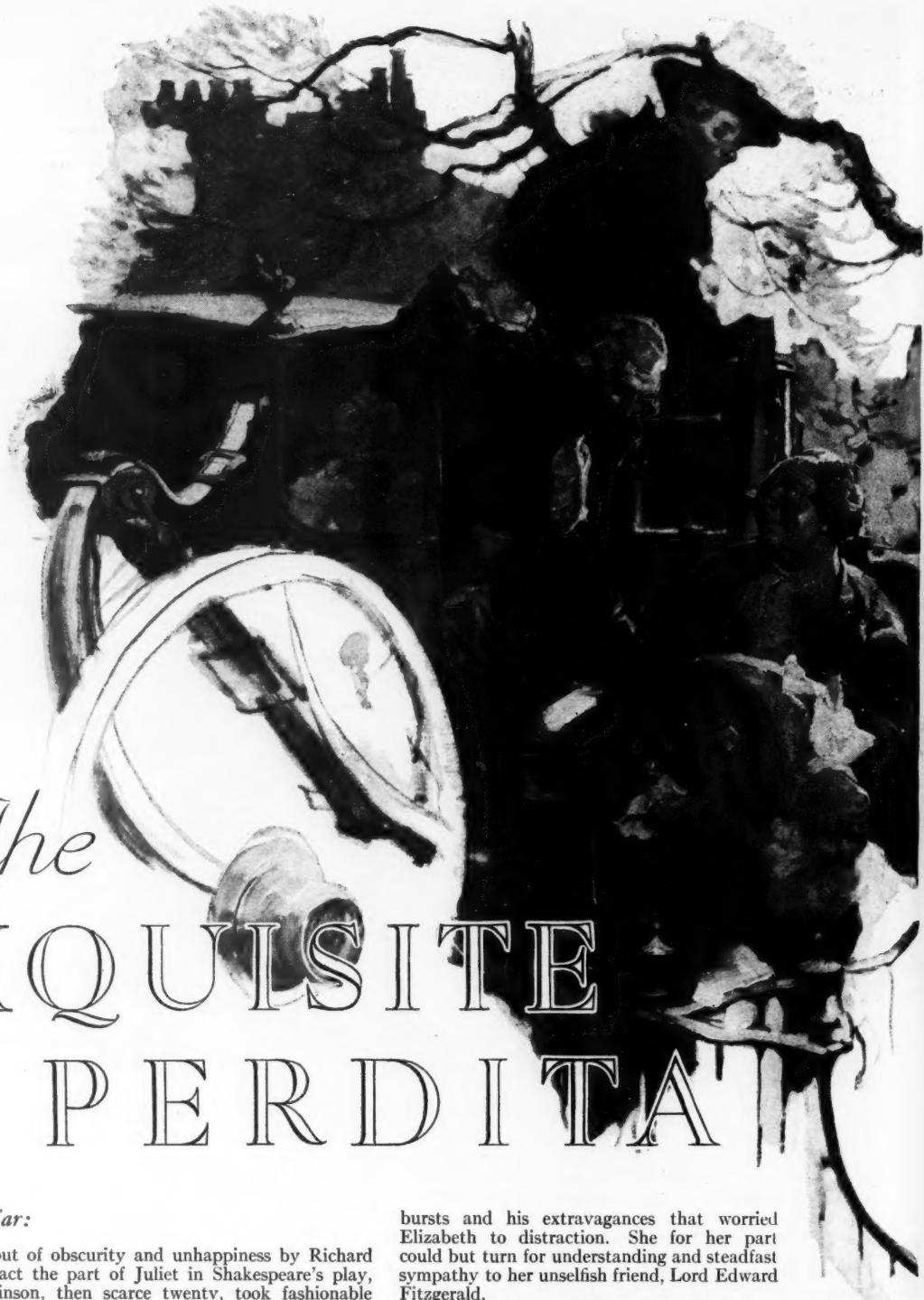
in a people's quarter—and I have never left it," she said. "I love them all, all—and all love me. They love me for the songs I sing—and that is a love that cannot change."

"In the French Revolution, at its height, the opera was still heard each night. Not even Robespierre, cold and thin, dared to close it; for he knew that the people loved it so. And so it will be in Russia now. There may come many bloody scenes—but not at the opera," she declared. "The house may change—the dresses, jewels and uniforms all pass away, and simple people, plainly clothed, may come in to fill the seats. But no matter how plain their clothes may be, still, across the footlights, they will wish to see and hear the gorgeous side of life."

"But will they, too, send you those bouquets?" my companion sadly asked.

She laughed at him; in her motherly way, she squeezed his hand, and answered: "Oh, *golubchik*, never fear. No matter how this world may change, never can it change so much that there will not be people to send to such as me bouquets."

Again she looked toward Moscow, fearlessly, with smiling eyes. "There have been so many Russias, my dear. They rise, they live, they pass away. And now we see another one—a strange new Russia will soon be here. But in one way at least it will be the same. I shall remain," declared the prima donna.



# *The* EXQUISITE PERDITA

## *The Story So Far:*

**S**NATCHED out of obscurity and unhappiness by Richard Sheridan to act the part of Juliet in Shakespeare's play, Perdita Robinson, then scarce twenty, took fashionable London by storm and was soon the most-wooed woman in all England. But each of her suitors—whose intentions were, indeed, not too honorable—was rejected; not because Mr. Robinson inspired fidelity (that sot would have led her a dog's life if he could), but because Perdita herself, however prone to flattery, was by nature fastidious. Among others, she very sharply rebuffed my Lord Cumberland, the King's brother, a conscienceless rake of the first water, and thereby gained a powerful enemy, destined to have a far-reaching influence on her life.

It was Sheridan who wrote the sarcastic notes that threw off pursuing gallants—among whom he would certainly have been numbered himself had she not succeeded in turning his ardor into friendship. To that he agreed partly because of self-interest, but partly also because he really loved, in his fashion, his wife Elizabeth, the beautiful and one-time famous singer; although he had a queer way of showing it, what with his temperamental out-

bursts and his extravagances that worried Elizabeth to distraction. She for her part could but turn for understanding and steadfast sympathy to her unselfish friend, Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

There was at last one pursuer whom Perdita could not resist: the Prince of Wales, later to become George IV but at that time a young man strictly guarded by his parents—the idol of the nation, yet with the seeds planted for selfish profligacy, as shrewd observers knew. He became the most ardent of Perdita's wooers, with his friend Lord Essex as the go-between; and after many months of exchanging love-letters couched in the high-flown language of the time, and after a period of the most bitter doubt as to the right course for her to pursue, Perdita agreed to meet him on the shore of the Thames at Kew.

That was the first of many meetings, the beginning for Perdita of an ardent and secret romance. At last, however, the Prince pressed for a more open relationship between them; he was about to be free of parental control and wanted to set Perdita up in an establishment of her own. She was not a little fearful of giving up



Illustrated by  
DEAN CORNWELL  
and with old print

A New  
Romance  
by  
E. Barrington  
author of  
"Glorious Apollo"

*From the window  
Elizabeth Sheridan  
could see Fox lurching  
down the steps as they  
bundled the Prince  
into the carriage.  
She was sick with  
pity for Perdita.*

her career and her livelihood for dependence on one who would be subject to so many temptations.

Indeed, she risked all in the relationship—reputation, friends, money—and he nothing; but when she demurred she only aroused in him the ill-humor of a spoiled child accustomed to have his own way in everything. So, fearful that she might lose him altogether, and believing too that as his constant companion she could su tly direct his life into high and noble channels, she at last agreed hastily to all he proposed.

He was delighted, and placed on her finger a diamond. "Our wedding-ring!" he said fondly. "And who can tell? My Uncle Cumberland has married the woman of his heart—" She started at the men'ion of that fateful name, but he misunderstood the cause. "The very thought overjoys my treasure," he murmured. "I know—my own heart throbs to it!"

**I**N A little while all was settled. Sheridan, on Perdita's visiting him in his office at the theater, took the notice that she would quit the stage in chilly silence at first. It struck him in both pride and pocket—heavily in both. The relations between himself and Perdita had been peculiar, and, to him as to her, touching. Now she was drifting to a sphere where, though they might meet by the Prince's favor, it could never be as hitherto, and distance and time would divide them soon.

He heard her to the end, and then, bowing, said coolly that he would not feign ignorance of her intentions and wished her better than he augured in the decision he must be aware she had made. He rose though she was still seated and appeared to intimate that the interview might now well end.

Her feelings would not, however, admit of such a parting. She also rose, leaning her hand on the table for support, her heart alm ost choking her utterance. It seemed the end to all the certainties of life, sur'med up and represented in the man before her. Wounded friendship spoke in his cold, averted looks—justly wounded, as she felt in that most painful moment, for it appeared to her that she had taken his gifts too lightly.

"Mr. Sheridan," she said, pressing her other hand to her throbbing bosom, "I appear ungrateful and yet, heaven knows, am so moved at this moment with gratitude and sorrow that I scarce dare speak lest I give way altogether. Believe me, wherever fate leads the poor Perdita she will carry with her the gratefulllest, tenderest memory of your unexampled goodness. What do I not owe to it? Oh, sir, I beseech you be not so unrelenting!"

He indeed was but too accessible to the tenderer feelings, and now his brow cleared a little as he regarded her, but still coldly.

"Pray, madam, how came you to think me so unrelenting? I am not made of ice, and a woman's sensibility always finds its mark in me. You know also that I had a warmer feeling than friendship for you once—why should I deny it? But at your will I controlled it, and—"

"Is it wholly dead?" she questioned, looking piteously at him.

"Why, what a question when you are just about to throw your self into another man's arms! What does it concern you, madam, what I feel—or what I shall feel? Indeed, you shall not know! You leave us and take your own way. Is there more to say than farewell? 'Tis hardly a course on which I can bid God speed you!"

"No indeed," says she, scarce audibly. "But if your now cool interest will permit, oh, counsel me, Mr. Sheridan! I am little over twenty—you know the world and I know nothing except that the way I go is beset with dangers and will make every woman and most men my enemies. Can I yet turn back?"

"Gad's life, madam, I wonder who but you would ask counsel of one man, with another in hand!"

She caught the changed word quick as lightning and played for her advantage womanfully.

"From one lover about another! Ah, Mr. Sheridan, then I shall force you to answer. Let me recall your own words. 'I will not covet you henceforward,' you said. Then you love me truly and the love that does not covet is unselfish in its every essence, and to that I appeal. Counsel me, guide me, for I feel the ground heaving under my very feet and am distracted with anxiety. Oh, my friend—my friend!"

It will be allowed this was moving. His brow softened into a melancholy kindness.

"Be seated, madam, and calm. We are not now on the boards. If you wish my counsel, you must be frank. Do you love the man or merely the glitter and romance that surround the Prince?"

His eyes pierced her like rapiers as he put the question she herself had never solved. She put her hands to her face and he could see through the slender fingers the bright blood flow and ebb in her cheeks.

"I—I don't know, sir." Indeed, she shamed to confess her passion.

"Then I do!" he cried, exulting. "You don't love him. You love the surrounding circumstances. Now I can counsel you coldly and wisely, for your heart can't be wounded by what I say. It stands thus: You can scarcely retreat now. The matter has gone too far, if I judge right. You stand committed!"

"I stand committed," she murmured.

"Then we treat it as a matter of business. To be candid with you, madam, my reading and experience convince me that to be any man's mistress is a difficult position for a woman of breeding, sensibility and brains, and you, unluckily for yourself, have all three.



*Those brief years had taught Perdita  
was not the young Florizel of*



*a bitter wisdom. The Prince, seen at close quarters,  
the bowering walks of Kew - far from it!*

And to be a king's mistress—and this man may be king any day—is to multiply that difficulty a millionfold. A man in his position can't be faithful. How should he, with all the finest women in the world kneeling to catch the handkerchief he throws? I own your attractions great, but ask yourself, are not others a match for you? If you are not prepared to hold him later by the complaisances of the Du Barry, your star must set. Therefore, take the needful precautions before you burn all your boats."

He paused a moment. She felt the contempt that underlay his easy manner, and dared not look up. It was the first taste of the avalanche of scorn to come and was chill as death.

"The first precaution must be obvious. A house and settlement. When the Prince's fancy changes—"

"I could return to the stage, and would, that moment!" she cried. "I'll be indebted to no man—"

"Don't count on that, madam; the people have never loved a royal mistress. I recall but one exception—Nell Gwyn, and she herself was of the people. They envied and admired her success as one of themselves climbing the ladder. You have not the recommendation of low birth, and I fear the stage would be closed to you. But what matter if a settlement is secured?"

She braved his contempt and said faintly: "The word of a prince—I have his bond—"

He interrupted, laughing without gaiety. "The bond of a man under age! The word of a prince! You recall the Psalmist whose trade taught him something of princes. 'Put not your trust—' No, madam, get a sound lawyer to act for you, and bind the lover in fetters of red tape as well as in roses."

"Present him with a lawyer's bill! Mr. Sheridan, you degrade me to the dust! You can think this of me? I should die of shame!"

"Better that than of hunger, madam."

"His anger, his disgust would annihilate me. And justly." She gathered up her resolution and faced him quaking. "Even from you I can't bear this. It insults me though you don't mean it so."

Did he not mean it so? Was there no revenge for



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

## KING GEORGE THE THIRD

### *Father of the Prince who courted Perdita*

past thwarting? Let every man judge for himself. He proceeded, however.

"I am silent, madam, at your bidding. There is only one other consideration I would urge. I hear the Prince was seen yesterday driving in the Park with the Duchess of Cumberland, his aunt—heaven save the mark!—by marriage. A bad conjunction of stars for you or any decent person. I counsel you to keep your lover from the Cumberlands. Spare no wile for that purpose."

"But why?" she asked, her eyes distended with the fear that name always brought her.

60

"Consider, madam. The Duke is as bad a man as disgraces not only his rank but the earth. He has two deep grudges—nay, three—to satisfy. First, their Majesties have slighted him and his Luttrell Duchess with a resolute indignation that has roused all his brutal resentment. Could he gain the Prince and pierce their hearts 'twould be a vengeance to delight him. Second, you slighted His Royal Highness's advance with a scorn he has not forgotten. Third, did ever a prince of the blood view the man who stands higher than himself but with malice and jealousy? Heed this warning, and dread the name of Cumberland as you do

the D  
mind.

She  
barely

"I

I can'

And w

you fo

them."

"To

Well,

shall m

added

presen

The P

compa

It seem

as well

But

other w

ing fo

vizier.

Those

Tories

graces.

"It

"I sca

grown

"Yo

"I k

but my

less flu

of this

woman

her of

"Cer

truth.

She

say it!

forget

He w

Had ho

sea ha

him.

They

searchi

if shou

own he

"Poo

stream

Well,

the oth

She

he fol

"Ma

the mo

He s

W  
been a  
theater  
anxiety  
hide fr  
charmin  
fancy s  
with it

If he  
an unl  
much  
doubt  
telle  
finish,  
save in  
force in  
were a

Eliz  
she co  
theater  
could  
thankf  
they w

the Devil. And now, madam, my bolt is shot. I have spoke my mind. All is said, and probably in vain."

She met him now with a face struggling for self-command, and barely achieving it.

"I thank you, dear Mr. Sheridan, for that last warning though I can't for the first. 'Tis most true, and what I can do I will. And when I'm a broken, ruined woman I'll come to you and thank you for the wisdom that showed me my dangers too late to escape them."

"Too late!" he echoed. "The saddest word in any tongue! Well, child, farewell, for though you play a few nights more we shall not meet alone." He paused, looking down a moment, then added: "Has the Prince told you that he desired I should be presented to him? We have met through the agency of Mr. Fox. The Prince admires my plays, it seems. He loves a cheerful companion, and on that score Mr. Fox could vouch for my gaiety. It seems His Royal Highness aspires to be a Prince of good fellows as well as—"

But he halted there. The time was not ripe for Perdita or any other woman to hear the plans that Fox's subtle brain was forming for the Prince's political emanicipation with himself as vizier. And Sheridan? There also Fox's intention was fixed. Those brilliant talents were not to be left for the stick-in-the-mud Tories of the King's party to gather to rejuvenate their faded graces.

"It seems we shall meet, then," Perdita said tremulously. "I scarcely know whether I am glad or frightened. Life has grown so strange, so unreal to me—"

"You will do me the justice to remember I warned you."

"I know—I know. Whatever happens I can blame no one but myself—and my husband." Another pause, then in a breathless flutter scarcely audible: "Mr. Sheridan, your wife must hear of this. May I implore you to tell her I am no frivolous bad woman? Bad I may be—but—I have suffered. Will you remind her of this? Of my home life. Of—"

"Certainly I may promise so much, for I know it to be the truth. But you are aware—"

She cut him short almost in an agony. "Don't say it—don't say it! Did I ask to see her? But tell her I love her and can't forget her sweet kindness."

He was moved, but what were words in so strange a situation? Had he known it, the tide of the river rolling irresistibly to the sea had caught him also as well as the woman trembling before him.

They stood looking at one another a moment—her great eyes searching his face for a love she had rejected, a compassion that if shown would have broken her. A very woman, running her own heart on the sword.

"Poor little earthenware pot that must needs swim down the stream with the big iron pots!" says he. "The poor Perdita! Well, be happy and forgetful. You can scarce be the one without the other."

She caught his hand and wrung it in silence, then went out, he following, his hat under his arm, down the empty greenroom. "Madam, permit me to escort you to your chair," he said with the most distant politeness.

He stood and watched as it bore her away.

WHEN Sheridan went home that night there was a cloud upon him that Elizabeth was quick to see. The last months had been anxious ones for her in spite of money flowing in at the theater, and it might seem a hard fate that immediately the one anxiety was allayed others should rear their heads. She could not hide from herself that it was no easy matter to live with him. The charming Irish ease and gaiety which had first warmed her girl's fancy stood the test of every-day life no better than a butterfly with its wings draggled in a thunder-storm.

If he could have been sheltered from every care, provided with an unlimited balance at his banker's, would things have been much better? Once she would have answered yes. Now she doubted. She began to realize that across the jewel of his intellect ran some fatal flaw of character. He began but could not finish, saw but could not achieve, desired but could not attain, save in the uncontrollable uplift of some strange intermittent force in him for which he seemed no more accountable than if it were an outside and not a personal impulse.

Elizabeth could not write his plays, but there was much else she could relieve him of, and she set patiently to work on the theater accounts and affairs, disentangling so far as human effort could do it, allotting and suggesting. She shouldered the unthankful task of reading the plays sent in for consideration, and they were many, for men wrote plays then as the nearest, least

expensive avenue to fame and competence. Indeed, Sheridan's own success had brought a thousand diluted Charles Surfaces raining about her own devoted head. It was his business to read them, but for all he cared they lay unopened until the dust gathered on them and the playwrights were raving like tragedy kings about Drury Lane. Then Elizabeth would sift them, balance, reject or accept. He relied on her judgment.

Her own experience as a professional singer helped her, and she was contriving some sort of order out of disorder, planning future engagements of players—all the miscellaneous work which Sheridan neglected and no one else could do efficiently. She sat with a pile of papers before her in the study when he came in between twelve and one o'clock, and lifted wearied hazel eyes which bid for a smile through all their weariness. He threw himself into a chair and she pushed the papers aside and pulled a low stool beside him, looking up silently. He did not speak and presently she ventured a question.

"Anything wrong, Chéri? Yes, I know there is. Tell me."

"Damnable wrong! Just as matters were looking up at the theater and I was hoping that what with 'The School' and the big audiences and one thing or another it would be plain sailing, in comes Perdita to cut her connection with us. Ungrateful slut! Garrick and I made her, and here she gives me the go-by and throws me off as light as a last season's gown. As she happens to be the mode just now—"

"Oh, but she can't, she shan't! It isn't like her. I'll speak to her, Chéri. Leave it to me. Don't vex yourself about it. I know I can move her."

"You'll neither see her nor speak to her."

HE SAID no more—and she looked up quickly, then down, following her own thoughts. Of course she had heard rumors, but hers was a mind slow to condemn a friend, quicker to see the good than the ill. Rumors? Whom did they spare? She kept silence, he watching her face sidelong as every thought flitted over its transparency. Presently she said very softly:

"I don't believe it. No—I don't. She never would—never. She's not a—no."

"She is a—yes! If you mean by that a little fie-fie—a baggage. She throws us over for the Prince. I don't make any parade of morals, Lord knows, and though I may think her a fool it's none of my affair. It's who to secure in her place troubles me. She had a sentimental, long-eyelashed way of laying certain parts which took that gudgeon the public as if they were all amorous young fellows of twenty. And in breeches parts—well, damme if I waste another thought on her. Try to think of a succesor, Betsy."

But she was lost in thought. Presently she floated up to the surface wistful-eyed.

"I'm sorry. But why do you think her a fool?"

"Why? Consider his position. If it's hard for most men to be faithful to one woman, it's impossible for him. And his bringing up. If their Majesties had wanted to drive him to the devil when he was let loose they couldn't have plotted it better. A saint couldn't hold straight in his situation."

"But, Chéri, if you think that," she said timidly, "is it wise to encourage intimacy with him? If you think the poor Perdita foolish because she trusts him, is it safe to be his friend?"

He laughed scornfully; shrugging his shoulders with the half French gesture peculiar to him.

"I think I have enough judgment to keep clear of the perils, my dear. And, unlike Perdita, I have not the misfortune to be a woman. His Royal Highness is going to be useful to his humble servant. He doesn't know his happiness yet, but he is."

"We need it," she said with a sigh. "I've been looking through the accounts and however much money the theater makes none seems to come in or stay with us. It's debt, debt, debt! We never get clear of it. But I can't think of that now. Perdita—"

She was interrupted by a thundering knock at the hall door which appeared to shake the whole house. The servants had gone to bed, for it was long past twelve o'clock. Sheridan jumped up.

"God send the theater's not on fire!" he said and ran down the stairs. Elizabeth stood with her hand on the table, waiting nervously.

Quick steps, light voices coming up. Sheridan's, then a strange one, then another.

The door thrown wide, her husband holding it respectfully open.

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Mrs. Sheridan, sir!"

Astonished almost beyond composure, she came forward and curtsied—she could not do anything ungracefully; her beautiful

long limbs and small, perfectly set head were rhythm in themselves, as lovely a music as the sweet voice which seemed only another expression of them. The Prince looked at her in boyish admiration.

She was all in flowing white, a lace fichu crossed over her slender bosom, and ruffles at the elbows. Dark clouds of hair shadowed her pale face and soft eyes. But her starry charm was in something beyond these, and could not be told in words. Distinction was a part of it, tenderness, sweetness, a spiritual purity. The world knew Sheridan's wife was beautiful, the Prince had heard it from Perdita, but as always she differed from his expectations and surpassed them.

"Mr. Fox, madam," he said, indicating the famous Charles, in a slovenly stained coat of plum-color laced with tarnished silver, who stood bowing behind him. "And neither he nor I deserve pardon for disturbing you at this unconscionable hour. I don't know myself where we found courage if it was not in the bottle. The truth was your husband was spoken of, and to be honest, I delight in his company, and so I said, 'Come along, Charles, to Great Queen Street, and let's crack a bottle with him. Mrs. Sheridan will be asleep and dreaming of the angels and—'"

Sheridan's clear laugh cut across Elizabeth's doubtful smile. "And here we are, sir—entertaining angels unawares. The bottle shall be forthcoming, and Mrs. Sheridan is highly honored indeed."

The Prince bowed charmingly—his bow was celebrated already. With women it clinched the homage his eyes implied on the smallest encouragement.

"Now I shall tell my real motive," says he. "Twas to have the happiness to meet Mrs. Sheridan, of whose voice and beauty all the world is the lover. Why, madam, no later than yesterday I was at Kew and my father and mother spoke of you. The Queen said that when she first heard you, madam, in oratorio that you rose to her notion of a seraph singing before the Throne and she forgot her snuff-box to the end of the five hours' concert, and his Majesty added—'Ay, ay—angelic voice, hey? What! What! And a face—well, best not talk of pretty faces before the Queen. Not good for us! What! What!'"

He gave such a droll imitation of both his royal parents that Elizabeth, though half frightened at his audacity, could not help laughing and Fox and Sheridan roared. He went on gaily.

"Oh, madam, I don't exaggerate! Rat me if I do. Old Horace Walpole declared to the Duchess of Devonshire that your beauty was in the superlative degree and that he saw with his own eyes the King admire and ogle you as much as he dared in so holy a place as the oratorio, though Saint Cecilia deigned no response. So can you wonder I couldn't stay away? What could move my father—"

He threw a gay glance at her which she returned. This splendid fair-headed young man in his damask velvet and silver lace was a fine flower indeed for any lady's liking, and the artist in Elizabeth took pleasure in his beauty, and the woman in his easy flattery. Sheridan stood by, gloating. He had never so admired his lovely wife as when he saw her through princely eyes.



Suddenly the Prince dropped lightly on one knee before her. "Madam, madam, a petition. First that I may hear you sing. Don't refuse. It is not too late. It won't wake the neighbors. They will merely think it angels choir in their dreams. Yes—good! And the second clause of the petition—and here I am furthered by the Duchess of Devonshire and Mrs. Crewe—is that you will occasionally give us a soirée here, where the fashionable world may not only hear your voice, but have the happiness to meet your husband, who is to be one of the most distinguished men of my court, at Carlton House."



*Perdita appeared at the Pantheon in a dress of satin announced as "soupir étouffé"—stifled sigh. Not an eye turned on the Duchess of Devonshire. The world buzzed about the vicress, and "soupir étouffé" was the rage of the season.*

The latter sentence held Elizabeth. The first frightened her. What? Soirées in their modest home—the racket of the fashionable world thundering, knocking at their door! The cost—the wine, the dress for Chéri and herself—a hundred frightened thoughts jostled in her brain as she pressed herself back against the harpsichord, half flying the temptation offered by the splendid young Prince before her.

He still knelt on one knee, laughing and looking up into her eyes with that young candor which it was so easy to take for transparent truth. "She won't listen!" he said. "Charles, speak for me!"

"No, no, sir—no one need speak for you!" she cried, catching gaiety from him. "Pray don't kneel. I am not sure the carpet was swept this morning." She laughed outright with sweet sparkling eyes. "Indeed I will sing, and as for the soirées—but I have lost the habit of singing for a crowd."

He was up in a moment and leading her to the harpsichord—all deference and grace. Might it be a song from her husband's "Duenna"?

He hung over her enraptured while she began the famous "When sable night," and applauded with flushed face and shining eyes as she sighed out the last phrase palpitant.

"Sing for us yourself, sir," cries Fox with his easy deference. "I know no one who can sing a better song or tell a better story. Favor Mrs. Sheridan. She has favored you."

"Very true. Then, madam, with your permission I'll give you your husband's famous song from the same opera."

His gay light tenor, though not perhaps as archangelic as the fond Perdita depicted it, was clear and tuneful and full of intention. He broke into the rattling tune from "The Duenna":

"If a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life,  
No peace shall you know, though you've buried your wife!  
At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her—  
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!  
Sighing and whining,  
Dying and pining,  
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!"

"When scarce in their 'teens they have wit to perplex us—"

He broke off, laughing. "Stage fright, madam. Now if you would deign to support me—"

Sheridan, returning from the cellar with more than one bottle under his arms, found the little company in excellent humor with each other—his shy Elizabeth as Donna Louisa warbling with the Prince as Don Antonio. It was agreed that their voices went excellently well together, and Fox in his large indolent way was enthusiastic. The Prince must come in of an evening when he had a spare half-hour and practise his notes with Mrs. Sheridan. Would she—might he? She would, he might, and so at last she curtsied herself off and left them to their bottles, anxious, for she

knew very well that Sheridan had had as much as he could carry coolly already, yet flattered, as what woman would not be by this young royal homage?

It might mean much for Chéri, she knew that, and as she unloosed her long silken braids of dark hair, and thought of her little "cub" as she called him, the child in a rosy sleep in the next room, the Prince's bright image took on all the colors of hope. How could he fail to see Sheridan's power? And now, now was the moment. Now, as always in history, the young Prince was forming his own court, all aglow with hope and youth, contrasting with the faded, disappointed older court holding its own only by custom and such right divine as the Hanoverian compromise in England had left it. To be attached to the Prince now, to win his heart was to mount steadily with him into heights undreamed of.

Charles Fox had escorted her to the drawing-room door and before he closed it on her said in a low voice, impressive in its emphasis: "A lucky night for you, madam. It only needed your charm to clinch your husband's. A great future opens—"

His look said the rest. Yes, those young hands had great gifts for the giving. There was scarcely a man or woman in the Three Kingdoms but would envy them that night and its implication. And yet—

She could hear through the floor the confused murmur of voices beneath, the clink of glass and silver. As she sat she heard the door open and her husband go down-stairs again. That would be for more wine. She hated the very name of it. Sheridan's vivid nature terrified her when she thought of him spurred, driven by his company to excess that to a seasoned head and more phlegmatic brain was no excess at all.

And then Perdita swam into her thoughts half veiled and haloed in tears. She had a child—a girl. That and all else she was sacrificing for this gay young Prince in his damask velvet, delicate and magnificent as a woman. What did he know or care for what was butchered to make his *(Continued on page 165)*

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

*I have INSURED My Children's FUTURE by Teaching Them to*

# THINK Straight

**I** WONDER if parents—most parents—ever think of going to school to their children? I have been going to school to mine for the past twelve years and the things I have learned from those youngsters convince me that the education of careless and indifferent parents is quite as necessary as the education of children.

I have learned, too, the answer to that oft-repeated question, "What is the matter with our schools?" There is nothing the matter with our schools, basically at least, provided we do not expect them to do our work for us—to accomplish in the classroom what should already have been done at home.

The real trouble lies with parents who demand that the schools shall supply their children, almost overnight, with that training of mind and character which should have been given them before they went to school at all.

My own children number three, two boys and a girl. The youngest is six, the oldest, sixteen. When I first began to go to school to them I said to myself: "The youngsters' bodies are the important things now. Time enough to start in on their minds when they go to school. No use trying to answer a lot of fool questions about things they can't understand." In fact, I was inclined to look on the question-asking habit as a mild form of nuisance and rather discouraged it, at first. But I soon changed my mind.

The reasons for this change were simple. I saw that the child demanded answers to his questions, and that if I didn't supply those answers, some one else would. There were always careless and ignorant people to appeal to, and I soon saw that it was taking more time and energy to unravel and correct this mass of misinformation the children were receiving than it would have taken to answer their questions correctly in the first place.

After all, the child can learn only by asking questions. If he did not ask them—if he lacked that divine curiosity—I should have reason to feel worried about him. Why check him, if I want his mind to progress? From now on I determined to see that he got his facts first-hand.

But I soon found that there was a great deal more to the problem than I had supposed. Facts are nice comfortable things to have about the house, but they don't necessarily make you think, any more than the words taught a parrot make him think.

64

The first step a child must take mentally, I said to myself, is to learn how to use his brain—to think. And the second and even more important step is to learn how to use his brain correctly—to think straight. If the first exercises and develops his mind, his intelligence, the second will exercise and develop his control of his mind, his character—and all this depended largely on the training he received during the first six or eight years of his life—the training he received at home.

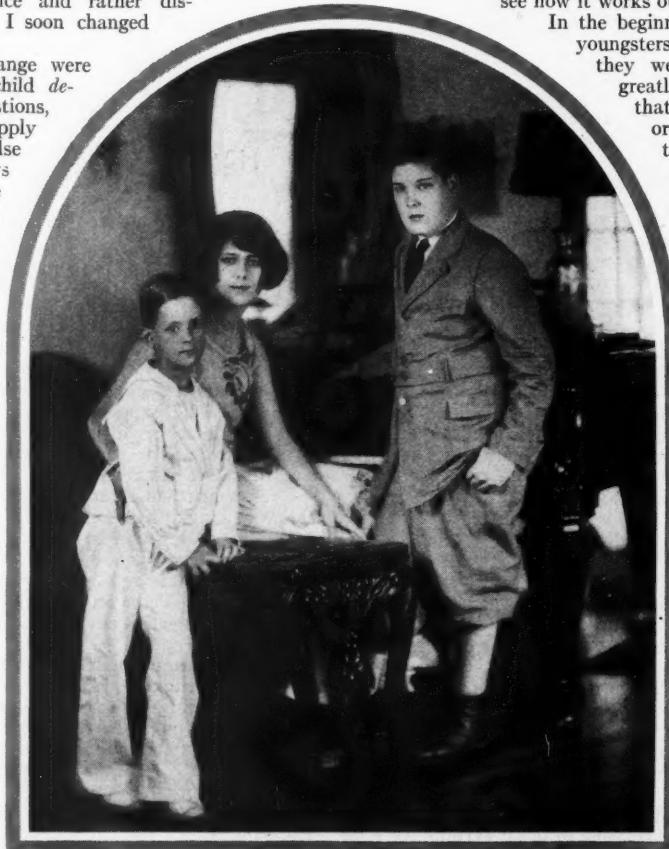
It took me several years to learn these things. Meanwhile, I answered questions incessantly, gave the bare facts, only to find that the child was not thinking about them. It was like pouring in knowledge with a funnel, yet for all the good it did, the youngsters might as well have been set to memorizing the dictionary. Unless they could be made to think about their facts, to reason about them in their relation to other facts, to draw conclusions from them, I was wasting my time. Something was wrong with my system, that was clear. How was I to make my children think about their facts, and think about them correctly. Finally I stumbled on a solution.

Briefly, I make it a point never to answer any of my children's questions without linking up each answer with the answer to some other question, previously asked. Not very startling, you may say, but let us go back for a few moments and see how it works out.

In the beginning, when I answered my youngsters' questions with bare facts, they were not, as I have said, greatly interested. To be told that an ostrich was a big bird or that rubber came out of trees left them cold. Natural enough, of course, since even grown-ups are not interested in facts unless their interest is stimulated. How could I stimulate my children's interest in their facts?

It is easiest to illustrate by an analogy. Let us suppose the child to be piecing together a picture puzzle. In that puzzle each block has a definite place. The child's interest is stimulated by trying to find that place, by the knowledge that he is building something that has a meaning, not just throwing his blocks together in a confused mass.

Precisely the same thing is true in the gathering of knowledge. Unless the facts acquired by the child belong somewhere, in his picture of things, he loses interest in them. Piled up haphazard, they become so much (Continued on page 114)



© Backrach

Mr. Kummer's children—Joseph, Marion and Frederic.

A Girl,  
a Burglar  
and  
Midnight  
in  
New York

Illustrations by  
W. E. Heitland

# The Gay Cockade

By Neysa McMein  
and Margaret Leech

THE man across the aisle was a thief. Rosemary was sure of it now. He had tried to speak to her twice, but she knew how to behave under such conditions. She showed him a chilly little profile, so that he could see how disdainfully her nose turned up. It did not seem to discourage him.

The train from Ashton lurched on swiftly through the night, trying to make up some of the four hours' delay. There had been an accident in the early afternoon, an overturned freight-car on the track ahead. It had been a tiresome delay, not exciting at all. Through all the dragging hours, Rosemary had sat in the stuffy car, holding her black bag firmly between her feet.

She was dressed for her journey with a complete simplicity, having, after the manner of her feminine contemporaries, tried to make herself over into a boy, and having lamentably failed at it. Her hair, her nose and her dark blue tailored suit were extremely short. She had never overcome a childish habit of sitting with her knees knocked together. There was a dimple absurdly placed under her right eye.

These points had been severally noted by her fellow passengers in the course of the day. Observing their glances, Rosemary, who was unaware of her habit of sitting knock-kneed, imagined that she was giving an impression of superb dignity and poise. Her suit, of severely double-breasted cut, was well tailored. So was the white silk blouse underneath. Her narrow black slippers had flat heels. She wore a black felt hat, abruptly turned up in the back and pulled in an imperious curve over her eyes.

There was only one exception to the drastic simplicity of Rosemary's attire. It was a matter of some importance. For there



**Q**This, thought Rosemary, was as romantic a burglar as she could have imagined.

had been just a moment yesterday, after father had told her what she had to do, when she had felt her excitement pierced by a pang of doubt. Her spirit had called for a sign. She had bought the gay cockade.

It perched flamboyantly on the side of her dark felt, the gay cockade, screaming the colors of the jungle, the yellow and jade and vermillion of a macaw's wing. But it is doubtful if any bird has ever flaunted feathers quite so amazingly, so startlingly brilliant. It was a *very* gay cockade. Thinking of it, Rosemary smiled to herself. It was her plume, the symbol of her spirit, under which she was going forth like a knight in shining armor. And all day in the uncomfortable train she had carried it like a flag, certain that she too was bright and undefeated.

All her life Rosemary had longed for adventure. She had wished for something very dreadful, very perilous and exciting—something of which she might be the heroine, like a girl in a story-book. Ever since she could remember, she had invented such experiences for herself, for her imagination was active. Now, at last, something had actually happened to her; she was going alone to New York, charged with an important mission. She was determined to make the most of it.

The man across the aisle was a case in point. He was a big, bold-looking man in a washable suit. She did not know that he was very lonely and would have liked to tell her that he was traveling for a hosiery house and did not care for it much. She did not guess that at the moment he was devising, while filing his nails, a number of phrases in which her face was compared to the dawn and a pink rose petal and such other banal similes as suggested themselves to his simple intelligence. In Rosemary's eyes

he was a villain who, by some machinations, had contrived to find out about the papers in her bag. She put her hand on it protectingly. This was the sort of man that father had warned her against.

"Don't speak to any strangers, Rosie," he had said in his sick, tired voice. "I couldn't rest in my bed if I thought you were going to speak to any strangers."

Tears were close to her eyes as she remembered the anxiety in his tones, and saw the thin, veined hands trembling on the coverlet. Ever since his talk yesterday morning with Mr. Hines, his partner, he had seemed to be worse. At first he had thought of going to New York himself. Then he had called Rosemary and told her she would have to go for him.

"Five hundred dollars by Friday," he had explained. "That's short notice; you'll have to telegraph it. I'd borrow it here, but you see, Rosie, they don't like Hines very well down at the bank. I'd rather they didn't know we need the money in such a hurry. You just take the securities here in this envelop, and give them to Mr. Sturgis. He's an old friend of mine, Warren Sturgis. I wired him to meet you at the train."

Rosemary bit the corner of her handkerchief. She must stop thinking about father. She mustn't remember how ill he looked in the big black-walnut bed when she left him that morning. If only she were a man—if only she had a man to help her—she would straighten out this business with Mr. Hines, which gave father so much anxiety and cost him so much money. But there was no use in worrying now. Worry was induced by fatigue—and hunger. She had had no dinner, for they had taken off the dining-car after luncheon, not anticipating the delays incident upon an overturned freight-car on the road ahead. But the tiresome journey would soon be over.

And at that thought, Rosemary sat a little straighter, clasping her hands tightly on her slender knees. For, being a person of high courage, she was pleased to reach the strange and perilous city in the darkness of a rainy night instead of the comparative safety of late afternoon. Her heart beat in delightful little thumps as, with nose pressed to the rain-drenched pane, she saw the first tall, shabby houses of the city.

The train slid into a tunnel, and Rosemary opened her little black bag for a last reassuring look. There was her white nightgown, neatly folded, her pink silk dressing-gown—and underneath, the long bulky envelop which father had given her. She closed the bag with a snap as the train jolted to a stop.

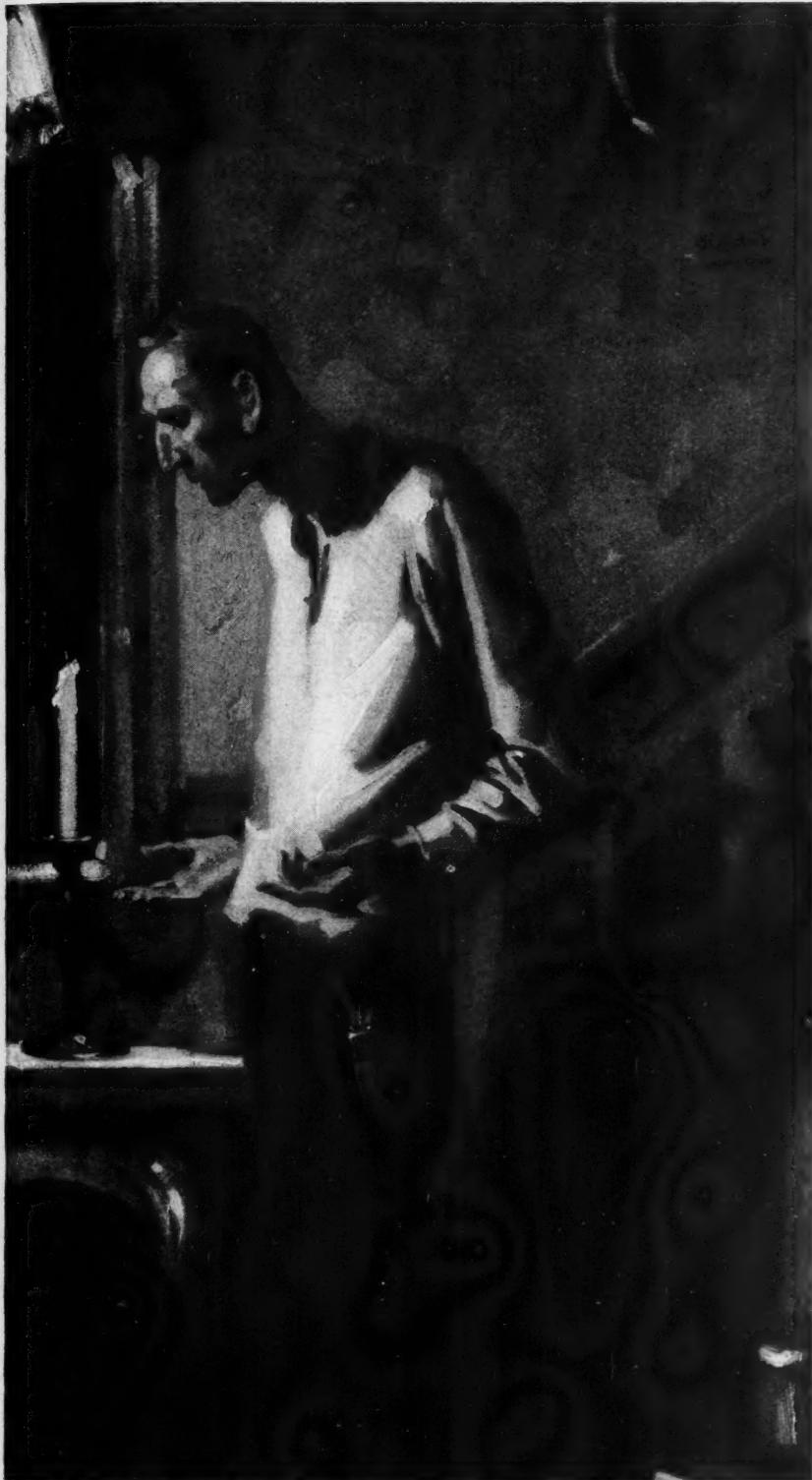
On winged feet she fled from the train and the man across the aisle. The vast, noisy train shed opened excitingly over her. At the barrier many people were waiting, and she paused, trying to select Mr. Sturgis. But no one came forward to meet her. One

**C.** "You'll have to let me wait here till I can get a taxi," said Rosemary.

by one they greeted their friends among the passengers and made off with them. Rosemary was left alone in the vast, pale magnificence of the station.

"Alone in a great city," she told herself dramatically. She found her way to a taxi and searched for Mr. Sturgis's address in her purse. Slowly, out of the cavern of the station, she emerged into the veiled brightness of the street. Rain was falling in a heavy wash which thudded on the roof of the taxi and drove streams of water down the sidewalks.





*The servant was evidently dismayed. "I can't have you staying here, miss," he said.*

"Of course it's ridiculous," said Rosemary aloud, "to suppose that Mr. Sturgis could stay down at the station so long. It's a perfectly dreadful night. Let's see, it's nearly eleven. Well, it isn't awfully cordial of him. I wonder where Bowman Place is, anyway."

The taxi turned into a gloomy side street, which to Rosemary's eager eyes seemed to grow dingier as they proceeded. They crossed a lighted avenue over which an elevated train thundered. Now the street was frankly mean and shabby.

be back in time; everything was all right. Meantime she could give herself up to the enjoyment of this strange adventure.

"I'm sorry, miss," said the man, a little impatiently. "But I'm afraid—"

She slipped one foot into the crack of the door. "Just a minute. Let me explain. I'm Miss Farr. My father, Mr. Junius Farr, is a friend of Mr. Sturgis. Maybe you've seen him here; he was in New York about five months ago—a tall man, rather stooping, with the loveliest gray (Continued on page 12.)

"Mr. Sturgis doesn't live in a very nice part of town," Rosemary thought. "Or the driver's made a mistake. Oh, he must have!"

But an arc-light by the corner revealed the name, "Bowman Place." They turned into a narrow by-street, dark, staid and old-fashioned, with high stone steps before the doors. Rosemary thrust some money into the driver's hand and made a dash through the rain, over the sidewalk and up a flight of stone steps. Breathless, she rang the bell and waited. It was quiet in the narrow street. Not a sound came from the big house before which she stood. There were no lights; the first-floor windows were shuttered. Peering into the hallway beyond the heavily barred glass panes of the doors, she saw only blackness.

Rosemary gasped. Distantly the horn of her taxi sounded; a dull roar came from an elevated train. The house might be closed. Perhaps the telegram had never been delivered. Mr. Sturgis might have moved. Rosemary pushed at the bell, jabbing it sharply with her thumb. Suddenly a light flashed on behind the door, and she saw a man coming through the hall.

He did not open the door at once, but stood for a moment looking out at Rosemary through the lace and glass and bars. Then he slid back the door to a cautious crack and put his face through the opening. "What do you want, miss?" He was tall and thin, dressed in a white shirt and dark trousers. He spoke with an expert courtesy which revealed the trained servant.

"I want to see Mr. Sturgis," she said. "Doesn't he live here?"

"Is it Mr. Sturgis, senior, you mean?"

"Yes," said Rosemary. "Yes, I suppose so. Mr. Warren Sturgis. Didn't he get a telegram?"

"Mr. Sturgis has not returned from Long Lake," said the man. He withdrew his head from the door.

Rosemary stepped quickly forward. "There isn't anyone home at all?"

"Not tonight." The man seemed curiously eager to close the door, and Rosemary pressed against it, bending forward to catch his words. "Mrs. Sturgis is in Europe. Young Mr. Sturgis went away this afternoon. I'm expecting Mr. Sturgis, senior, tomorrow."

Tomorrow! Rosemary drew a deep breath of relief. He would give herself up to the enjoyment of this strange adventure.

"I'm sorry, miss," said the man, a little impatiently. "But I'm afraid—"

She slipped one foot into the crack of the door. "Just a minute. Let me explain. I'm Miss Farr. My father, Mr. Junius Farr, is a friend of Mr. Sturgis. Maybe you've seen him here; he was in New York about five months ago—a tall man, rather stooping, with the loveliest gray (Continued on page 12.)

By *Fred  
C. Kelly*

You  
CAN  
Teach an  
*OLD Dog NEW Tricks*



As a boy, I was dependent on my dog for company.

**I**CAN'T recall when I didn't have from one to a dozen dogs lurking about the premises. My parents must have known that I would have a canine complex, for they bought a pup the same week I was born and we grew up together, often eating from the same dish.

He died the same day that I started to school and thus it seemed as if my first real troubles came all at once. I'll never forget that little rat-terrier's funeral, nor the problem I had trying to find a suitable successor for him. Perhaps I suffered even more from being dogless than most boys would, because I was a diffident youngster, a poor mixer, and often dependent on my dog for company.

After two or three weeks of shopping about—particularly in the section of our little town where colored folk lived—I succeeded in picking up a right promising pup for fifty cents and a white rabbit. This pup had nine brothers and sisters and that may have been why he felt so desolate when separated from his family and left alone in our haymow. At any rate, he howled so vigorously all night that my father declared I couldn't keep him if such a disturbing noise occurred again. Terrified lest I should lose my new companion, I secretly went out to the haymow the next night and kept him company until dawn.

Gradually I accumulated other dogs until when my troop and I walked over to Bill Ambuhl's butcher shop after such gratuitous scraps of meat as he could spare, it must have looked as if Gentry's dog and pony show had come to town. Which reminds me that when Professor Gentry did finally visit our city he had a mammoth St. Bernard dog, Cesar, that I have never ceased to think about as a nice dog to own. Moreover, the Gentry show fired Billy Laughead and me with the idea of starting a rival show in our back yard.

I set about teaching my dogs various tricks. The Lord only knows how many scores of dogs I have tried to train in one way or another, but my great regret is that I didn't discover sooner just how a dog's mind works. Since he has no language to help him in his thinking processes he must learn by what the psychologists call *conditioned reflexes*. That sounds much too scholarly but means simply that a dog may be led to form in his mind certain associations. When you whistle at a newly acquired pup he doesn't pay much attention to you, but if you whistle for him and at the same time offer him food, he soon comes to associate your signal with something pleasant. Then he'll come bounding to you even when you have no food to offer. He comes to love his master because he and his master have fun together.

By setting up certain associations in your pup's impressionable little doggie mind, the range of his achievements may become almost incredible. If I had only understood this better in the days when I gave dog shows, my audiences might have got more for their money—even though my admission fee was only a penny!

By this method of association, I taught my Airedale, Jimmy, a simple little trick which, easy as it is, is nevertheless astonishing to those not familiar with training processes. I offer Jimmy a small piece of food and after doing this several times remark as I hand him another piece, "This one is poison." The dog refuses to eat that piece. Of course he doesn't know anything about poison or its possible action on his stomach. He only knows from unpleasant experience that if he starts to take the food when he hears the word "poison" he will get a little slap on the jaw.

Possibly the tone of voice even on a certain syllable is more important than all the rest of a sentence. Which recalls this anecdote by Lloyd Morgan, famous British naturalist: "When I said *whisky* to my fox-terrier, he would at once sit up and beg; not because his tastes were as depraved as those of his master, but because the *isk* sound, common both to *whisky* and *biscuit*, was what had for his ears suggestive value."

A friend of mine, who usually has nearly a score of dogs, is insistent that each one learn his name almost from the moment of arrival. He selects a short name and sticks to it, and he makes it a point never to call the dog a nickname. He places food on the ground and calls each dog in turn and gives him food when he comes. If other dogs come he reproves them. In a surprisingly short time each dog learns to know not only his own name, but to recognize that he must come only when called by that name.

I wonder, though, how many of the names of his associates stick in a dog's consciousness. When I bought my present companion, Badger, from a professional breeder, Mr. Keeler, many years ago, he forgot to tell me his name. I tried every name I could think of to see if he would show any sign of recognition, but the only name that seemed to arouse his interest was Cap; so for a few days I called him Cap. Feeling that I had done a bit of detective work in hitting on the dog's name, I wrote to Mr. Keeler, telling him that I would lay a small wager that the Airedale's name was Cap. But I was a trifle mistaken. He wrote back, "No, his name is not Cap, but it is not surprising that he responds to it, because Cap is the name of a dog occupying the adjoining space in the same kennel."

One of the most annoying habits a dog can have is that of showing its enthusiasm over seeing its master by jumping up and

puttin  
time v  
covered  
I was  
youth  
alway  
ing or  
try to  
gorge  
him o  
puts  
satisfis  
If t  
rected  
does  
your  
back.  
picou  
him j  
say,

For  
circu  
turn  
one v  
seem  
I rec  
perf  
that

Af  
time  
train  
plan  
was  
He  
sistin  
body  
strap  
mit  
with  
train  
start  
plan  
turn  
aft  
him

O  
train  
hum  
ious  
tain  
the  
The  
him  
his  
to  
war  
cou  
the  
of v  
to c  
tive

I  
Gil  
ani  
de  
me  
tra  
pre  
him  
wi  
sec  
ou  
til  
th  
ac  
ce  
Gi  
m  
ac  
pe  
tr

putting muddy feet on him. I shall never forget the time when old Badger came and placed his front feet, covered with black grease, on a new white vest that I was about to wear to a fashionable gathering of the youth, beauty and chivalry of our town. Badger always seemed to get so much pleasure from jumping on me that I had never had the heart seriously to try to break him of it. If, when I happen to be gorgeously arrayed in new finery, I contrive to keep him off me, he usually sneaks around back of me and puts his paws on me at least once before he is satisfied.

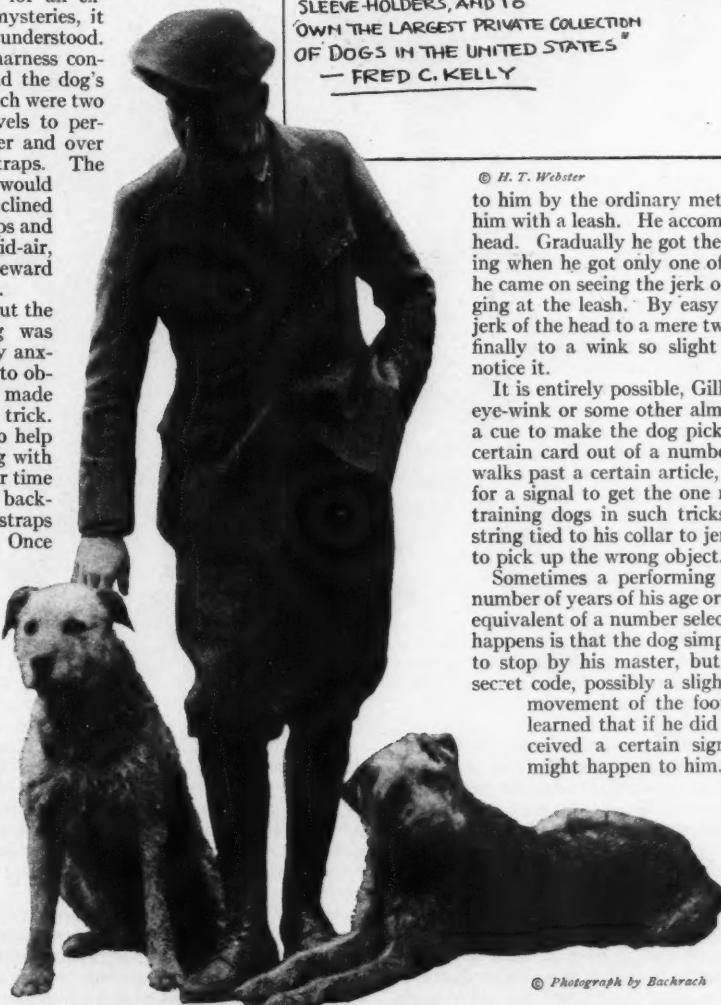
If taken in time this irritating trick is easily corrected. Just step on the dog's hind toes, or if this does not work, give him a gentle side-swipe with your foot against his hind legs, throwing him on his back. After a few trials of this the dog becomes suspicious and when you good-naturedly try to make him jump on you, he will look at you as much as to say, "Not for me."

For years I wondered how performing dogs in circuses and other traveling shows were trained to turn back somersaults. Even if the dog knew what one wanted him to do, the mere skill required would seem to make the feat one of tremendous difficulty. I recall trying as a child to make my little rat-terrier perform this trick, but gave it up when I reflected that I could not possibly learn to do it myself.

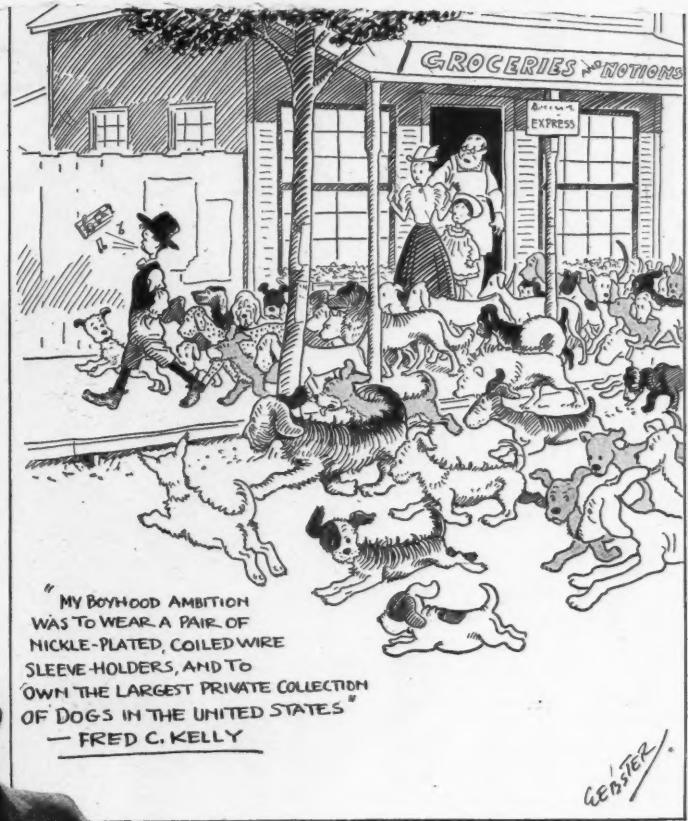
After years of curiosity about this trick, the last time I saw it done in a circus I hunted up the dog trainer and asked him for an explanation. Like most mysteries, it was simple enough when understood. He showed me a little harness consisting of a girdle around the dog's body, on each side of which were two straps attached by swivels to permit the dog to turn over and over without twisting the straps. The trainer described how he would start the dog up a little inclined plane, holding these straps and turning the dog over in mid-air, after which he would reward him with a piece of liver.

Of course, he carried out the training when the dog was hungry and consequently anxious to go to any length to obtain choice food. He made the dog want to do the trick. The dog in time came to help himself and would spring with his hind legs at the proper time to throw himself over backward. Gradually the straps could be dispensed with. Once the dog caught the idea of what he was expected to do, and tried to do it, the rest was comparatively easy.

My friend, Frank Gillespie, professional animal trainer, of Middletown, Ohio, showed me a dog that he had trained to jump up promptly and come to him when he merely winked at him! This seemed to me a marvelous educational feat until I stopped to think that it must have been accomplished by successive stages; and Gillespie explained to me that that was exactly what had happened. He had first trained the dog to come



Above: H. T. Webster gives his idea of Mr. Kelly's youth.  
Below: Fred C. Kelly and two of the many dogs he has trained.



© H. T. Webster

to him by the ordinary method of pulling him toward him with a leash. He accomplished this by a jerk of his head. Gradually he got the dog into the habit of coming when he got only one of these two signals; that is, he came on seeing the jerk of the head without the tugging at the leash. By easy steps Gillespie reduced the jerk of the head to a mere twitch of the eye muscles and finally to a wink so slight that only the dog would notice it.

It is entirely possible, Gillespie assures me, to use an eye-wink or some other almost imperceptible signal as a cue to make the dog pick a certain article or even a certain card out of a number set up in a row. A dog walks past a certain article, watching his master's face for a signal to get the one nearest him. As an aid to training dogs in such tricks, the trainer may have a string tied to his collar to jerk him away if he attempts to pick up the wrong object.

Sometimes a performing dog is asked to bark the number of years of his age or to scratch with his paw the equivalent of a number selected by an observer. What happens is that the dog simply paws or barks until told to stop by his master, but this telling may be by a secret code, possibly a slight motion of the hand or a

movement of the foot. The dog has gradually learned that if he did not stop the instant he received a certain signal, something unpleasant might happen to him. (I grant that such tricks

require more training and patience than most of us, no matter how much we may like dogs, are prepared to give.)

I wonder how many people believe that dogs, horses and other animals have been taught to read and carry out problems in arithmetic. Most of these are perhaps the same folk who believe that a (Continued on page 122)

# Padlocked

*A Novel of  
Sins that  
Found Out  
the  
Sinners*

## *The Story So Far:*

EDITH GILBERT'S father Henry was one of those egotistical and interfering reformers who will not let other people call their souls their own; and by his cruel nagging he had finally driven his wife to suicide. Edith had at once left a home no longer bearable and had come to New York to try to make a career with her voice.

Through a chance friend, the slangy but warm-hearted Pearl Gates, she secured a position singing in Downing's cabaret, and later for the WKL broadcasting station. To her radio audience she was known only as "The Lark." Still more brilliant prospects opened for her when Jesse Hermann heard her sing at his house one night as a professional entertainer, and offered to back her for grand opera. She gladly accepted the lessons he arranged for her with the great Lorelli, but refused financial aid.

The friendship of Hermann and his constant attentions were most flattering, though to a girl less innocent than Edith they might have suggested danger. Hermann's reputation, indeed, was not savory, though he was now an elderly man—a powerful banker with a singularly intelligent interest in art, especially music. With Edith, he always had a chaperon—a Mrs. Alcott who frankly hated him but whom he could compel to do what he wanted.

When Edith caught a cold which precluded lessons for a time, Hermann insisted that she go on a brief yachting trip with him, Mrs. Alcott and a few others; and Edith accepted despite the warning protests of Pearl Gates. While they were anchored at Comfort Harbor, on the Sound, she went ashore alone for golf, and there struck up a warm friendship with Norman Van Pelt, young Wall Street broker and man-about-town. She had met him once before and considered him a cad—an impression he now effaced.

Now Van Pelt (whose beautiful mother had once been married to Jesse Hermann) was already, as it happened, in love with Edith without knowing it; that is, he had developed a curious love for the radio personality and voice of the girl he knew as the Lark, and whose identity he had never discovered. He confessed this to Edith. She did not disclose herself as the Lark then, but planned to later.

70

She did not even, for some reason obscure to herself, tell him that she was a guest on Hermann's yacht.

Hermann, however, took care that he should discover that fact by inviting him aboard—the banker apparently feared this young man's rivalry. And during the visit he subtly placed Edith in a distinctly equivocal position. The result was that Van Pelt left cynically disillusioned about Edith—and showed it; and she also went ashore, in a fury at Hermann.

And now three misfortunes happened to Edith. Lorelli, presumably at Hermann's command, politely refused to give her any more lessons; she was told that she would no longer be needed at Downing's; and her father came to New York to take her home—the last because Pearl Gates, in mistaken friendship, had written to him suggesting it. With him, Henry brought his new wife, Belle, an erstwhile scheming and reforming spinster whom Edith hated, and who, in point of fact, had deliberately "captured"



Illustrations by  
Marshall Frantz

By  
Rex  
Beach



**Q**In his rage Van Pelt had seemed bent on breaking everything. "Give you a club and you'd have Edith out of Bedford in no time," said Pearl.

Henry as a husband. Edith quarreled bitterly with the two, refused to go home, and at once left her boarding-house to go to the apartment of her acquaintances, Amy Dupont and Billee Gonzales, so that her father would not find her again.

But that very night the apartment was raided by members of the Vice Squad (who had definite evidence against Billee) and Edith, to her horror, was arrested as an inmate. Billee skipped bail; and next day Edith was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Court. Just as the judge was about to discharge her for lack of evidence, her father stepped forward. He it was, he said, who had instigated her arrest to save her from herself. And at his specific request, she was sentenced to not more than three years in the Bedford Reformatory for Women.

As Edith left the court-room, stunned, she saw her father and Belle passing down the aisle. Mr. Gilbert was wiping his eyes; his wife was comforting him.



**O**N THE way back to their hotel, Henry Gilbert confessed to his wife that he was exhausted. This had been a harrowing ordeal; his efforts to see and to do the right thing, although prayerful, had left him low in mind and body. He was ready now to go home.

Belle acceded, but without enthusiasm. What a cruel disappointment they had endured! To have set their hearts upon taking Edith back with them and to meet—this! It was

discouraging. She knew how he had suffered, but he had handled a difficult situation with the utmost tact and delicacy. It had been a true test of character. He had been splendid.

Nevertheless it was a pity to cut short their honeymoon. She wondered if it was considerate of her to allow Henry to go right back to Hopewell where everything would so cruelly remind him of Edith. Belle was thinking aloud. He had the sensitive heart of a woman, and he would permit it to bleed. She proposed to be more than a mere wife in name and her first duty was to stanch his wounds. In all ordinary things his wish was her law, but—it was her wifely duty to help him forget what had happened. So ran her reasoning. She made a decision for both of them: they would not go home just yet.

They had closed a painful chapter in their lives, but it was closed. And life isn't all sentiment; it is largely common sense. She had a lot of shopping to do, there were many points of interest in New York they ought to visit—the Aquarium, the Museum of Natural History, Grant's Tomb. They should see some of the more thought-provoking plays, too. They had seen nothing, as yet. What they needed was some healthful, helpful, thought-inspiring recreation. After she had had time in which to make herself presentable—remember, she was no longer Belle Galloway, but Mrs. Henry Gilbert—they could run down to Atlantic City and Washington. They could then stop off at Niagara Falls on the way home. Travel is so broadening.

For the first time in their brief married life Gilbert showed impatience, petulance, in fact. There was no enjoyment in gallivanting about to cheap places of amusement, so he declared. And there were splendid shops in Hopewell. He was in no mood to be entertained; he was a grief-stricken father. What would people say if—? No! They would leave that night.

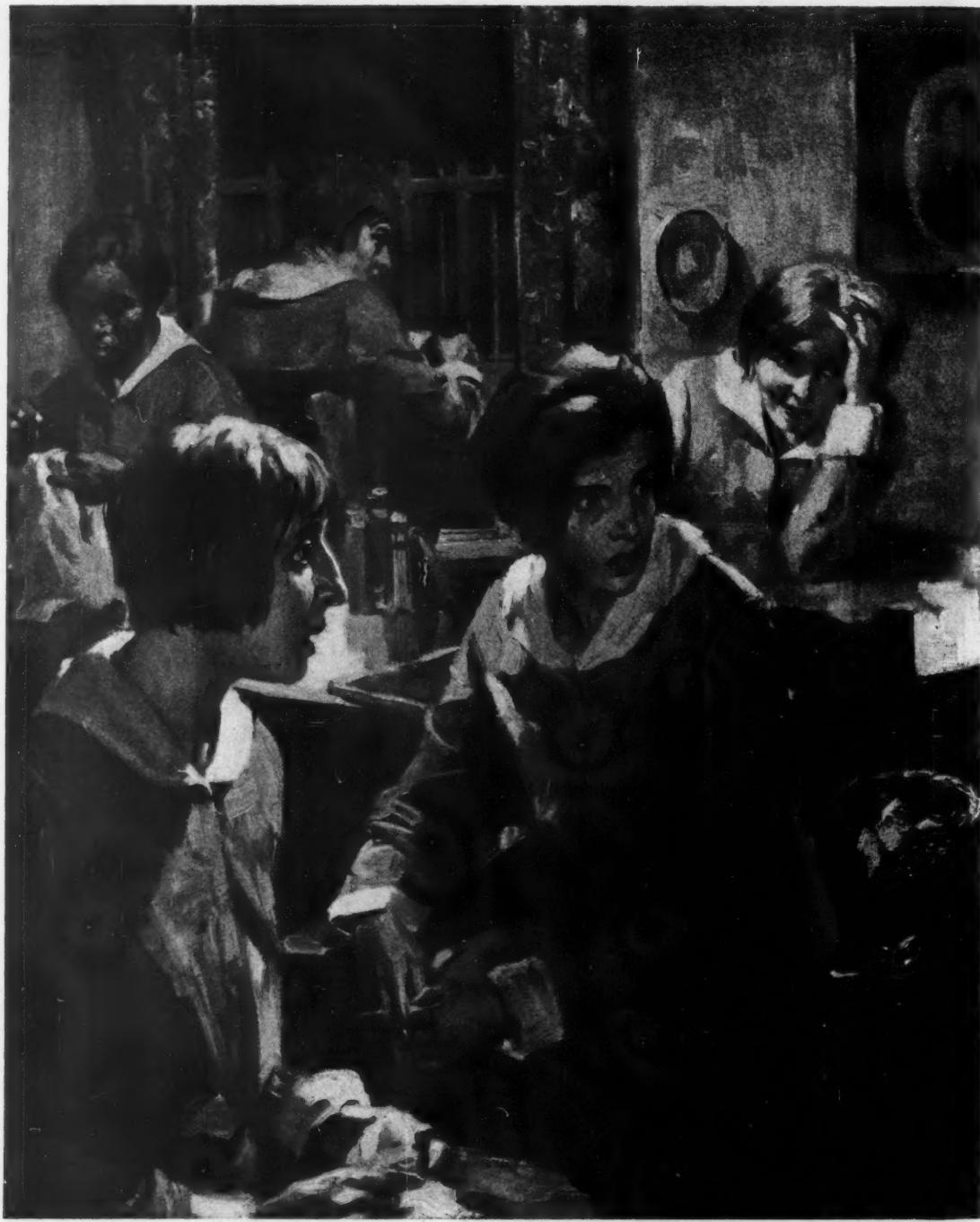
But they did not leave that night, for shortly after they had arrived at their hotel the telephone rang. One of the metropolitan newspapers was calling Mr. Gilbert about a story from the Woman's Court in which he was concerned.

Gilbert could act promptly and with force when occasion demanded. He promised to come down at once, but first he called that detective agency and enlisted its aid. He was gone all that afternoon and most of the evening; when he returned he was indeed exhausted, but he announced triumphantly:

"I think I've managed to keep it out of the papers."

"I'm so glad. I hope it didn't cost much."

He shrugged. "I'm afraid it will cost plenty before we're through with it. I couldn't offer money myself, of course—the agency will attend to that; but I went directly to the more important editors and made a personal appeal. I told them who I am; I brought to bear all the local influence I could summon at



**Edith's voice quavered, grew husky, cracked. So! They had taken all.**

such short notice. If I were at home, I could handle it easily but—" He frowned.

"What I fear most is that it will get into our Hopewell papers. That would ruin me. They don't like me, anyhow. These fellows didn't seem to care much what it meant to me, but they did pay some attention when I showed what it would mean to Edith. I had to throw myself entirely upon their mercy and appeal on her behalf. After all, she's merely undergoing corrective discipline. "I made them see how it would affect her future to be branded as an inmate of a penal institution, so there's some good in them, after all. It's fortunate that I possess ability as an actor—not that my tears were counterfeit, you understand!" He added this hastily. "But in dealing with these newspaper men, any artifice is pardonable."

"Do you think you can continue to cover up a thing of this sort?" Belle inquired.

72

Gilbert looked up, startled. "Heavens, yes! Otherwise I'd never have lent myself to it. If it ever becomes known at home we'll be the sufferers, not she."

It is not impossible to smother stories of small importance even in a city with as many newspapers and news-agencies as New York, but it is no easy task nor one which can be accomplished in a few hours. For a couple of days Henry Gilbert came and went, used his best powers of persuasion and brought outside influences to bear. He spent money, too, or at least that agency made disagreeable demands upon him which he dared not protest and for which he never received an accounting; and meanwhile he experienced sensations which made him feel a good deal like the driver of a dynamite wagon. The time came, however, when he could breathe easily.

He saw little of Belle during this interval, for she was either shopping or being fitted or having scalp and facial treatments



*They had robbed her even of this. Something told her that she would never sing again.*

or what not. She, too, was worn to the bone, but she confessed with a candor which deeply touched him that it was a truly wonderful experience and she proposed to be a credit to him no matter what it cost her in time and effort. This rather took the sting out of her bills, which were very much larger than he had anticipated.

He began to wonder if Belle would prove to be an extravagant wife.

Justifiable pride, real dignity and sincere concern for her personal appearance befit any woman; extravagance is a sin. Gently he remonstrated, he questioned the advisability of buying quite so many gowns—he called them dresses but she corrected him sweetly. Styles so quickly change.

It did seem a shame, she agreed. But remember, she was not buying for herself alone. Not only was it her duty to look well in her own person, but for his sake it was likewise necessary for

her family to be a credit to the Gilbert name and prestige. Her mother was the simplest, sweetest, most economical person in the world, but he couldn't afford to have her make a bad impression upon his friends.

Gilbert remembered now that Belle had a mother; something about his wife's words, or tone, impelled him to inquire:

"Is she—ah—planning to visit us?"

He received a startled glance, then Belle smiled.

"You poor man! You have indeed been distracted, but no wonder! How could I expect you to remember, or to think of my family, when your own was the cause of such concern? Of course she's coming to see us. Right away. Don't you recall? I suppose my letters are to blame; my accounts of you were so glowing that she's all aquiver. She writes the loveliest things about 'her son.' Oh, you have a reputation to live up to! But I didn't exaggerate."

The speaker stooped over Gilbert's chair and pressed a hurried, tightly puckered kiss upon his silver hair. Belle had never thoroughly thawed out.

"I couldn't begin to make them know how—wonderful you are."

"Them?" Gilbert echoed vacantly.

"Momma and sister Blanche."

"Really? I'd forgotten you have a sister."

"Why, *Henry!* How queer!" A moment of silence, then: "But there! You haven't hurt my feelings in the least. Only—I had no idea you were so upset. But you mustn't let them know you forgot they are coming. That would be terrible! I've been hoping Blanche could take Edith's place—don't you remember what I said? Or didn't you hear me at all?" Another patient smile. "She's younger than I—about Edith's age, but of course nothing like her. I do hope you'll learn to know and to love her. You're sure to get along with brother—Sonny, everybody calls him. He makes friends so fast; he's so 'hail-fellow-well-met.' Sonny is such a good mixer that I tell him he ought to be a politician."

With a look of bewilderment in his eyes Gilbert murmured an apology for his absorption in his own personal affairs. Belle readily accepted it. Really, they were only just beginning to get acquainted with each other. Sometime she wanted to hear all about his relatives. Since he had *(Continued on page 133)*



•Lois Moran



•Vilma Banky

# CINDERELLAS

**N**O AREA is so responsive to the rise of Cinderella folks as that known as the Great White Way. As quickly as it forgets its heroes, it hails its Cinderellas. The frenzy for new idols is the mark of Broadway pantheism—its pompadour.

The drooping little thing in the moth-eaten coat waiting in the theatrical agency room today is the divine Brunhild of tomorrow. The seedy young playwright in shiny serge is suddenly raked from his dusky attic to take a bewildered first-night bow.

Noel Coward at twenty-six is the Rialto's glossy, fair-haired boy with two hits on Broadway in a season, in one of which he starred, and three plays running in London aside from his songs in an English revue, which New York is whistling.

Three years ago with his bundle of plays Coward descended on Broadway. He happened to occupy a small room adjoining my quarters in a New York hotel.

When he was not visiting managers he was in that room tapping a typewriter or composing tunes. Every night he was there. I remember especially one Saturday evening when New York was moving *en masse* to holiday pleasures. As I passed into the hall a slit of light blazed under Coward's door and he was there improvising on a rented piano.

Broadway shortly afterward turned him back to dear, perfidious Albion without a quid. Today he is almost deafened by the din of its accolade. The Broadway gods have bestowed their gifts—a sumptuous apartment overlooking the Park, a crested limousine and a name in lights.

Patricia Salmon drifted about hell-roaring camps in the West with a tent show. In buckskin skirt and sombrero, she sang gay and mawkish songs to lumberjacks and desert rats.

Newspaper men saw her during the prize-fight training at Shelby, Montana, and three days later she was a featured member of the Follies, where she remained for a season, then fled to the tents.

Mary Lewis, with slight freckles, gingham and the conventional pig-tails, was an adopted child in an Arkansas home. After singing in a church choir she ran away, joined a one-night stand troupe, sang at Tate's-on-the-Beach in San Francisco, then went to Paris. This season she was engaged to trill in leading rôles at the Metropolitan.

74

And so I arrive by obvious analogy at the latest trio of Cinderellas of Broadway and the world, for as this is written their fame goes hurtling to all far-flung corners of the globe.

They were whisked out of utter obscurity by Samuel Goldwyn, who himself first glimpsed the wonders of America through a steerage porthole. Goldwyn, whose surname is adopted, is the typical Russian dreamer who wriggled from under Warsaw's repressive heel to the full-orbed freedom of an adopted land.

LIKE his prototype Morris Gest, who fled from Wilna to become a New York impresario, Goldwyn is an astute showman—a rather shy and sensitive fellow who envisages the haunting melancholy of early suffering.

From his beginning he has studded the movie heavens with brilliant and meteoric flashes of art. He was the first to bring Geraldine Farrar and other celebrated artists to the screen. No man has done more to substitute realism for hokum. He has made one fortune after another, only to lose it for an ideal. He has literally lived with a moving picture idea for two years before making a single step toward its production.

His faith in the movies is the sturdy faith of the Islamites in Mohammed. It cannot be shaken. Once launched upon an idea, he is a dynamo of action.

So it was that when, some time ago, he wanted a girl for a certain cinema part who gave forth an intangible spiritual quality and the sheen of butterfly wings, he advertised for a Juliet. He was tossing the bait of imagination for potential Cinderellas of the world to nibble.

The first Juliet came to him in Paris with her mother. She was a sixteen-year-old girl in curls from Pittsburgh who was a pastel in naïveté. Life had not treated her very well and her infrequent bits as an extra in French films had come to a full stop. Mother and daughter waited in a cheerless, dank apartment in Montmartre for the tide somehow to turn.

In a magic half-hour her world had changed. Goldwyn selected her for the part of the daughter in "Stella Dallas," and three days later the happy young Cinderella and her mother were crossing the Atlantic in first-cabin quarters for Hollywood. Today her salary runs into five figures yearly. Her name is Lois Moran.



¶Patricia Salmon



¶Mary Lewis

## B Y O . O . M c I N T Y R E

It was in Budapest that Goldwyn, still in quest of his pseudo Juliet, found Vilma Banky.

She had essayed small parts in a few crude films with no great success and had settled down to the rather prosaic field of stenography. A Hungarian newspaper man sang her praises to Goldwyn, but a pressure of business caused a luncheon engagement mix-up.

And Goldwyn interviewed other aspirants. He was at the station ready to take train to Paris one evening a week later. A few minutes before train time the same newspaper man rushed up to him breathlessly and said he had Miss Banky at the curb outside in a taxi.

"But I am leaving now," said Goldwyn, but insistence won and he dashed out to the curb. He took a hurried look at Miss Banky, cried: "If you will have dinner with me tonight I'll stay over until morning," received a nod of assent and then hurriedly salvaged his luggage from the compartment of the almost departing train.

THAT evening Vilma Banky, from a job corresponding to about ten dollars a week in American money, jumped to stardom with a five-year contract. A sum of \$3,000 was dropped in her lap to pave the way for her sudden embarkation to America. She literally kept pinching her arm during the interview and subsequent business arrangements fearing that after all it might be a dream.

She came to America and was immediately filmed in the stellar rôle of "The Dark Angel" and later appeared as leading woman with Rudolph Valentino at his suggestion, and was so loaned by Goldwyn.

Belle Bennett was nearing middle years with varying success. She had her fleeting moments on Broadway and then drifted to San Francisco for an unusually long run in stock. And then lean days came.

She went to Hollywood at the time Goldwyn was casting about for the tragic mother rôle in "Stella Dallas." He interviewed her and catalogued her as a possibility, but in his opinion she was a bit "stagy."

And so Belle Bennett made the rounds daily to see casting directors. Funds were low and she was battling with a secret which might any day filter to the front pages. She had married

when a very young girl and was hiding the fact that she had a son who looked almost as old as she. He was known as her brother. Age is often a barrier on the screen.

It was at this critical period and with less than \$100 in her bank she again sought an interview with Goldwyn. There was a touch of Mona Lisa in her smile that captured his imagination. That morning her son had been ordered to a hospital with an infection and in a poignant moment of despair the mother gushed out her secret. She was given the job.

Four days later the son died in terrible agony with a mother's sleepless vigil comforting him to the last, and the day after she had followed the body to the grave she appeared at the studio to portray the mournful part of "Stella Dallas." It was thus a tragic mother rôle became a bit of wistful realism on the screen. Belle Bennett's place today in the cinema heavens is fixed. Another Cinderella comes to life.

The life of a modern Cinderella is often short—a Promethean flame soon quenched. Hundreds of Noel Cowards and Vilma Bankys are waiting in chimney-corners today for the touch of the magic wand.

There is no assurance of the permanency that comes with toiling footsteps upward to the pinnacle of success. Quick fame is more often than not a mere Broadway gesture—a new toy to gather a quick tarnish.

NOR so long ago a queenly beauty of a musical revue fulfilled the eternal Broadway prophecy: "Today the toast of the town! Tomorrow a crumb on Tenth Avenue."

She had been touched by the magic of overnight success. The world of Broadway was at her feet and she stemmed its pleasures until a ravaging cough sent her West to recuperate.

Then she returned to a series of White Way escapades. And one morning in a supper club among those waiting for the sun to blear a red eye over the horizon she stood up unsteadily and cried: "They tried to keep me parked in an Arizona tent but I've come back to Broadway for the big blow-off!"

It was a great seer who observed that one who travels fast more likely than not arrives nowhere. Such is often the fate of the Broadway Cinderella!"

By Hugh Walpole

A  
Story  
of  
First  
Love

# MR Oddy

THIS may seem to many people an old-fashioned story; it is perhaps for that reason that I tell it. I can recover here, it may be, for myself something of the world that is already romantic, already beyond one's reach, already precious for the things that one might have got out of it and didn't.

London of only fifteen years ago! What a commonplace to point to its difference from the London of today and to emphasize the tiny period of time that made that difference! We were all young and hopeful then, we could all live on a shilling a year and think ourselves well off, we could all sit in front of the lumbering horse busses and chat confidentially with the omniscient driver, we could all see Dan Leno in pantomime and watch Farren dance at the Gaiety, we could all rummage among those cobwebby streets at the back of the Strand where Aldwych now flaunts her shining bosom and imagine Pendennis and Warrington, Copperfield and Traddles cheek by jowl with ourselves, we could all wait in the shilling queue for hours to see Ellen Terry in "Captain Brassbound" and Forbes-Robertson in "Hamlet," we could all cross the street without fear of imminent death, and above all we could all sink ourselves into that untidy higgledy-piggledy smoky and beery and gas-lampy London gone utterly and forever.

But I have no wish to be sentimental about it; there is a new London which is just as interesting to its new citizens as the old London was to myself. It is my age that is the matter; fifteen years ago before the war one was so *very* young.

I like though to try to recapture that time and so, as a simple way to do it, I seize upon a young man; Tommy Brown we will call him. I don't know where Tommy Brown may be now; that Tommy Brown of fifteen years ago who lived as I did in two very small rooms in Glebe Place, Chelsea, who enjoyed hugely the sparse but economical meals provided so elegantly by two charming ladies at the Good Intent down by the river, that charming hostelry whence, looking through the bow windows, you could see the tubby barges go floating down the river and the thin outline of Whistler's Battersea Bridge, and in the small

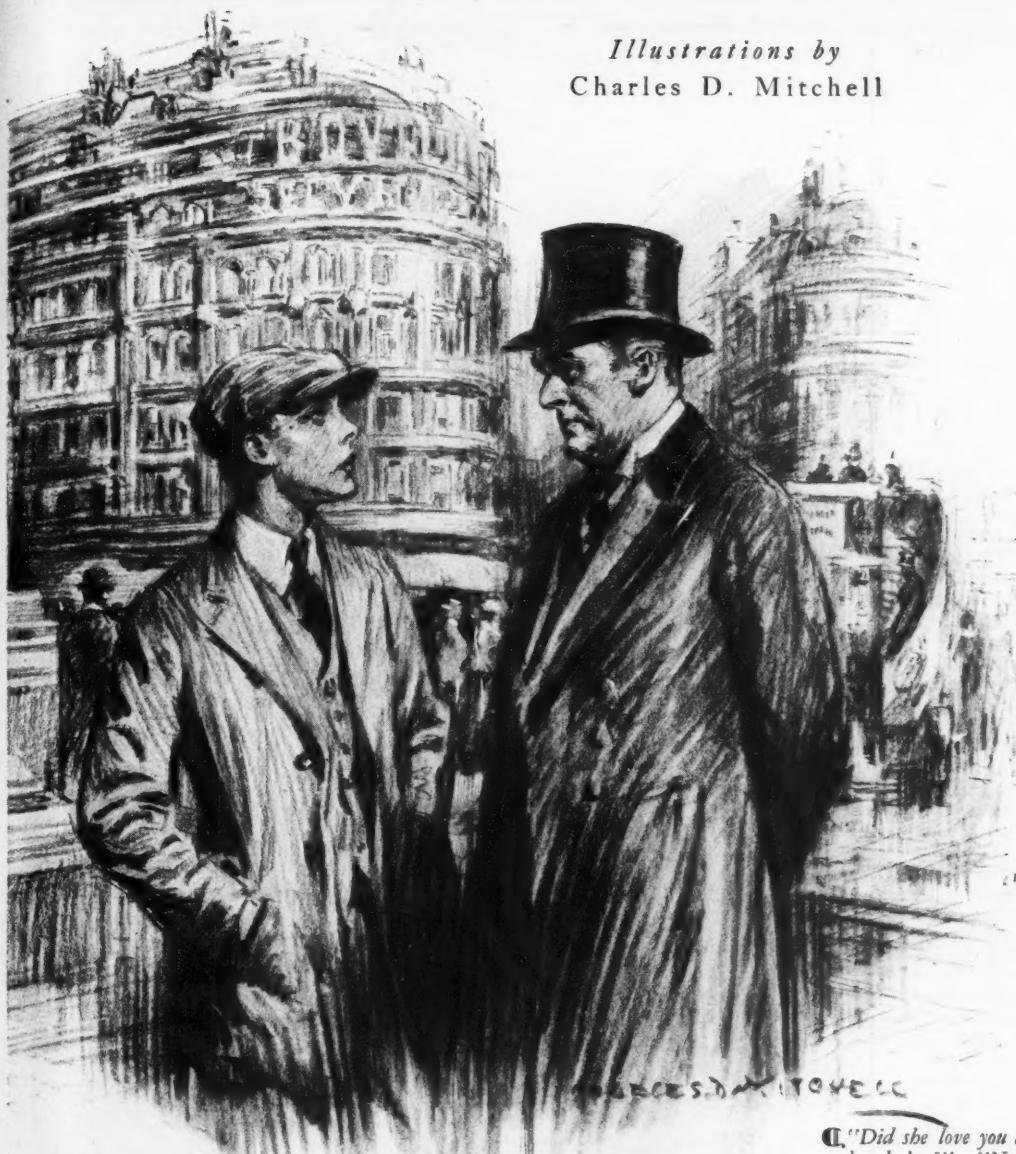
room itself you were surrounded by who knows what geniuses in the lump, geniuses of art and letters, of the stage and of the law.

For Tommy Brown fifteen years ago this life was paradise. He had come boldly from Cambridge to throw himself upon London's friendly bosom; despite all warnings to the contrary he was certain that it would be friendly—how could it be otherwise so charming, so brilliant, so unusually attractive a young man? For Tommy was conceited beyond all that his youth warranted, conceited indeed without any reason at all.

He had, it is true, secured the post of reviewer to one of the London daily papers; this seemed to him when he looked back in later years a kind of miracle but at the time no miracle at all, simply a just appreciation of his extraordinary talents. There was also reposing in one of the publishers' offices at that moment the manuscript of a novel, a novel that appeared to him of astonishing brilliance, written in the purest English, sparkling with wit, tense with drama. These things were fine and reassuring enough, but there was more than that; he felt in himself the power to rise to the greatest heights; he could not see how anything could stop him; it was his destiny.

This pride of his might have suffered some severe shocks were it not that he spent all of his time with other young gentlemen quite as conceited as himself. I have heard talk of the present young generation and its agreeable consciousness of its own merits but I doubt if it is anything in comparison with that little group of fifteen years ago. After all, the war has intervened; however young we may be and however greatly we may pretend, this is an unstable world and for the moment heroes have departed from it.

Illustrations by  
Charles D. Mitchell



CHARLES D. MITCHELL

¶ "Did she love you as much as you loved her?" "Nobody, my dear boy," Mr. Oddy replied, "loves you as much as you love them; either they love you more or they love you less."

But for Tommy Brown and his friends the future was theirs and nobody could prevent it.

Something pathetic in that as one looks back. Tommy was not really so unpleasant a youth as I have described him; to his elders he must have appeared a baby and his vitality at least they could envy. After all, why check his confidence? Life would do that heavily enough in its own good time.

Tommy, although he had no money and no prospects, was already engaged to a young woman, Miss Alice Smith. Alice Smith was an artist sharing with a girl friend a Chelsea studio and she was as certain of her future as Tommy was of his. They had met at a little Chelsea dance and two days after the meeting they were engaged. She had no parents who mattered and no money to speak of, so that the engagement was the easiest thing in the world. Tommy, who had been in love many times before, knew, as he told his friend Jack Robinson so often as to bore that gentleman severely, that this time at last he knew what love was.

Alice ordered him about; with her at any rate his conceit fell away; she had read his novel and pronounced it old-fashioned, the severest criticism she could possibly have made, and she thought his reviews amateur. He suffered then a good deal in her company. When he was away from her he told himself and everybody else that her critical judgment was marvelous, her comprehension of all the arts quite astonishing, but he left her sometimes with a miserable suspicion that perhaps after all he

was not going to do anything very wonderful and that he would have to work very hard indeed to rise to her astonishing standards.

It was in such a mood of wholesome depression that he came one beautiful April day from the A B C shop where he had been giving his Alice luncheon and found his way to an old book-shop on the riverside round the corner from Oakley Street. This shop was kept by a gentleman called Mr. Burdett Coutts and the grand associations of his name gave him from the very first a sort of splendor. It was one of those old shops of which there are, thank God, still many examples surviving in London in which the room was so small and the books so many that to move a step was to imperil your safety. Books ran in thick tight rows from floor to ceiling everywhere, were piled in stacks upon the ground and hung in perilous heaps over chairs and window-ledges.

Mr. Burdett Coutts himself, a very stout, grizzled and dirty old man enveloped always in a gray shawl, crouched behind his spectacles in a far corner and took apparently no interest in anything save that he would snap the price at you if you brought him a volume and timorously inquired. He was not one of those old booksellers dear to the heart of Anatole France and other great men who would love to discourse to you of the beauties of "The Golden Ass," the possibility of Homer's being a lady or the virtues of the second "Hyperion" over the first. Not at all; he ate biscuits which stuck in his grizzly beard and wrote perpetually in a large moth-eaten ledger which was supposed by

his customers to contain all the secrets of the universe.

It was just because he never interfered with you that Tommy Brown loved his shop so dearly. If he had a true genuine passion that went far deeper than all his little superficial vanities and egotisms, it was his passion for books, books of any kind. He had at this time no fine taste; all was fish that came to his net. The bundles of Thackeray and Dickens parts tied up carelessly in coarse string, the old broken-backed volumes of Radcliffe and Barham and Galt, the red and gold Colburn's novelists, all these were exciting to him, just as exciting as though they had been a first Gray's Elegy or an original "Robinson Crusoe." He had too a touching weakness for the piles of fresh and neglected modern novels that lay in their discarded heaps on the dusty floor; young though he was, he was old enough to realize the pathos of these so short a time ago fresh from the bursting presses, so eagerly cherished through months of anxious watching by their fond authors, so swiftly forgotten, dead almost before they were born.

So he browsed moving like a panting puppy with inquisitive nose from stack to stack, with a gesture of excitement tumbling a whole racket of books about his head, looking then anxiously to see whether the old man would be angry with him and realizing for the thousandth time that the old man never was.

It was on this day, then, rather sore from the arrogances of his Alice, that he tried to restore his confidence among these friendly volumes. With a little thrill of excited pleasure he had just discovered a number of the volumes born of those romantic and tragedy-haunted 'nineties. Here in little thin volumes were the stories of Crackanthorpe, the poems of Dowson, the keynotes of George Egerton, an odd copy of Ella d'Arcy, "The Happy Hypocrite" of Max Beerbohm.

Had he only been wise enough to give there and then for that last whatever the old man had asked him for it he would have been fortunate indeed, but the pennies in his pocket were few; he was not yet a book collector but rather that less expensive but more precious thing, a book adorer. He had the tiny volume in his hand when he was aware that some one had entered the shop and was standing looking over his shoulder.

He turned slowly and saw some one who at first sight seemed vaguely familiar, so familiar that he was plunged into confusion at once by the sense that he ought to say "How do you do?" but could not accurately place him. The gentleman also seemed to know him very well, for he said in a most friendly way:

"Ah, yes, the 'nineties, a very fruitful period."



With Alice, Tommy's conceit fell away; he had a

Tommy stammered something, put down the Max Beerbohm, moved a little and pulled about him a sudden shower of volumes. The room was filled with the racket of their tumbling and a cloud of dust thickened about them, creeping into eyes and mouth and nose.



miserable suspicion that after all he was not going to do anything very wonderful.

"I'm terribly sorry," Tommy stammered and then looking up was sorry the more when he saw how extremely neat and tidy the gentleman was and how terribly the little accident must distress him. Tommy's friend must have been between sixty and seventy, nearer seventy perhaps than sixty, but his black

hair was thick and strong and stood up "*en brosse*" from a magnificent broad forehead. Indeed, so fine was the forehead and the turn of the head that the face itself was a little disappointing, being so round and chubby and amiable as to be almost babyish. It was not a weak face, however, the eyes being large and fine and the chin strong and determined.

The figure of this gentleman was short and thick-set and inclined to stoutness; he had the body of a prize-fighter now resting on his laurels. He was very beautifully clothed in a black coat and waistcoat, and pepper and salt trousers, and he stood leaning a little on a thick ebony cane, his legs planted apart, his whole attitude that of one who was accustomed to authority. He had the look of a magistrate or even of a judge and had his face been less kindly Tommy would have said good day, nodded to Mr. Burdett Coutts and departed, but that was a smile difficult to resist.

"Dear me," the gentleman said, "this is a very dusty shop. I have never been here before but I gather by the way you knock the books about that it's an old friend of yours."

Tommy giggled in a silly fashion, shifted from foot to foot and then desiring to seem very wise and learned proved himself only very young and foolish.

"The 'nineties are becoming quite romantic," he said, in his most authoritative voice, "now that we're getting a good distance from them."

"Ah, you think so!" said the gentleman courteously. "That's interesting. I'm getting to an age now, I'm afraid, when nothing seems romantic but one's own youth, and, ah dear me, that was a very long time ago." This was exactly the way kindly old gentlemen were supposed to talk and Tommy listened with becoming attention. "In my young day," his friend continued, "George Eliot seemed to everybody a magnificent writer, a little heavy in hand for these days, I'm afraid. Now who is the god of your generation if it isn't impertinent to inquire?"

Tommy shifted again from foot to foot. Who was the god of his generation? If the truth must be told, in Tommy's set there were no gods, only young men who might be gods if they lived long enough.

"Well," said Tommy awkwardly, "Hardy, of course—or it's difficult to say, isn't it?"

"Very difficult," said the gentleman.

There was a pause then which Tommy concluded by hinting that he must move forward to a very important engagement.

"May I walk with you a little way?" asked the gentleman very courteously. "Such a very beautiful afternoon."

Once they were outside in the (Continued on page 106)

By George

# My Mother



Adeline Bush, in 1851.

I CANNOT continue to write about people I have known and experiences I have met without making some reference to the top-notchers—meaning my father and mother. I am going to brag about them, candidly and without apologies.

With the intervening years pushed away, so that I can look at them in perspective, they seem very definitely graven against the horizon as the most admirable people I ever knew.

Because I was born in a little Indiana town framed with corn-fields and showed a criminal preference for the Mid-west vernacular and the homely types blooming in outer townships, those who took the trouble to write about me when I was busy as a playwright and story-teller always assumed that I came of the most abandoned and confirmed Hoosier stock.

Once when I was home on a visit, and the publicity experts had been unusually active in manufacturing yarns about my early career in the jungle, father took me to the back part of the bank and told me that he wanted the newspaper men to stop printing stories about him, especially such as the one in which he was supposed to say, "George, I wuz up in Chicago last week and seen your play and — it, you're just the same as stealin' that — money!"

Father was the mainstay of the local Christian Church and filled the pulpit on occasions. He hadn't used a cuss-word for fifty years and his grammar was Massachusettsian. Of course, I sympathized with him. But I had to tell him that I had no control over what was printed in newspapers. No one had. I told him that in order to get the royalty checks with which we were buying the farms we had to submit to much friendly guying from the boys on the press.

My father was born in Lewes, England, September 18th, 1828. Lewes is an old town in the rolling downs of Sussex, only six miles from the Channel. The place is everything an English town should be, with an ancient castle, a good race-track and a hotel almost as venerable as the waiters.

According to the genealogists who can become excited over the various kinds of fruit hanging on family trees, the names of Ade, Ade, Adie, Adey, Ade, Ader, Yde, Ide and others of phonetic similarity are all variations of the Scotch name of Adair. It seems that about six hundred years ago a lot of Adairs came down into England, probably to get some money. The name became variously twisted and abbreviated because no one, not even the authors, knew how to spell. The maiden name of my

father's mother was Esther Wood. Another family name was Hazleton and some of the relatives were named Inglis.

Inasmuch as my father was a total abstainer, one of the early blue-ribboners, and a most active enemy of the Demon Rum, I had great difficulty in wringing from him the information that his father, while residing in Lewes, had been a maltster. Father always insisted that Grandfather Ade had been connected with the grain business rather than the brewing industry.

The Ades in Lewes were of a Baptist persuasion and it seems that grandfather resisted a tax laid upon the local residents to repair and restore the old castle because the program was being carried out under the auspices of the Church of England. That's the story as we got it. At any rate, he and my grandmother and the five boys went up to London in 1840 and boarded a sailing vessel and followed the Thames down to Portsmouth and rode through storms for six weeks in getting to New York.

My father was the eldest of the boys but he was only twelve when he landed in America. The family spent a week in New York, making inquiries as to the inland cities, and during that time father was very busy sizing up the town—which reminds me of a story about him.

Along in 1912, after we had induced him to retire from the bank and take things easy, he went to Washington to visit my sister Annie. While he was in Washington the relatives there talked him into going up to New York on a visit. He stopped at the Herald Square Hotel. The head clerk at the Herald Square was an old friend of mine.

The clerk became friendly with father and on the day after his arrival the two were watching the traffic. The clerk wanted to know if this was father's first visit to New York.

"No," replied father, "I was here once before—stayed a whole week. It was some time ago."

"Do you notice any changes?" asked the friendly hotel man.

"Oh, yes," replied father, "yes, indeed!"

The town is considerably larger.

Quite a number of new buildings

have been put up. As I

go around I observe

ever so many



The old Ade home in

# ADE and Father

improvements. There's no question about it, the town *has* changed."

"How long since you were here before, Mr. Ade?"

"Seventy-two years."

I have it on good authority that the hotel man never quite recovered; it gave him a great satisfaction to make the Rip Van Winkle performance seem like a mere sprint.

After a week in New York the family decided that Cincinnati was to be the future metropolis of the world, so the whole tribe went by rail to Philadelphia and then rode on a canal-boat to the foot of the mountains and then took a train to Pittsburgh and after that floated on a flatboat down to Cincinnati. They settled in the little suburb of Cheviot. Father went to school for a while and then learned to be a blacksmith.

In 1849 he took a boat trip down the Ohio, peeling potatoes in the kitchen to pay for his passage. From Cairo he went up the Mississippi to Galena, traveled overland to Chicago and spent the summer of 1849 in a very turbulent settlement which was just warming up to become a metropolis. He worked his way back to the little town outside of Cincinnati and not only worked at his trade but also kept toll-gate.

On May 20th, 1851, Squire Thomas Wells of Cheviot performed the marriage ceremony uniting John Ade and Adaline Bush. My mother was then only eighteen. From the old-fashioned glass daguerreotypes, which had to be looked at from an angle and had lids on them, we succeeded in getting some modern photographs when the golden wedding was celebrated in 1901.

Perhaps I am prejudiced in their favor but it strikes me that father and mother made a fine-looking couple. I like the velvet collar and the knotted cravat and the three gold studs father wore and I am sure that modern fashions have devised no more fetching combination than mother's flowered gown with the white neck-piece and the brooch, to say nothing of the earbobs and that simple style of looping down the hair, which was raven black and most abundant.

My mother's mother was Adair, so I get back to that name



John Ade, in 1851.

tracing in two directions. The only celebrity I have been able to spot in the general ancestry is the Robin Adair about whom the old ballad was written. Away back in the eighteenth century he was a social favorite. I hope that Robin was a relative.

The Bushes and Adairs had come across to Ohio from Kentucky. They were a part of the migration over the mountains and into the Daniel Boone country that occurred soon after the Revolution.

The ancestry is all British. That is why I have always felt that I had a right to take liberties with the English language.

My father had four brothers. My mother had two sisters and three brothers. We had seven in our family, four girls and three boys.

I was the youngest boy and next to youngest of the seven, of whom five are still living. One of the girls died before I was born and after that we didn't have a death in our family for nearly fifty years, until my mother passed on in 1907.

It was in 1853 that my parents went down the river to Madison and by rail up to Lafayette and by wagon far out into the chill-and-fever wilderness of northwestern Indiana. Father went out to take charge of a store and fur-trading station. Mother took with her a "store bonnet" from Cincinnati and was regarded for a while as an invading aristocrat.

The region to which they migrated was a vast expanse of virgin prairie, riotous with every form of wild bloom. The few wagon trails wound around wide and shallow sloughs which were surrounded by reeds and cattails. A sluggish river and tributary creeks were bordered with forest trees. The early log-cabin clearings were within the shelter of the woods, but houses were ten miles apart. The mail came once a week on horseback.

Deer were plentiful, prairie-chickens abounded and water-fowl such as ducks, geese and brant paraded north and south in such myriads that they obscured the sky.

Father and mother remained in Newton County all their lives and father wrote a book about it, after he was past eighty years of age. I met them on February 9th, 1886, at Kentland, Indiana, in a little frame house south of the Court House Square.

I might have known that I couldn't even get started on this story in a single chapter. It would take at least one chapter for father's record as a horseshoe pitcher with J. M. Studebaker. That will come later.



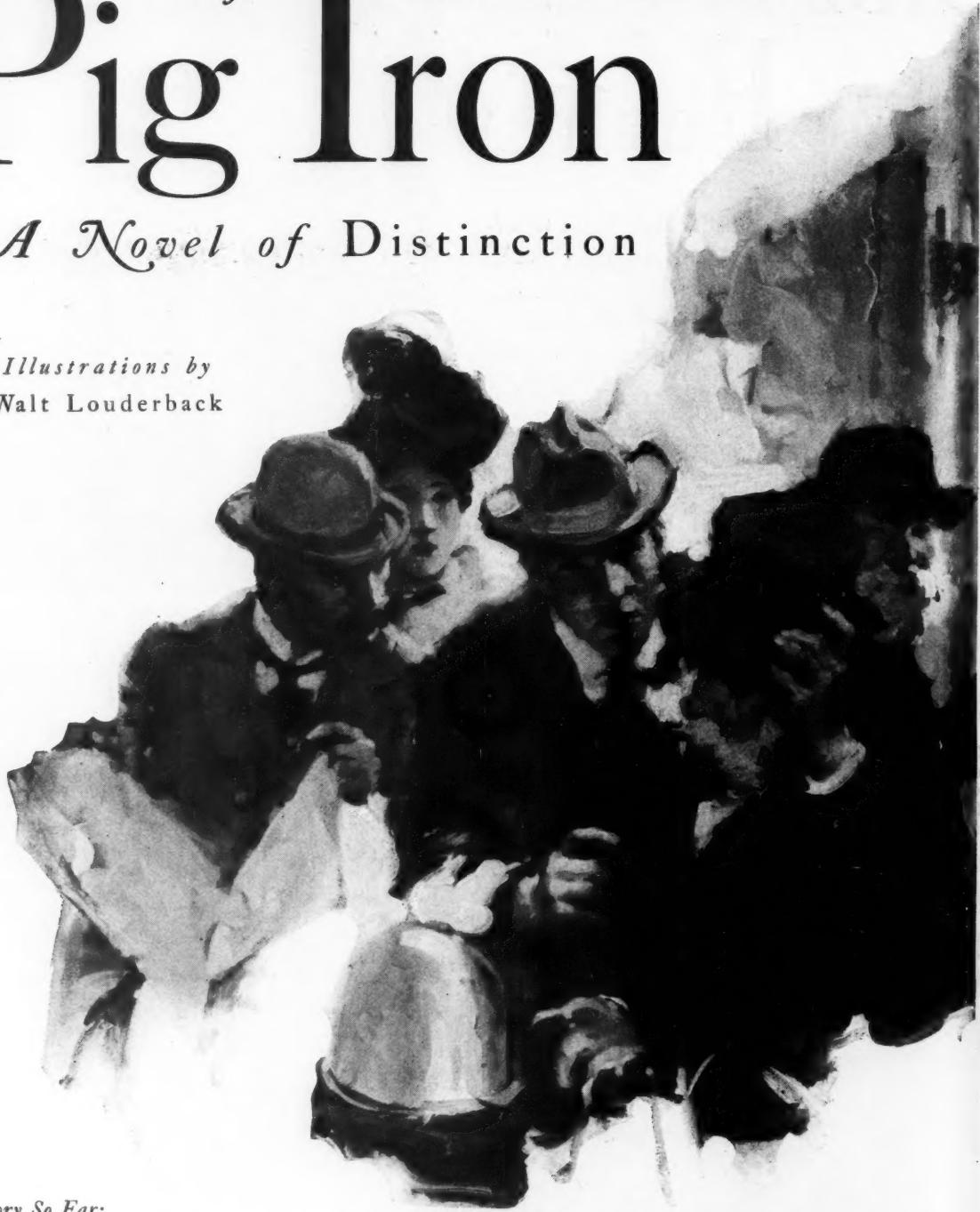
Kentland, Indiana, where George Ade was born in 1866.

# By Charles G. Norris

# Pig Iron

## *A Novel of Distinction*

*Illustrations by*  
Walt Louderback



### *The Story So Far:*

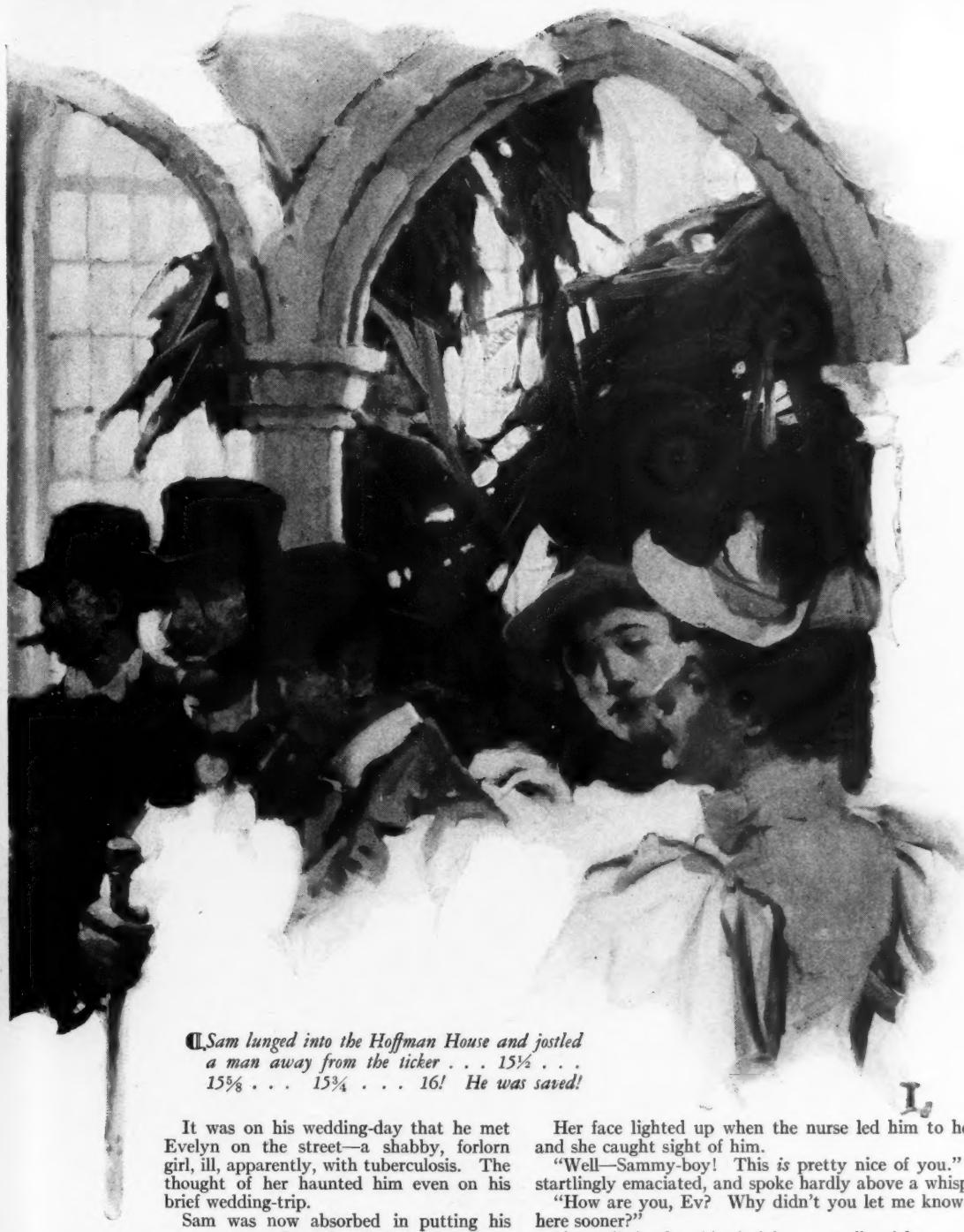
**B**ROUGHT up to the hard life of a poor New England farm boy, Sam Smith left the farm after the death of his father and mother and came to New York to try his fortune. He started in as a stock-room boy with the wholesale hardware house of Hartshorne & Faber, and was soon absorbed in city life. Sam boarded with his Uncle Cyrus and Aunt Sarah, a very religious couple who also had a niece, Ruth, staying with them.

Not long after his arrival Sam fell in love with a woman of questionable repute named Evelyn, who had made an unfortunate marriage and since then had drifted. Their love was deep enough on both sides so that they decided to live together, since they could not marry because Evelyn's husband was still living. Sam tried to make something ideal and beautiful of this relationship, but Evelyn could not stand their poverty and finally left him to go with a road show. It was just at this time that Sam almost

lost his life through illness, and was taken to his uncle's house to recuperate.

While there, he found, to his astonishment, that quiet little Ruth, whom he had always liked in a brotherly way, was in love with him. Obsessed with thoughts of Evelyn, however, Sam did not return the feeling until Ruth was on the point of marrying a man he heartily disliked and knew she did not love; then he made love to her himself, and won her consent to marriage. But Ruth could not help feeling that he did this out of pity, and decided that she would go away to Africa as a missionary.

Sam, meanwhile, had become a very successful salesman for Hartshorne & Faber and a close friend of old Mr. Faber. The latter frankly wanted him to marry his beautiful daughter Paula; and after Hartshorne's death, when the business had been sold out and Sam had induced Faber to go into a new venture with him, Sam proposed to Paula and was accepted.



**S**am lunged into the Hoffman House and jostled a man away from the ticker . . . 15½ . . . 15⅓ . . . 15¼ . . . 16! He was saved!

I

It was on his wedding-day that he met Evelyn on the street—a shabby, forlorn girl, ill, apparently, with tuberculosis. The thought of her haunted him even on his brief wedding-trip.

Sam was now absorbed in putting his new concern, the Atlas Nail & Wire Company, on its feet, with very limited capital, including \$25,000. Paula brought him on their marriage. But times were hard and his competitors were selling at ruinous prices. Finally Sam joined a pool formed by John W. Oates of Chicago.

One evening in January, when he arrived home, he found awaiting him a letter saying that a girl named Evelyn wanted to see him. It was written by a nurse and was headed "City Hospital, North Brother Island, Ward II."

**A**T AN early hour the next day Sam started out for North Brother Island. It was bitterly cold, raw, windy. At once he ran into a web of city health regulations. Before he could obtain a permit for his visit, he had first to be vaccinated. He found Evelyn at last in a long room of white cots filled with white-faced women.

Her face lighted up when the nurse led him to her bedside and she caught sight of him.

"Well—Sammy-boy! This is pretty nice of you." She was startlingly emaciated, and spoke hardly above a whisper.

"How are you, Ev? Why didn't you let me know you were here sooner?"

She smiled—the old wistful, wan smile of hers, only now a thousand times more appealing.

"Didn't want to bother you, I guess. But last week I thought I just had to have one more peek at you before—well, before they hand me my ticket."

He was embarrassed, not knowing what to say.

"How long you been here?"

She told him. "Guess it won't be for much longer."

"Nonsense, Ev. Mean to say you can't get well?"

She shook her head, smiling the negative.

"Ah-h—go on! Don't believe it."

"You married, Sammy, didn't you? Are you happy?"

"Sure; o' course."

"Tell me about her. Tell me what she's like—where you're living and everything. That's what I want to know. First, tell me what's her name?" she asked as he hesitated.

"Paula—Paula Faber. She is my boss's daughter."



¶ The blood roared in Sam's ears as he regarded Paula and young Dorn, but he felt no excitement. Their fright made them ridiculous.

"Oh, yes, I remember—old man Faber. Is she pretty, Sam?"  
"Yes, she's beautiful—very beautiful."

The pale blue eyes studied his face, her lips holding her smile.  
"Did she have money, Sam?"

"Quite a bit."

"And you love her—you're happy with her?"

"Very."

A pause.

"Tell me more about her; tell me what she's like. It won't make no diff, you know, Sammy-boy. I just lie here and wonder and that's about all I do. You know I'm not going to bother you. I shan't be here much longer, and for the little time that's left

I'd like to know something about you, and how you're getting on. Tell me everything, Sammy. There isn't the least bit of tiniest detail I wouldn't find interesting. First of all, describe your wife to me. Go on—do, Sammy-boy—just to please old Ev."

He did the best he could. The thin, claw-like hand was between his palms and every now and then her fingers fluttered like dry leaves.

"Sammy, it's awfully nice you're so happy. Oh, you haven't

an idea how happy I am that you're happy!" Her eyes shone. "Ev," he said huskily, "it's rotten to see you lying here. You know I'd never have let you come to this if you'd only've told me."

"Oh, in

"Tha

last tim

"You

you wa

The tea

in the p

his own



"Oh, you mustn't bother about me! I ain't got any kick coming. I'm being taken good care of."

"That time you wrote me from Frisco and asked me to help out—you know I was still sore at you. And then after the last time I saw you, I didn't know how to find you, but I kept looking and looking—every place I went."

"You *didn't*! You was always a prince to me, Sammy-boy; you was always good to me and always wanted me to do right!" The tears came in a rush, the wet, shut eyes burying themselves in the pillow, the little hand clutching his. He covered it with his own and carried it to his lips, his sight swimming, a choking sensation in his throat.

Speechless, she shook her head, trying to withdraw her hand.

"Ev—Ev . . ."

"Don't—don't, Sammy-boy . . . I can't. It ain't no use . . ."

A long silence and for nearly an hour they remained thus, he leaning forward, holding her hand in both of his, occasionally stroking or patting it, his eyes cast down; her own, unseeing, fixed on some half-way point across the ward, dreaming, lost in reverie. Words were superfluous between them; all that either would say the other guessed; the unasked questions, the unspoken answers, there was no need to voice them.

At four o'clock a nurse came to take (Continued on page 194)

# B y K E R M I T T



Above:  
Loading  
the ponies.  
Below: Theodore  
Roosevelt (with the  
beard) and Suydam Cutting.

WE LEFT Ayalik on July third, the day after the Mohammedan Festival of Bukra Yid, which corresponds to our Christmas, and is the anniversary of the Prophet's flight to Mecca. All our men were Moslems with the exception of the Yarkandi pony men, so we thought it was only fair to give them a day of rest in which to celebrate. Dropping rapidly three thousand five hundred feet to more comfortable heights, we camped near two poplars, the first trees we had seen for eighteen days. We had had peculiarly raw and blustering weather, so the change was doubly welcome. None of us had suffered seriously from mountain-sickness but we were glad to be able to take in our quota of oxygen without the labor entailed at the higher altitudes.

There now came up one of the customary debates regarding the trail. The direct route continued to follow the course of the

## We Cross the Plains

Sanju river, but it was held by some that the waters were too high for the fording involved and that the alternate road taking two days longer and necessitating the crossing of a fair-sized pass offered the only logical route. We decided on the shorter and more watery trail, and in the way of fords it left nothing to be desired. There were sixteen, all were rapid and rocky, and almost all were very deep. At the second we nearly lost a pony.

Thereafter our lucky star shone forth, for a caravan of twenty unladen camels put in an appearance, and to them we transferred as much weight as they could handle.

The camels, with their long legs, easily crossed fords that would have proved serious obstacles to our heavily laden ponies. With their reduced burdens, the ponies successfully negotiated the remaining fourteen passages and landed us in Sanju amid a lovely grove of willow-trees.

The day of many fords happened to be the fourth of July. That evening in our honor Jemal Shah called forth his undoubted culinary talents, and we feasted and celebrated in orthodox fashion.

Next day, on entering the wide-spread Sanju Bazaar oases, we were met by a committee of leading citizens: old men with long, flowing beards. Greeting our followers, they took both hands of the individual between their own, and then loosing them, each man stroked his own beard muttering the appropriate formulas of welcome. We were led to a dais covered with carpets and felt *numnahs* and food was brought before us; roast lamb and chicken in wooden platters, bowls of curds, plates of nuts and raisins, and basins of apricots and mulberries. Having only recently finished a substantial breakfast, we were not able to do justice to the meat courses, but our treatment of the fruit more than made up for the scant courtesy shown the meat.

That night the camp was pitched in a garden of apricot-trees out of which we shook the fruit. We trooped down to the river

to bathe, and the water was frozen for a distance of six feet.

We

near

twelv

Mont

In

than

across

oasis

apric

flaps

depart

woul

way.

stallie

squea

On

our

such

reach

the

# ROOSEVELT



Typical women and children in a Turkestan village.

## of Turkistan

to bathe and found the water warm, a pleasant change from the frozen dips with which we had hitherto satisfied our craving for a modified form of cleanliness.

We now abandoned the river and struck across country toward Kargalik. Once out of the oasis, the sun was blistering. For sixteen miles there was no drop of water. We gave the two dogs that were with us the contents of our canteens, but even so paid toll to the sun in the dog we could least spare—old Foxie. The sudden drop from freezing altitudes to blazing lowlands had severely taxed all of the dogs and Foxie, being the oldest, had suffered more than the others. Everyone had become fond of the gallant old fellow, and there was genuine mourning in camp at his death.

We buried him in a little garden near the caravanserai at Koshtagh, twelve thousand miles from his Montana home.

In three days we covered more than eighty miles on the march across to Kargalik. At each oasis we were welcomed with apricots and curds and great flaps of unleavened bread. On our departure, a group of notables would escort us mile or so on our way. Their mounts were usually stallions, and they formed a vicious, squealing, kicking cavalcade.

One morning when we were leaving our night's stopping place under just such an escort, a big mare that I was riding reached the bridge over an irrigation ditch at the same time as a diminutive pack pony.

Neither wished to yield precedence, but the laden pony was the more adroit, and before I knew what had happened I was in the ditch. Both the mare and I plunged head under, for the water was deep. No damage was done, although for a moment I was afraid the zeal of the escort in their efforts at rescue might prove my undoing. I had on me my kodak and my Sept and was much concerned as to their condition. I dived for them immediately and fortunately both responded to prompt drying.

At Bora, the last halt before Kargalik, there were two handsome golden eagles in large wooden cages. The townfolk use them for coursing dzeren, the so-called goitered gazelle. Dzeren are said to be fairly common on the plains near-by during the winter months, but with the advent of summer they retreat into the foot-hills.

Our guides from Bora to Kargalik were four old men mounted upon diminutive donkeys. The amban of Kargalik had not expected us yet and we were thrust upon him in the midst of a levee of local beys. He was short and squat and cheerful, but language was a distinct barrier between us. He did not even speak Turki, and so our sentiments had to be transmitted first into Hindustani, then into Turki and finally into Chinese.

Doubtless their outlines became somewhat hazy in the process. We had hoped to avoid stopping over a day, but this proved to be impossible, for the amban had set his heart upon giving us a (Continued on page 173)



A goitered gazelle at Yarkand.

# Down OUR Way

*Illustrations by*  
W. D. Stevens

HERE have been so many of them already that I hesitate to add another to the long, long score; and yet it's different somehow—this story of the war. It was such a forlorn hope, and such splendid, last-ditch bravery without bloodshed or heroics, or crosses or citations, if that's the word, which I presume it is; and—and . . . No, I suppose it's nothing to get so worked up about, now that it is over and done with, but I can't help it. You see, it's the one real, illuminating contact we've had with the World War, down our way. Down here at Grayson's Gap, I mean.

We sent twenty-eight out of a community of four hundred, and that isn't including the boys off the river, either. Nor do I mean to sound boastful when I add that only two of that number were under six feet and 170 pounds. Lafe Johnson's boy and Henry Maynard were a shade under, but neither of them was what you could term puny at that—about five feet eleven or so in their socks, and middling stocky. And Brant Dennison, he whom this story concerns, partly at least, tilted the scales at 202, all bone that wasn't muscle and meaness.

Brant Dennison was big, the biggest man in our section. No one ever contended, successfully, or without considerable damage and discomfort, that he wasn't the most powerful. His body was a thing to marvel at in silence. And yet that wasn't his greatest weakness—his besetting vanity. He wasn't even the sort of man to look into a mirror and realize that he was handsome. I'll say that much for him, and he has more excuse than most male popinjays, too.

About twenty-four I should set his years, or thereabouts, with tawny hair and gray eyes and a splendid, devil may-care, eagle look in his often upflung countenance. But of his reputation—his fame throughout the hill-country as a ne'er-do-well, a waster, a patron of all that was abandoned and depraved—he was as vain, as jealous, I fancy, as any of those dancing women pictured in the supplements of metropolitan Sunday sheets might well be, who have learned apparently that an assiduously advertised past pays better than art in any degree.

Grayson's Gap is not a metropolis; it is not even a town in the admirable sense of spacious lawns and elm-shaded streets. But it is a complete community, nevertheless, which embodies, for all that it is cut off by mountains and timber from easy contact with the sophistication of greater centers, the same essential phases of society; as much, proportionately, that is elementally good and bad as any of those other places which can hold up their heads with more pride on the census sheets—Prinesville, our county-seat, for instance, and New York.

There's just as much viciousness, just as much charity. Only, in a place no larger than the Gap, the advertising possibilities for deeds of Samaritanism such as are presented by the daily papers of cities, are exceedingly limited. If one is to hear good of a man it must be of necessity by word of mouth. And it is unnecessary to add that men mention the frailties of their fellow men with more gusto.



So Brant Dennison and his ilk came to be often on the tongues of our more pious citizens. They and the card games in which they participated for money, their fast horses and periodic brawls, were the subjects for sermons as eloquent as those with which more eminent divines are wont to admonish their more worldly flocks for more complicated follies. And far more bitterly personal, I'd imagine. And, like most such sermons, in Grayson's Gap their effect upon the object at which they were hurled was perplexing. During the week directly following such a Sabbath scourging the swagger in Brant Dennison's carriage was certain to be more exaggerated, his transgressions more outrageous.

His was the sort of personality to which myths cling like rank vines to an oak. But only one stands forth in my mind, perhaps

C, The  
lip  
be

because  
to give

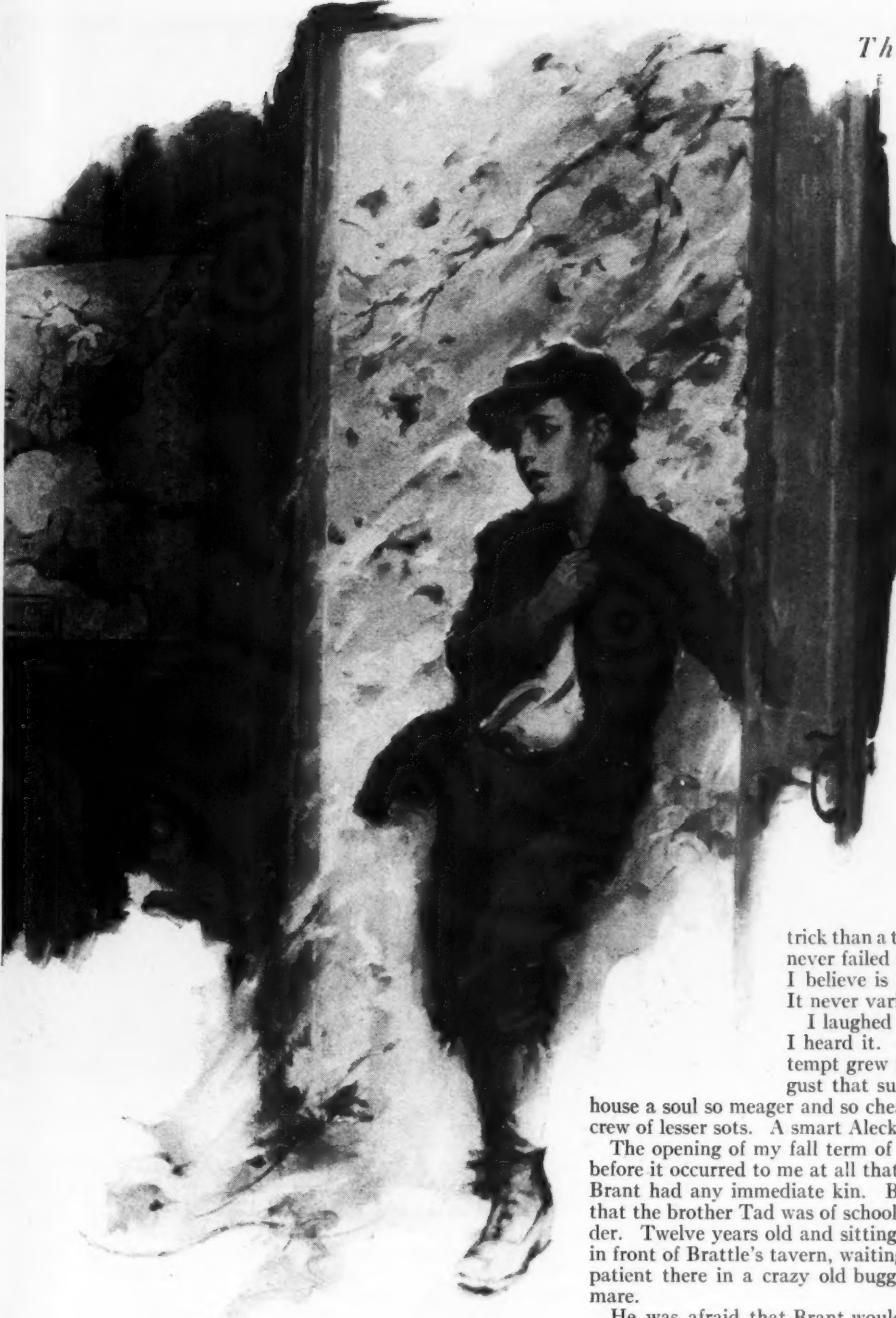
Every  
and con-

inevitably  
lowed by  
come an  
patience

feats.

clamor,  
adulation  
sitting  
home.

Tad, a  
command  
spare hi



*The Last Story  
Written by  
That Lovable  
Young Genius  
the Late  
LARRY  
EVANS*

¶ The storm had torn the very breath from Tad's lips. "My first day at school—an' I'm late!" he quavered. "But ain't she sluicin' som'?"

because it is ludicrous; perhaps, and more likely, because it was to give to me my share in what followed after.

Every Saturday night when the usual carousal was at its height and conversation got to running on deeds of strength, as it does inevitably here in the hills whenever men foregather, to be followed by more or less able physical demonstration, there would come an hour, so I was told, at which Brant Dennison's drunken patience would grow exhausted with such puny and unspectacular feats. Then he would rise, his air of scorn a signal for the same clamor, the same noisy demands. Seeming to ignore their adulation, he'd cross to the door and shout to his brother Tad, sitting outside the tavern in the buggy and waiting to take Brant home. He'd shout for Tad to fetch a brick. I even learned that Tad, after the first time or two, had come to anticipate this command, and always had one ready on the seat beside him, to spare himself a long search for one in the dark.

Well, Brant would take the brick. And swaying there in the middle of the big, tobacco-fouled room without any bar—Grayson's Gap had no licensed liquor house—he'd smile around the circle of chairs, a little superior, a little pitying. And then, balancing the brick in one hand, he'd crack it clean in two with the knuckles of the other, exactly as a mason might perform the operation with a trowel. It was more a trick than a test of strength, I suppose, but it never failed to bring down the house, which I believe is the correct professional term. It never varied. Nor did it ever stale.

I laughed a little, I think, the first time I heard it. Until I'd reconsidered. Contempt grew in me then, contempt and disgust that such a man, such a body, could house a soul so meager and so cheap. Content to be a hero to a crew of lesser sots. A smart Aleck! A dead-game sport.

The opening of my fall term of school was but a few days off before it occurred to me at all that I'd never before realized that Brant had any immediate kin. But when, in addition, I found that the brother Tad was of school age it made me stop and ponder. Twelve years old and sitting patient every Saturday night in front of Brattle's tavern, waiting to take Brant home drunk—patient there in a crazy old buggy, behind an old white blind mare.

He was afraid that Brant would fall in the snow and freeze to death, they told me—and of course that was all right so far as winter was concerned. We see forty-odd below at times. But it didn't serve very well as an explanation when the weather was mild, and it came to my notice in late summer. The Gap's fall term begins then, and runs as long as it can. We're too scattered for an unbroken winter session.

Thinking it over it appealed to me as more my business than that of the truant officer, so the next Saturday night I made it a point to pass the tavern rather late, and there, true enough, was the buggy and white mare, sagging under the maples. I wasn't sure of the boy at first, he seemed so small, until I looked well under the cover. But he had seen me, that was plain. He was watching me from out of the shadow, his scrutiny so grave and steady that I was disconcerted for an instant.

"You are Tad Dennison," I said. "Thaddeus Dennison, I take it?"

"You take it correct," said he.

As swiftly as that! Why, his voice was little more than a childish treble, but it was so sober and serious that no one could have thought for a moment that he meant to be flippant or smart. It was just his manner—the only man-to-man manner he knew. I pride myself that I did not smile.

"Waiting for some one?" I asked.

And then he took my measure in silence. He bested me, without a word. For he knew I knew. He knew, were I trying to imply ignorance of his business, that I lied. And I regretted the error, and hastened to set it straight.

"Waiting for Brant?" I asked.

He nodded briefly. He jerked a dirty thumb toward Dave Brattle's illicit back room.

"It's Saturday night," he said. And then, as if that might after all hold too little of enlightenment: "Brant is in, loading up. He ought to be a-hell-roarin' fer his brick in about another hour."

Pithy—pungent—laconic! That from the "child of tender years" at whose imagined shame I had waxed indignant! And yet I cannot say either just what I had expected when I sought him out that night with what casualness I might contrive. Whining self-pity perhaps, or stolid stupidity, but never this clear-eyed, matter-of-fact self-possession. It complicated the situation. A new kind of diffidence restrained me. Somehow of a sudden I feared to sound schoolmasterish and didactic. He dispelled the awkwardness himself.

"You're old Four-eyes Dix, ain't you?" he inquired in a neighborly fashion. "Old man Dix who does the teachin' down to the Corners?"

I had whaled one of Doc Baxter's boys—the fat one—until he couldn't sit with comfort, for referring to me in just such terms only a few months before. Now, a little meekly, I admitted my identity. Instantly the boy moved forward in his seat. And a light came into his eyes, hungry yet not exactly eager either. He was too self-restrained, too poised for that.

"Then maybe you kin set me right on a point that me and Brant has been a-arguin' fer some time. O' course I know that Ole Abe was the greatest we ever had—there ain't no room fer argamint there. But next to him who'd *you* say was the slickest President we ever had—George Washington or old Dan'l Boone?"

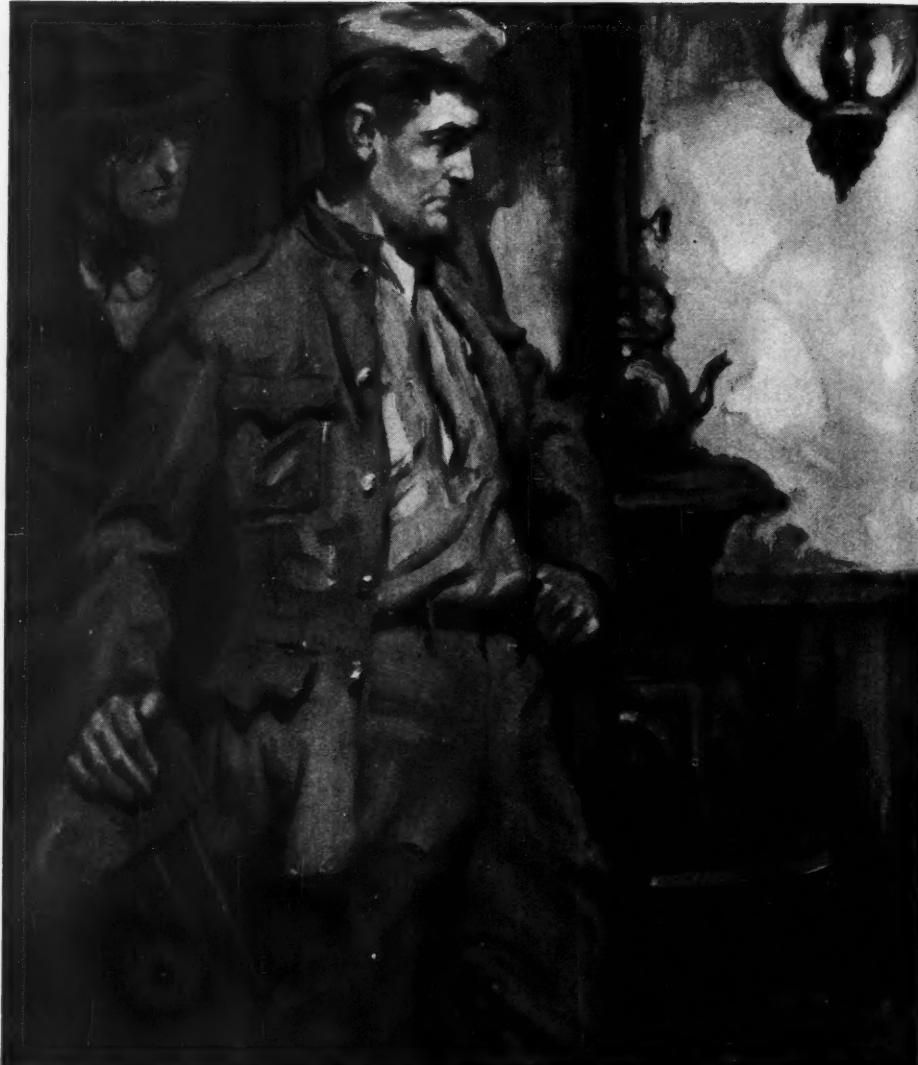
He was eager. He was suddenly afire with eagerness. I could imagine "him and Brant a-arguin'." But again I didn't smile.

"Daniel Boone was never President," I told him. "He was a marvelous frontiersman, and did more than many a statesman to make our nation great, but he was never President."

For a moment he just sat and looked at me. Then his face went red, a dreadful, pained red.

"He wa'n't!" he breathed. "He wa'n't!" And then, quickly, he forced a chuckle. But it was only forced, and in no wise mirthful. It did not even deceive me. "Well!" he murmured. "Judas, if that ain't one on me!"

Nor did his words deceive me either. For I knew in spite of them that it was Brant who had been championing Daniel Boone, and not the boy before me who was trying to shoulder Brant's ignorance. And so I came a little further on the road to understanding. Loyalty and pride I suppose is what we call it, for want



¶ "A hero to a lot of drunken dogs!" Tad

of bigger words. Brant Dennison, to all but a small portion of the village, was a drunken dog and a loud-mouthed good-for-nothing. To Tad Dennison—why, he had the same level gray eyes and tawny hair, the same keen and eagle look. And I had half expected him to complain against his own flesh and blood—that boy. To him Brant was a demigod. I believe the correct definition of a demigod is an inferior deity.

But it gave me my opening. I suggested forthwith that he should come to school; that there were many such necessarily obscure points upon which he might inform himself, without so much as hinting at the truant officer and his duties. And as he listened the hungry look grew in his eyes.

"Cipherin' comes easy to me," he confided, "and in what spare time I git I've made out to spell quite a ways through the first primer. But it don't seem in no wise to interest me much. 'See the pretty kitty. Can the kitty run? Yes, the pretty kitty can run.'" He drawled the quotation with immeasurable contempt. "Ain't they no books fer men?"

I argued the need of a simple beginning, and he conceded the point, though still disgusted—profanely, now—with the first primer's childishness. It was the newspaper which interested him. That was indeed his high ambition.

"It ain't the same kind of readin'," he made shift to explain the difficulties which beset him. "Some of the words are furrin', I take it. And Brant, he can't—" There he caught himself up.

He had been about to divulge a secret which I already knew. Brant could neither read nor write.

"O' course Brant gits to hear most everything that's going on," he took a safer tack, "and what I don't quite git the drift of he explains to me. But gittin' my information second-hand don't

was say

please n  
git the

I sug

Monda

"Me

beginni

But

soundi

"Per

over,"

and hi

Ground

It se

of him.

nostril

"Br

Sunday

But I

"I'll

And

ing les

asham

three

We

The

term,

ment

Sabbat

however



*was saying to his brother. "An' I been prayin' He'd send you back just a man!"*

please me. I aim to git where I kin solve it out fer myself, when I git the time."

I suggested that there was no time like the present, the coming Monday, for instance.

"Me and Brant was figurin' on bull-tonguing the lower forty, beginnin' Monday."

But it was beyond his power even to keep his great desire from sounding in his voice.

"Perhaps if I were to drive over tomorrow we could talk it over," I persisted. "I—I've two or three books on Daniel Boone and his adventures with the Indians in the Dark and Bloody Ground."

It seemed at the moment that I was taking an unfair advantage of him. At the mention of Indians his eagle face went up and his nostrils fairly quivered.

"Brant did say that he might git to go troutin' with me, come Sunday," he temporized, "if the clouds didn't burn off too clear. But I don't know—mebby if you haven't nothing else pressin'—if we don't go we kin sit and argue."

"I'll be there," I promised, "some time after dinner."

And that promise obviously relieved him. He had been worrying lest he might have to offer the hospitality of their table, ashamed of the hospitality he had to offer. They lived alone, three miles north of town, the two Dennison boys.

We shook hands and I bade him good night.

The next Monday morning, the day of the opening of our fall term, Tad Dennison came to school, though after what arrangement with Brant, and what hard words, I was unable during my Sabbath visit even to guess. That there had been hard words, however, was self-evident in the set of the boy's rather grim lips as

he welcomed me briefly and tied my horse. I was prepared for some unpleasant antagonism on the part of the elder brother. He was not to be seen. I asked for him.

"He's restin' up," said Tad. "But—but he allows I kin try it, if—if I don't figure it's nothing but a shiftless waste of time."

"Ah!" I exclaimed in one of my dullest moments. "Was the fishing trip quite a success?"

It was a thoroughly stupid question. The boy colored. And immediately I surmised that it wasn't the first time that Brant had promised to take him troutin' "come Sunday," nor the first time he had steeled himself against disappointment. Brant was never in any state to go fishing Sunday mornings.

"It—it wa'n't much of a day fer fishin', anyhow," he faltered lamely.

We spoke immediately of other things, and I left him with an admonition to be on hand at nine sharp the next morning.

"Tardiness, except in special cases, is unpardonable," I told him.

Bravely he smiled. "I callate to make it," he said, laconic and dry.

And so, the next day, Tad came to school—but there is a better way to tell of that first day.

I drove back home Sunday afternoon with the mutter of thunder in my ears, and an impression of the boy's baffling loyalty to his brother so vivid a thing that it occupied all my thoughts. Else I would have realized that it was no ordinary storm brooding over Graytop Mountain. Anyhow, at three the next morning, when that storm broke and I rose to fight the windows shut against a living gale, I did recognize that, willy-nilly, the opening of the fall term of the district school of Grayson's Gap had been set back a full day.

For it is our custom not to attempt a session on days when such storms pound the hills. Not that our younger generation is less hardy than that of other sections, but because our country is visited by storms of peculiar ferocity. Travel in the outlying ways becomes at such times a matter of extreme difficulty fraught with more than a little of actual risk.

Bent to the hurricane, buffeted, drenched and chilled by the sheeted rain that lanced down from hidden peaks, I was glad myself to crouch for a time in the shelter of an ell and pull myself together when finally I reached the schoolhouse.

The road ran brimming from ditch to ditch. Trees leaped and twisted and moaned. And hurtling branches made the flesh cringe and dodge, even while the spirit gloried in so much splendid violence. The temperature dropped like a shot-smitten bird. Inside the building with stiffened fingers I laid a fire in the air-tight stove. And I was standing to it, grateful for the heat, when the door whipped open behind me. At the crash, I turned. And there stood Tad on the threshold.

The wind had torn the very breath from his lips. Weakness of the knees and a sort of giddiness assailed him, now that the pressure of the gale had given way so

(Continued on page 116)

By J. S. Fletcher

Illustrations by  
Forrest C. Crooks



# The \$150,000.00 Necklace

WHEN Bickmore, who dealt in antique furniture, old pictures, and the like at a gloomy old shop in the High Market at Norcaster, set out one morning to attend the sale by auction of the effects of a resident of the town who had recently died, he had no idea that any romance or sensational development would result from whatever he might do that day. Neither was foreign to his trade; in his time he had known both. More than once romance had sprung from his acquisition of some ancient cabinet; now and then the clue to a crime had been found in a bit of furniture casually purchased and set aside to be examined at leisure.

But these events and developments were rare; they were accidents. And nobody expects accidents, and Bickmore expected nothing more that morning than that he was going to buy, or might be going to buy, two or three, or four or five, lots of the old stuff which Mr. Septimus Walkinshaw had left behind him on departing this life.

The late Mr. Walkinshaw, in his time, had been a well-to-do chartered accountant in the town, a man of considerable means. But he was also known as an antiquary, and as an occasional collector who knew good things when he saw them. In the preliminary stages of the auction, Bickmore bought two or three such things, but he was never really interested until there was put up an old bureau of great age whereat he himself had seen its late owner writing.

92

It was a beautiful bit of work, in excellent preservation; oddly enough, there was no great competition for it, and Bickmore acquired it for fifty guineas, and later in the day had it transferred to his warehouse with his other purchases. For the rest of that afternoon and evening, however, being otherwise busied, he gave no more thought to it. And he was not even thinking about it next morning when, soon after Norcaster had awakened to another day's business, into his shop came bustling the auctioneer under whose hammer the bureau had fallen, and who now carried in his hand the buff envelop of a telegram.

"Morning, Bickmore!" said the auctioneer, who knew and was on familiar terms with every tradesman in the town. "Fine morning. Look here—this came while I was at breakfast. Here—read it for yourself. It concerns you more than me as it's a day too late."

Bickmore took the telegram and read:

To Strymer, Auctioneer, Norcaster, England.

Just heard of Walkinshaw's sale. Buy in for me old bureau that stood in his library. Go to any price.

Duchess of Norcaster

Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo

"Of course  
silently ha  
what you  
gave, eh, I  
But Bi

after a lo  
wondering  
see—the f

"Oh, co  
you can't

But Bi  
present, a  
can't do a

"Come  
and fifty;

"No," I  
Stryme

At the en



**B**ickmore showed no sign of having seen his visitor's eyes go straight to the secret drawer of the bureau.

"Of course you'll sell," remarked Strymer, as Bickmore silently handed back the flimsy scrap of paper. "If you'll say what you want, I'll wire at once to her Grace. Fifty guineas you gave, eh, Bickmore? Well—what's your price for your bargain?"

But Bickmore was rubbing his chin. "Um!" he answered, after a long pause, during which Strymer began to look at him wonderingly. "Afraid I can't say, Mr. Strymer, just now. You see—the fact is, I've a customer in view."

"Oh, come!" expostulated the auctioneer. "Her Grace, now, you can't refuse her! And look at your chance."

But Bickmore shook his head. "No!" he said. "Not at present, anyway. The—the other party has an option on it. I can't do anything this morning, Mr. Strymer."

"Come—come!" urged Strymer. "Look here—say a hundred and fifty; she'll go to that. And that's a hundred clear profit."

"No," replied Bickmore. "Sorry—but I can't do it."

Strymer tried five minutes' more coaxing, but it was useless. At the end of his fruitless endeavors he went away, grumbling,

*A*  
*Story of a*  
*Man*  
*Who Found*  
*Out*  
*MORE*  
*than he*  
*was*  
*SUPPOSED*  
*TO*  
*KNOW*

and Bickmore rubbed his chin still more as he watched him go. And when he had fairly gone, Bickmore asked himself a question in plain words: Why did the Duchess of Norcaster, who was certainly not a collector and didn't know a bit of Sheraton from the product of a local cabinetmaker, want Walkinshaw's bureau—want it so much that she was willing to pay any price for it? Why?

The more Bickmore put this question to himself, the more he failed to find any likely answer to it. He knew the Duchess, everybody knew her, as the wife of one of the great local magnates. She was still on the right side of forty; she was good-looking; she was popular. She came of an old sporting family, and if she was not on the race-course, or at a coursing meeting, or a puppy-walking show, or at something else connected with dogs and horses, she was at Deauville or at Monte Carlo—as in the present instance—or if at home, at the bridge-table. Sport, cards, games of chance—that was the Duchess. She came of a race of hard-living, hard-riding, hard-drinking country squires, and she had been a bit of a hoyden before the Duke married her and transformed her into a duchess. But then, reflected Bickmore, everybody in the neighborhood knew that the Duke was about as big an ass as they made 'em, and that his spouse did pretty much as she liked. And after all, the present question was—why did she want that bureau, and at any price?

When Bickmore had eaten his midday dinner that day he went back to his place of business and locked himself in the room in which the Walkinshaw bureau had been temporarily stored. For he had a conviction, which had first arisen in his mind when Strymer handed him the Duchess's telegram and had grown stronger ever since. That conviction was that somewhere in old Walkinshaw's bureau there was a secret receptacle, and that there was deposited within it something which the Duchess of Norcaster was extremely anxious to recover.

It took Bickmore, for all his knowledge of old furniture and the ways of its ingenious makers, the better part of an hour to find what he felt certain, all along, was there. But in the end he came suddenly on what he wanted—a small secret drawer, most cunningly contrived. The cleverness of its contrivance was all the more remarkable because, once you knew the secret, it was as easy to bring that drawer to light as it was to open any of the other drawers and compartments about which there was no secret. But there it was—a small, coffin-shaped receptacle, about half the dimensions of a half-size cigar box. And in it lay an oblong



**C**old, plain truth, your Grace! Fact. Unpleasant fact!" Bickmore said icily to the Duchess. "What—what do you want?" she asked.

parcel, done up in soft tissue-paper, and carelessly tied about with a bit of very ordinary string.

It was characteristic of Bickmore that instead of cutting the string with his pen-knife he carefully and slowly untied the double knot which secured it; characteristic, too, that he laid the string aside with as much care as if it had been gold cord. It was with similar care that he took off the tissue-paper—to reveal an inner wrapping of soft white leather. When that had been unrolled, Bickmore found himself staring at a magnificent diamond necklace—and at a folded half-sheet of note-paper.

Bickmore gave his first attention to the half-sheet of note-paper. When he had unfolded it, he saw that a couple of lines

of writing ran across it—the stiff, crabbed writing of old Walkinshaw, every letter perfectly formed, every *t* crossed and every *i* dotted. This is what he read:

Received from Mr. Septimus Walkinshaw as a loan the sum of five thousand pounds.

Underneath that in a dashing feminine signature:

Mirabelle Norcaster

Bickmore began to understand things. The Duchess of Norcaster had borrowed five thousand pounds from Mr. Walkinshaw and had deposited with him as security a diamond necklace. But what interested Bickmore was a question which immediately

sprang into his mind—was this the necklace which formed a part of the famous Norcaster diamonds?

Everybody had heard of the Norcaster diamonds—they were an heirloom in the family, going with title and estate. And of course there was local tradition about them; it was commonly believed that they were kept in a sealed box in the strong room of some London bank, and were never taken out except to be worn by the Duchess of the time being at some unusually great event.

All right, thought Bickmore, but it was his belief, from an inspection of the stones and their setting, that this was *the* necklace. And it was very evident that the Duchess had raised five thousand pounds on it from Mr. Walkinshaw, and had seen him place it and her receipt for his money in that secret drawer—a good reason why she wanted to buy the bureau. In fact, Bickmore now believed that he saw through the whole thing. The transaction had been an absolutely secret one, between Walkinshaw and the Duchess. Soon after it had taken place, Walkinshaw had died, very suddenly; the sale of his effects had soon followed: the Duchess wanted to get hold of the bureau in order that she might repossess herself of her diamonds without repaying the loan to Walkinshaw's residuary legatee. And who was he? Bickmore did not know—he had an idea, however, that the old man had left all his money to the local charities. That was a detail—the thing to be done at present was . . .

What Bickmore did was to do up the parcel again, replace it in the secret drawer, and have the bureau transferred to a private room, the key of which he put in his pocket. That done he asked himself a question: How soon would he see the Duchess?

**B**ICKMORE knew the Duchess would come. She was sure to come. He felt certain that if Strymer had telegraphed to her that he had been unable to secure the bureau, as he probably had, she would hurry home from Monte Carlo as fast as she could travel. Very good—but before he was honored with her Grace's visit, he, Bickmore, was going to know something.

Before Bickmore progressed in his pursuit of knowledge, Strymer appeared again—next day. Once more he carried a telegram in his hand. And in his eye there was the expression of a man who feels that though he has been repulsed once, he will certainly not be baffled twice.

"Hullo, Bickmore!" he exclaimed unceremoniously. "That bureau, now. Here's another wire from the Duchess. Of course I wired to her yesterday, after seeing you. Here's her reply. See?"

Bickmore, with no show of interest, took the paper which Strymer shoved into his hand, and read what was written thereon.

See Bickmore at once. Give any price he likes. Must have it.

"Of course you'll sell after that?" said Strymer. "Come now, what's the figure?"

Bickmore handed back the telegram and turned to what he had been doing when the auctioneer came in. "Can't name any figure, Mr. Strymer," he replied calmly. "I told you yesterday—somebody else has an option on it."

"Just so—but can't you get rid of him or her, or whoever it is?" persisted Strymer. "I reckon you'll not get out of him or her what you'll get out of the Duchess. Look here now, name your price and I'll go so far as to settle here and now. Can't say fairer than that, Bickmore, can I? Come!"

"No!" answered Bickmore. "Business is business. I'm not in a position to treat. All I've got to say is—if, when the Duchess comes home, I still have the bureau to sell, she shall have the first refusal. Can't do more."

Strymer looked at him wonderingly. Then he looked at the telegram; then again at Bickmore.

"Hanged if I understand this job!" he exclaimed. "What is there that's particularly fetching about the thing? Fifty guineas didn't you give, eh? And you mean to tell me that whoever it is that's got an option on the bureau will, or may, give you so much that you think it worth while to refuse my offer on her Grace's behalf? Come now, Bickmore—write you a check just now—if we agree on a price."

"Can't do it," said Bickmore. "Said all I've got to say. And what's the hurry? The Duchess'll be coming home!"

He repeated those last words for his own benefit when Strymer had gone, and with a chuckle. He felt, personally, that the Duchess would come home hotfoot when Strymer reported his second failure. Well—he had something to do before the Duchess appeared on the scene, and as a first step towards doing it, he presently went across to the post-office and dispatched a telegram. That telegram was to a man whom he knew in London—a man who had extensive dealings in precious stones, and was of great repute as an expert in everything connected with

them. Bickmore had had business transactions with him on various occasions, and knew that he could trust him. And when, in response to the telegram, the man turned up in Norcaster that evening, Bickmore took him home to his private house, gave him a good dinner, and later, when they were alone with their cigars and their glasses, suddenly produced the diamond necklace from his pocket, and handing it to his guest asked him what he thought of it.

The expert let the necklace slide through his fingers—lovingly. He made a soft purring sound as if he had been caressing something for which he had a sentimental affection. But suddenly he rose smartly from his chair, crossed over to a point immediately beneath an electric light, and looked closer, and still closer, at the object of their consideration. And with equal suddenness he turned on his host, and taking his cigar from his lips with one hand, waved the necklace at him with the other and snapped out a word with all the force of an infallible pronouncement. "Paste!"

Bickmore's face remained as immovable as that of a marble bust which looked down on him and his guest from a bracket in the corner. He nodded over the rim of his glass, which he was just then raising to his lips.

"Paste, eh?" he remarked indifferently. "I shouldn't wonder! But—you're certain?"

The guest, who was a bluff and hearty sort of person, laughed richly, threw the necklace on the table and picking up his own glass took a pull at its contents. "As ever they make 'em, my boy!" he answered fervently. "Stake my professional reputation on it—and that's no small one, as I believe you're aware, my boy. Oh, yes—paste! Bee-u-tiful work, my boy—I've a pretty good idea whose work, too."

"Whose, then?" demanded Bickmore.

"Parisian, my boy—excellent work done there in the imitation gem line. I should say—of course, I may be wrong—but I should say, if I were asked, as you ask me, my boy, it was done by Legros and Folgue. Of course it's a very fine, beautiful, perfectly executed replica of some famous necklace—I dare say I could trace what necklace if necessary. But—a replica. Not an original. Not diamonds. No, my boy—paste!"

"What's a thing like that worth—as paste?" inquired Bickmore.

"Well, my boy, it depends. It's the workmanship, d'you see? And that's a lovely bit of work—oh, lovely! A few hundreds of pounds, my boy—couldn't say what the little bill may have been to within a hundred or two."

"And the original?" suggested Bickmore. "What about its worth?"

The expert's round face grew grave. He waved his cigar. "Ah, my boy!" he said, "now you ask me a very serious question—a question of the first magnitude. But I should say, my boy, I should say—always leaving a margin, you know, my boy—that the original of that replica, if the stones are of the first quality, as they probably are, is worth nearer forty than thirty thousand. You might say thirty-five thousand of the best, my boy."

"Very nice figure!" observed Bickmore dryly. "And you haven't the slightest hesitation in saying that this is—paste?"

"Oh, not the slightest, my boy!" affirmed the expert with a laugh of amused assurance. "Not the very slightest!"

"Then oblige me by sitting down at that desk and writing out a certificate to that effect," said Bickmore. "I want it!"

**N**EXT morning Bickmore replaced the necklace in the secret drawer of the bureau, but the little parcel of soft leather and tissue-paper in which it was enclosed now contained another document in addition to the receipt—the expert's certificate. That done, Bickmore locked up the bureau and the room in which he had stored it and went on with his usual avocations. This, he was well aware, was the waiting stage. And he was the sort of man who will wait patiently.

But one day he knew that he would not have to wait long. Turning over the morning paper at his club, his eye caught the Duchess of Norcaster's name in the fashionable intelligence of the *Morning Post*. Her Grace had just returned from the Riviera to her town house in London.

Bickmore smiled—and from that moment began to expect the Duchess at any instant.

Many instants went by, however, and many moments, and many hours, and several days, and no Duchess appeared. Bickmore kept his ears open at that center of local gossip, the club, but he heard nothing of her arrival then. Yet one thing of interest he did hear, and that was that it had got out somehow that her Grace had fallen upon great good luck at the tables at Monte Carlo.

That made Bickmore all the more (Continued on page 110)



# The Black

**Only Anne and David knew the spirit bands of Fontbleau the miller were at work about the place he had loved.**

FOR a week David remained at the Seigneurie St. Denis, and in that time no word came from Quebec and no intimation or sign that Nancy Lothinière was on her way to the Richelieu. For each day that ended free of the two things he dreaded, the story of his whipping and Nancy's arrival, he gave thanks at night; and because he knew that even his mother would plead Anne's case, and point out lovingly all the folly of his own, he kept his secret—except that he told it to Peter one afternoon when they were alone in Peter's room in the lower seigneurie.

The same months that had dealt so heavily with himself had also changed Peter. The forest glow was in his face, a new light lay in his eyes, his lethargy and plumpness were gone, and his muscles were hard and grown swift to act. "Ten hours a day in the fields and forest, and half my nights spent beside camp-fires with the frozen ground for a bed, have partly done the work—

but mostly it is Nancy," he explained to David. "And now I pray God that Fort Duquesne and whatever may lie between will make me worthy of her when I return."

This was before the night when David showed him his back and told the story of the whipping-cart, and of Comrade, the dog. Then, to David's amazement, Peter unlocked a letter which had come from Quebec by a swift messenger, and which Nancy had written and dispatched even before the hour of his torture and banishment from the town. "I am planning to come to the Richelieu with him," Nancy had written, after she had told him about David and Anne. "And before I come I would like to kill this monster Bigot."

Peter had already worn out his fury, and was now so coldly calm and placid over the matter that David found him a pillar of strength and not a tribulation. "We are brothers—here," he said, and placed a hand over his heart. "We both have lost,

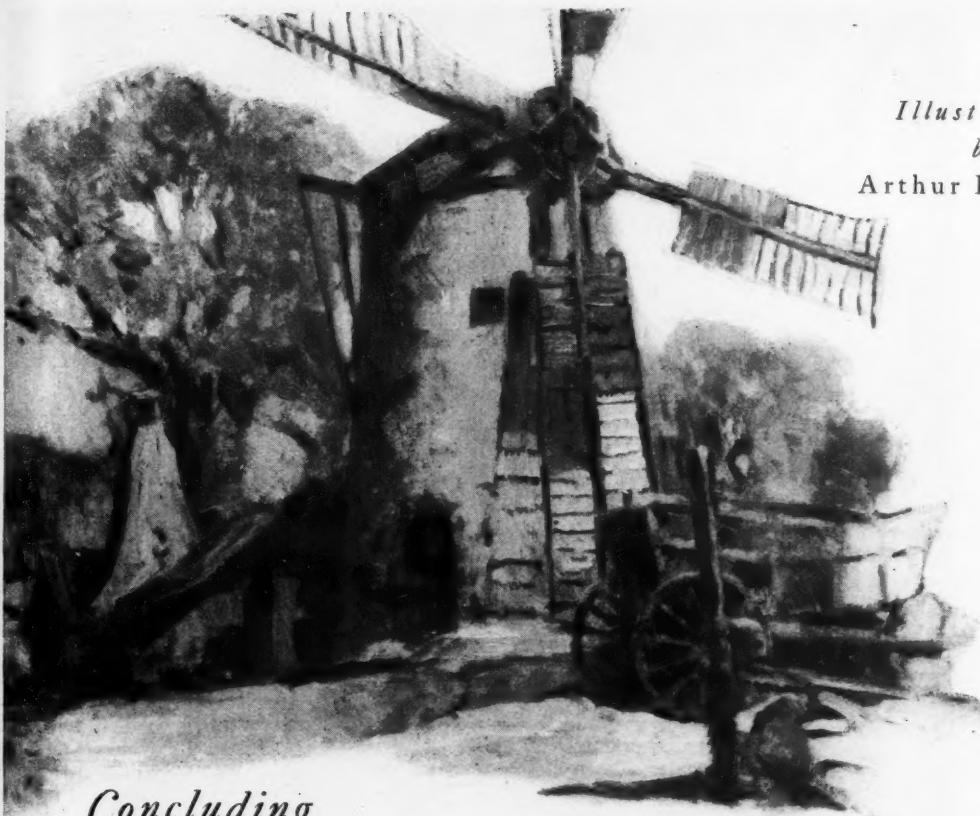
and we  
Quebec  
want to  
harden  
When I  
experi  
you wi  
Manor.

"Such  
between

Before  
the Bla  
to the Bl  
behind  
again.  
his hea  
"Somet

That  
there w  
New Fr  
and Ma  
should

\*Gener  
as the Bla  
of his arm  
that missi



Illustrations  
by  
Arthur E. Becher

*Concluding*

# James Oliver Curwood's Romance of Old Quebec Hunter

and we both are going to win. I am glad you ran away from Quebec, so that Nancy could not come with you, for I do not want to see her until I have passed through a test greater than the hardening of a few muscles and the training of a score of men. When I face her again I want it to be with a strength born of experience and not alone of dreams; and when that hour comes you will find the old Anne waiting for you here at Grondin Manor."

"Such a thing can never be," replied David coldly. "The gulf between us has grown too wide."

Before this David had learned all that was to be known about the Black Hunter. Twice in the last five months he had come to the Richelieu. But now he was gone, and had left no word behind except that it would be a long time before he returned again. "And he went away in black—black from the crown of his head to the toes of his boots," his mother confided in him. "Something was in his heart of which he said no word to me."\*

That David was to go with Peter was very soon settled, for there was no excuse now by which even a mother could hold him. New France was about to begin the desperate fight for its life and Marie Rock herself would have gone with a rifle over her shoulder if she had been a man.

\*General Braddock reported that late in June, 1755, an "uncouth personage" known as the Black Hunter had appeared before him to warn him of an "impossible massacre" of his army in the wilderness. Peter Joel, foreseeing the tragedy, was probably on that mission of humanity when David arrived at Grondin Manor.

The few days still necessary for Peter and his men to make their final preparations were ones of grief-filled memories and bitter reflections for David. He terribly missed Peter Joel, for it was the Black Hunter's calm strength and fatherly comradeship he needed, and if there had been one chance out of many of finding him in the trackless wilderness he would have set out alone on the quest.

Not an hour passed that he did not find himself in some spot hallowed by the presence of Anne; her spirit was with him wherever he moved—on the trails they had traveled together in the golden glow of sunsets; on secret paths which only their own feet had made; in the frozen opens where flowers had grown, in the deep woods and on the naked hills. Ghosts rose up about him and filled his heart with strange sickness, and he stood one day where he had told Anne the story of the powder-horn, and where she had forever plighted him her troth, and he felt no shame because of the sob which rose to his lips.

And now he found that the love which he had so bitterly tried to destroy had only covered itself with ash, and that he must carry the smoldering fire of it within him forever. Never would it die, the memories, the sweet voice whispering and laughing and promising him out of the past; visions of childhood loveliness all his own for a time, and now dead, just as Anne must remain dead for him. For even to Peter he did not reveal the fatal depth of his hurt, or the poison that had made a horrible

scar of the wound. For what Bigot had possessed he could not and would never take again as his own, and of that one thing his bitterness had made him certain—that Anne, if for only a little while, had forgotten her love for him that she might give her favor to the Intendant of New France.

It was the eighth of April when David and Peter marched away with their twenty men to the beginning of a great war. And it was little old Fontbleu the miller, gripping his hand in parting, who made prediction once more.

"I've seen something in your face which you haven't put in words, lad. But you'll be coming back soon, an' when you do something tells my old bones the mill-wheel will be singing fairer than ever in the wind, an' Grondin Manor will hold a message for you which will last long after I'm dead an' turned to dust. Yea, lad, dreams tell strange truths, an' I've been dreaming of late with my eyes no tighter shut than your own are now."

It was Kill-Buck who gave up for a time his charge of David's mother to guide these free rangers of Peter's down into the land of his fathers, and the old Indian with his stoical and uncommunicative love for the boy he had watched and guarded from babyhood was a consolation to David. And next to him, even before Peter, for some strange reason came Carbanac. These two had lived tragedies so much greater than his own that at times he felt shame creeping over him when he saw their strong, heroic faces in the glow

of the forest camp-fires.

As day by day the little war-party drew nearer to the country of their enemies David watched these two with increasing interest, and what he saw in Kill-Buck's face—a book which many years of intimacy had made it possible for him to read—added steadily to the strange, wild thrill which was beginning to possess him. This wine in his blood was the knowledge that for the first time in his life he was on that most thrilling of all blood-stirring hunts, the quest for men to kill. And at last, with an almost dramatic shock, Kill-Buck drove this fact home.



Again that cry came to him—"David!" He was like the Black Hunter now. He

He disappeared one evening and David did not see him again until dawn. And then he was a new Kill-Buck. The head on which he had allowed his hair to grow during many years of peace was cleanly shaven except for the scalp-lock which he had left with an Indian's courage and honor for the enemy who might vanquish him. In this war-lock were three eagle's feathers dyed red and a string of wampum. His face was lined with streaks of vermillion, white, and yellow, like gashes made by a knife, laid on with the help of a little tallow, and in the center of each cheek was a round black spot made from the scrapings of a pot. In his ears were rings of copper wire, and wampum collars swathed his neck. His shirt was daubed with vermillion, and a large

fought

knife w

strange

This

sinister

Late

the

strange

eyes.

bedecke

They w

In th

the crac

itself sw



sought as no living eyes along the Richelieu had ever seen a man fight before.

knife which David had never seen hung on his breast. And in a strange belt which engirdled his waist was a bleeding scalp.

This scalp dangling at Kill-Buck's belt filled the day with a sinister quiet. It needed no questioning to know its story. Late the preceding afternoon the Delaware had pointed out a strange trail crossing their own, undetected by the white men's eyes. During the night he had followed and killed, and had bedecked himself with his spoils. It was a Mohawk scalp. They were in the land of their enemies.

In these days and nights when every hour he expected to hear the crack of rifles and the yell of attacking savages life measured itself swiftly for David. What had happened in Quebec seemed

a long time ago. Anne faded out of his dreams in time of restless sleep, and hatred and bitterness died out of him.

Only a master like Kill-Buck could have found the way through the Mohawk country without paying deadly toll to their enemies. Three times in as many days they crossed the trails of war parties, and always with these bands the old Delaware pointed out the presence of white men. Twice they saw the smoke of Mohawk camp-fires, and twice David looked from ambush on the warriors of their enemy, while at his side Kill-Buck's breath came swift and fast in his desire to fling anathema and defiance into the teeth of the forest scourge who had destroyed his race. But Peter, and back of him the rangers, held Kill-Buck in leash. Always the thought was to reach Fort Duquesne.

Through the edge of the Mohawk country, guarded by the warriors of its northern castle, Kill-Buck stole his way to the beginning of the twisting French frontier that ran in jagged lines down to Louisiana. David had felt death; now he saw it. They came one day upon the charred remains of what a week before had been a group of pioneer cabins. Here had been a show of strength, a concentration of human souls strong in their conviction of safety with French domain about them and a French fort scarcely twenty miles away. There were five men dead, with their heads scalped clean. Three women lay on the frozen ground with their faces to the earth, and a sickness came over David as he looked at them and thought of Vaudreuil with his woman's hair.

It was dusk when they chopped shallow holes in the thawing ground for graves, and that night through long and sleepless hours David thought again of Grondin Manor, and of Anne and his mother, and of the Black Hunter's prediction that this same scourge of death would one day sweep the Richelieu.

The next day they came to what had been the fort and found it a mass of ruins, and there were mounds in the soil which showed that white men had been here with their Indian allies.

Then Kill-Buck headed west in a great detour, for he counted that a hundred enemy rifles had been in this assault, and so recently that from deep down in the débris of the fort he dug out ash still warm with the warmth of fire.

Spring came now in its fullest glory. By the sixth of May the open meadows and sun-filled hardwoods were carpeted with flowers. Everywhere, it

seemed to David, were the auguries of friendliness and peace. If his own eyes had not seen the desolation of fire and massacre he would have doubted that a hell lay ahead and all through this world. He was beginning to doubt when like a shock came Fort Duquesne.\*

It was the afternoon of the fourth of June and Braddock was already well on his way to the Monongahela with 800 horses and a host of 2200 men. To Contrecoeur, in command at Fort Duquesne, had been steadily dribbling in the savage forces of New France to meet the British invasion, and in the hands of his captains, Beaujeu, Dumas and Ligneris, (Continued on page 208)

\*Where the city of Pittsburgh now stands.

# A Laugh from London

By  
Denis  
MacKail

**I**N PRIVATE life the place was a drill-hall and the property of a territorial regiment. Its floor was of concrete, its roof was of steel and glass, and above the pitch-pine dado which ran round the walls the plaster was stained to a dismal and repulsive shade of pink. A powerful smell of disinfectant was the first thing that flew out at you as you passed in through the doorway, and while you were still staggering under the shock, a sound as of souls in torment, a vast, uncontrollable yelping, yapping, barking, baying and growling, a discordant and raucous protest from innumerable hoarse throats, smote your ear-drums with deafening force and from all sides at once. In short, the territorial drill-hall had been let for forty-eight hours to the Metropolitan Kennel Club for their annual open meeting, and, as usual, the exhibits would much rather that it hadn't.

There they stood, sat or lay in long rows of wooden pens, raised on trestles to a height convenient for the witnesses of their public shame, and there, as I began wandering up the nearest aisle, they continued to give tongue. In many cases white-coated attendants were brushing their charges' coats or combing their tails and ears, but soothing as the charges might have found this in the privacy of their own homes, their nerves were in no state to put up with it now.

One huge creature with dark brown hair and red-rimmed, sunken eyes actually chose the moment of my approach to wrench a large mouthful from his valet's sleeve.

I stopped, wondering how the valet would retaliate; but to my surprise, and also to my slight embarrassment, he took this natural interest as an encouragement to conversation.

"There you are, sir," he said, extending the tattered sleeve for my inspection, and speaking with great pride. "There's teeth for you."

"Quite," I said.

"All done in play," added the attendant. "Just a little game of his. He knows me, you see."

This time I wondered what the brown dog would do if he didn't know one, and—as though reading my thoughts—his friend proceeded to inform me.

"Now, supposing I'd been a burglar, sir," he went on, "or a suspicious character, then you *would* have seen something. He wouldn't have let go so quickly then."

"No?" I said.

"No," echoed the attendant. "He'd have held on all right then, he would. And if I was to try to struggle or escape—well, look at these."

And here, with a boldness that filled me with admiration and alarm, he seized the brown dog's head and drew back his lips so that I could observe the strength, size and extreme sharpness of his teeth.

"Look at them," he repeated gloatingly. "Put him on the scent and he'd follow you for miles; and when he got you—'" He snapped his own jaws to indicate what would happen when the brown dog discovered its prey, and then, suddenly changing

# A Girl in

Illustration by



his tone to a confidential murmur, he added: "And to you, sir, I say forty guineas."

I shook my head firmly. I hadn't come here to buy this or any other kind of dog. But by this time, as you may imagine, the free entertainment provided by our discourse had drawn a knot of visitors all round us, and until they chose to make way I was at the salesman's mercy.

"Look here, sir," he proceeded, growing huskier and more friendly every moment. "Say thirty-five, then. A dog like that is better than any insurance, and if you've got any children, why, they can do anything they like with him."

"I'm sorry," I began obstinately, "but—"

"It's a gift, sir," interrupted the man in the white coat. "Why, I sold his brother for sixty pounds only last week."

"Yes, but—"

"The last of the litter, sir. You won't get another chance like this. And you could have him round tomorrow morning."

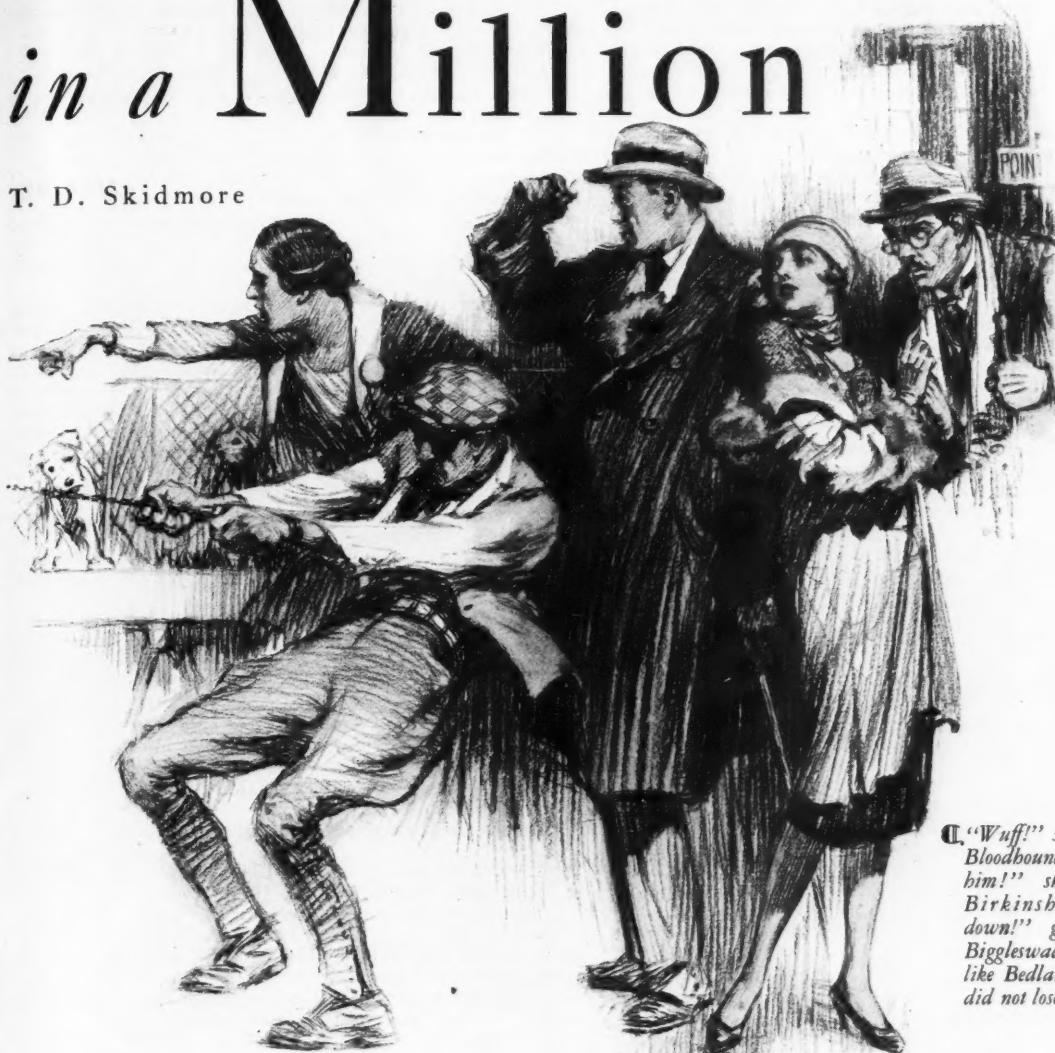
What made it all so much more annoying was my feeling that the crowd of silent, oafish spectators who were clustering closer and closer about us were in some way on the salesman's side; that they *wanted* to see me paying more than I could afford for an animal which I didn't need, and whose ownership could lead to nothing but trouble. Wasn't it just my luck that a quiet, harmless visit to a dog show should land me in a scene like this, and before all these insufferable idlers? I turned my head to shoot a furtive and mutinous glance at my imaginary enemies, and as I did so, one of them—a young man with a pink face and a particularly cheerful tie—smote me violently on the arm.

"Hullo-ullo!" he cried. "Well, isn't this splendid! I say, are you buying that bloodhound?"

"I hope not," I explained. "But—"

# in a Million

T. D. Skidmore



“Wuff!” said Bob the Bloodbound. “Search him!” shouted Miss Birkshaw. “Get down!” gasped Lord Biggleswade. It was like Bedlam; but Sally did not lose her head.

It was enough. No one, on occasion, can be quicker at sizing up a situation than my friend Hugo Peak.

“I thought so,” he said. And thrusting his arm through mine, he set off with such speed and impetus that the crowd were swept from our path like chaff before the wind. I prayed devoutly that one if not all of them might find themselves taking my place as the victim of that indefatigable kennelman, but I knew a great deal better than to look back. Not until we had reached the extreme end of the aisle did we pause for breath or speech, and then it was my companion who got in first.

“I guessed what was up,” he informed me, “as soon as I spotted you. That fellow’s a terror, isn’t he?”

“Which?” I asked. “The man or the dog?”

“Well, both,” said Hugo Peak. “But at the moment I was thinking of the man. You know he played us the same trick on me this morning. Or at least, he tried to.”

“This morning?” I repeated, looking and feeling rather puzzled. “Are you spending the day here, then?”

Young Mr. Peak glanced over his shoulder as though to make certain that we were not being overheard—a useless precaution considering the general uproar that surrounded us—and then he nodded his head.

“Yes,” he said.

I was more puzzled than ever.

“But you’re not exhibiting, are you?” I asked. “I mean to say, I’d no idea—”

“No, no; of course not,” he said. “How’d a fellow breed prize dogs in a flat?”

This was exactly my point, but it didn’t seem to get us much further. I was aware, of course, of the main interest in my young friend’s life. I knew all about his secret engagement to his cousin

Sally, and his superhuman efforts to gain the favor of her distinguished father by writing for the press. But

what I totally failed to perceive was any connection between a day spent in this stuffy drill-hall and the newspaper article which, as I still hoped, would eventually bring Lord Biggleswade to terms. Unless— And here I had a sudden idea.

“You’re not writing about this show for anybody, are you?” I asked.

My companion seemed to hesitate. “Well,” he answered uncertainly, “yes; and then again—if you see what I mean—no.”

“I don’t,” I said encouragingly. And the story began to trickle out.

“It’s rather like this, you see,” said Hugo Peak. “Do you remember my telling you about a fellow called Bridges? Walter Bridges?”

“Bridges,” I said slowly. And then it all came back to me. “Do you mean the reporter from the Courier that you drove back from Dover with a rug tied over his head?”

“That’s the lad,” said young Mr. Peak. “Well, I met him again the other day. In the street.”

“Any awkwardness?” I asked.

“I admit I was prepared for it,” said young Mr. Peak. “In fact, if the traffic hadn’t been so thick, I should undoubtedly have crossed the road. But, to my surprise and pleasure, he was as decent as anything. Offered me a drink before you could say ‘knife.’”

“And you accepted?”

“You mean it might have been poisoned? Well, that did occur to me—just for a second—but honestly, he was so jolly

friendly that I felt he must mean it. And it wasn't long before I found out why. It seems that the very night he walked out of the Courier office he walked into the Morning Sun, and they offered him an extra five guineas a week right away. And the consequence was that far from bearing me any malice, he looked on me as a kind of mascot. We got as matey as anything, and—well, the long and short of it was that I gave him a sort of rough outline of my difficulties with old Biggles."

We still seemed to be some way from the annual meeting of the Metropolitan Kennel Club, but the story was certainly moving. I nodded sympathetically, and Hugo Peak proceeded.

"Of course," he said, "I didn't mention anything about Sally, because that's entirely my own affair. But I did manage to convey to this fellow Bridges that it would help me enormously—and also irritate his late employer—if I could only get a few lines into print, and get paid for them. I think it was the notion of annoying old Biggles that really warmed him up. Anyway, he said he didn't see why he shouldn't lend a hand."

"Good egg!" I said. "Do you really mean it?"

"Sure thing," he said. "Come back with me to the office."

"So off we went—almost arm-in-arm by this time—and I waited in his little room while he went off to interview the big-wigs and pundits. I can tell you I was right up in the air by now, and when he came back and said he'd fixed it, I could have burst into song—only I decided not to. And yet . . ."

**T**HERE was a long pause here, and I risked an interruption. "Has something gone wrong again?" I asked.

"Not exactly wrong," said Hugo Peak. "But it's all so dashed slow: Of course I quite see that even Bridges can't force his people to turn me on as a leader-writer; but still, considering the work I've put in this last week, I do think they might have printed something. But they haven't. And that being the case, they haven't paid me anything either. Bridges says it's just a matter of luck, and in the long run I'm bound to make good. But honestly, old man, they have given me some pretty moldy assignments. I've been to five amateur concerts in the suburbs, and three inquests, and four county courts, and a school prize-giving and a billiard match and a sale of work. I've written them all up in my best handwriting and done my utmost to keep it snappy—which was no joke, considering the subjects—but every day it's the same story. Crowded out by those infernal sub-editors. And I tell you, if it wasn't that Bridges was always so encouraging, I'd think he was letting me down in some way."

The suspicion had already crossed my mind; but I saw no point in adding to young Mr. Peak's anxiety by putting this thought into words. Instead, I asked another question.

"And this dog show?" I inquired. "Is that an assignment too?"

"Yes," said Hugo Peak gloomily. "And yet—you'll hardly believe this, but it's a fact—when I breezed into the secretary's office this morning—that's it behind those screens over there—and told him where I'd come from, he as good as showed me the door. Said he'd arranged for the news-agencies to cover the whole thing, and he'd had quite enough trouble with the Morning Sun last year. It seems they did a comic article about the show, and a lot of the exhibitors took it seriously. They're awfully touchy, you know, these dog people."

The evidence against Mr. Walter Bridges seemed to be gathering weight every moment, but there was still one more point to be cleared up. "But in that case," I asked, "why on earth are you still hanging about in this hall?"

And, to my astonishment, young Peak's face brightened.

"Sally's idea," he explained. "We were dancing last night, and I was telling her about everything, and about coming here today; and she was awfully sympathetic—she's a girl in a million, you know—and she said she'd got a hunch."

"A what?" I asked.

"A hunch. Sally's always having hunches, and nine times out of ten they come out just as she says. She told me she knew this was going to be my lucky day, and that she was certain something was going to happen."

"But what?"

"I don't know," said Hugo Peak. "But supposing anything did happen. Supposing the place caught fire, or one of the boar-hounds killed its keeper, or one of the judges dropped down dead, or somebody stole the challenge cup—well, then, don't tell me the Morning Sun wouldn't print that."

I can hardly describe the fervor with which he reeled off his string of sensational improbabilities, yet in spite of his cousin's presentiment it was difficult to believe that any of them was really likely to come off.

"Well, you may be right," I began doubtfully, "but—"

"Sh!" said Hugo Peak, seizing me at the same moment by the sleeve. "Look! Look over there!"

"Where?"

"Just here. On the edge of the ring. Can't you see him?"

"Who?" I asked, infected by my friend's excitement, but still quite unable to account for it:

"Old Biggles himself," said Hugo Peak, gripping me more fiercely than ever. "What the—good Lord! Sally's with him."

And now I really was thrilled. I had heard so much of Lord Biggleswade's youngest daughter that it seemed out of the question that she should come up to her admirer's description, and I will confess—churlish though it may sound—that I was bracing myself for yet another disappointment where the alleged beauty of a young woman was concerned.

But for once I might have saved myself the trouble of being cynical. The girl who was holding the arm of that fur-coated and top-hatted gentleman with the large, humorless countenance was—as I had so often been told—a girl in a million. At this moment she was smiling at something—and it was such a smile as might have melted the heart of a stone, have drawn tears from the old, sighs from the young, or prayers from the middle-aged. So fresh and innocent was it, so gay, and—as I was shortly to learn—so utterly to be mistrusted.

I hadn't come here to look at beautiful young women, though. Neither was it my intention to attach myself to a family party two-thirds of which were complete strangers to me. My plain duty now was to resume my interrupted inspection of the exhibits, and with this end in view I opened my lips to bid young Mr. Peak farewell. "Well," I began, "I suppose I ought—"

"No, no," he burst in. "For heaven's sake, don't leave me!" He tugged again at my coat-sleeve. "Old Biggles is bound to think it's a put-up job if I'm all by myself. Can't you pretend you're one of my friends? I mean—" And here, realizing apparently that he had not expressed himself as well as he might, he broke off and turned a more brilliant pink than ever. "Look more natural, I mean," he stammered. "Wouldn't it?"

"I'm in your hands," I answered—which, as he had now caught hold of my other sleeve as well, was no less than the truth. "Only I still feel—"

"No, no. Come along and I'll introduce you."

**H**E HUSTLED me over towards his relatives at something between a walk and a run.

"Sally," he said in an urgent undertone. "I say . . ."

The beautiful young woman turned round, greeted him with an absolutely unmistakable wink, and instantly followed this up by a loud cry of surprise.

"Hugo!" she exclaimed. "What an extraordinary thing!" She nudged her noble sire. "Father, just look who's here."

"Eh?" said Lord Biggleswade vaguely. "What?"

"Here's Hugo," said his daughter. "Isn't that extraordinary!"

"Eh?" said his Lordship again. His upper lip, which was as long as his youngest daughter's was short, suddenly became far longer than ever. It was impossible to conceal from oneself that he viewed this unexpected meeting with the utmost suspicion, and it was here that Hugo Peak decided to play what he clearly considered to be his trump-card. In other words, me.

"Wantroduce you," he said, loudly and indistinctly, and at the same time shoving me forward. "Great friend of mine." He muttered my name unintelligibly. "Uncle. Cousin. That's to say—ah—coincidence—what?"

The beautiful young woman threw me a dazzling smile, and I found myself shaking hands with her father.

"I'm afraid I didn't quite catch . . ."

I repeated my name—which always makes me feel a fool—and to my surprise he seemed to recognize it.

"You write? Eh?"

This question—though I know it shouldn't—has precisely the same effect on me as when I have to say my own name.

"Er—yes," I gulped. There was a strong though quite unintentional sound of apology about this reply; but Lord Biggleswade seemed perfectly satisfied with it. He proceeded, just a little too obviously, to put me at my ease.

"A fine profession," he observed.

There seemed no answer to this, and I let it go.

"Yes," he boomed—and I was reminded at once of the time when I had heard him broadcasting—"one of the finest professions there is. I'm always telling Hugo that he ought to go in for it seriously; in fact, I gave him a very good start on one of my papers, but I'm afraid he has no application."

The injustice and inaccuracy of these statements almost took my breath away. Granted, by all means, that my friend Hugo Peak

# How we make such delicious Vegetable Soup!



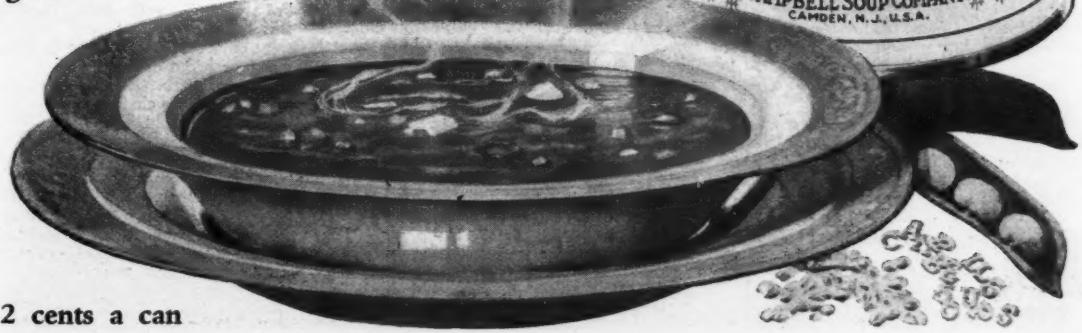
Such wonderful flavor is only produced from the finest ingredients prepared and blended by chefs trained to make good soup.

Every one of the fifteen different vegetables is selected by us with just as much care as is shown by the strictest housewife.

The same high standard of quality is applied by us to the seventeen other ingredients—the beef that yields such invigorating broth, the cereals that are so rich in nutriment, the savory herbs and tempting seasoning.

What a splendid, filling, attractive soup this is as the main dish for supper and luncheon. How much it adds to any dinner! Serve it—today!

32 ingredients



12 cents a can

was credulous and inexperienced, that he had made every kind of idiot of himself in his dogged attempts to do that for which he was completely unfitted; but to take the line, because of this, that he was lacking in application, struck me as a bit too much. Or to pretend, again, that Lord Biggleswade's "very good start" had given its victim one chance in a thousand of making good—no, most certainly not. I was on the very verge, in my natural indignation, of bursting out with a retort which would undoubtedly have put the fat in the fire when my attention was fortunately attracted by a dialog between Hugo and his cousin.

"Hasn't anything happened at all, then?" were the words, spoken by the beautiful cousin, that had saved me from lashing out in her suitor's defense.

"Not a dashed thing," said Hugo Peak. "I can't make it out," said his cousin.

"Why? Do you mean you've still got that hunch?"

"Stronger than ever. I just *know* something's going to happen!"

"Well, I wish it would hurry up," he replied. "I wish—"

And here a sudden pause in the deep rumbling of Lord Biggleswade's voice made me realize that he was asking me some question. I had no notion what it was, but I discovered many years ago an invaluable formula for such crises, and I instantly made use of it. "Well," I said, looking as judicial as I could, "there are two sides to that, aren't there?"

It is astonishing how many questions this formula will fit, and I knew the next moment that it had saved me once more. For his Lordship was looking at me with distinct signs of respect.

"Very true," he said, nodding his huge head. "And yet—well, what *are* the two sides?"

Dash! I had congratulated myself too soon. Was I to risk another inane generalization, or—no. The luck suddenly turned again, for while I still hesitated, we were interrupted.

"Come along, father," said the beauty. "Let's look at some more dogs."

I prepared to sink into the background, but young Mr. Peak was on me at once with another swift grab at my elbow.

"For heaven's sake, don't leave me!" he whispered urgently. "Talk to the old man!"

I might yet have resisted this prayer, but not the appealing glance with which his cousin Sally drove it home. "Please!" she murmured.

I trudged after Lord Biggleswade like molten wax, but it was he, fortunately, who did all the talking. And all the time I was saying to myself: "How the dickens am I going to get out of this? What has Hugo Peak ever done for me that I should take the entire weight of this unspeakable old gentleman off his shoulders?"

And in this manner, with Lord Biggleswade still talking, myself still cursing my own politeness and good nature, and Hugo and his cousin Sally chattering gaily behind us, we drew up before the temporary residence of the Peruvian spaniel. I knew it was a Peruvian spaniel by the notice which was pinned over its glass-fronted cage, but a less dog-like and, I may add, a more repulsive little beast I have never set eyes on. The creature was about the size of an ordinary rat, it was nearly bald, it was bow-legged, crop-eared, underhung, apparently cross-eyed, and its tongue—with which it was at this moment licking the glass of its cage—was a bright and hideous shade of purple. Even Lord Biggleswade was silent for an instant, as his eyes lighted on this offensive and startling spectacle.

"Great Scot!" I heard Hugo's cousin exclaim, but before any of us could do further justice to our feelings, the grim-looking female who was showing the little monstrosity stepped forward and began to address us.

"A little beauty, isn't he?" she said. "Look at the way he stands. I brought him over myself, and he's the only one in the country at present. But you mark my words, these dogs are going to be the absolute rage."

It was an appalling prophecy, and I was not

surprised that Hugo gave a gasp of horror. "Yes," said the kennelwoman, taking this sound for interest or encouragement. "Just look at him properly." She lifted the Peruvian spaniel out of the cage and offered him for Hugo's closer inspection.

"Thanks awfully," he said, backing away. With considerable rashness his cousin Sally touched the beast's head.

"Are they very valuable?" she asked.

"I wouldn't part with him," said the kennelwoman defiantly, "for five hundred guineas. But of course," she added, to our general relief, "he's not for sale." She flourished the Peruvian spaniel before our several faces, and dropped it back into its cage. "I could put your names down, though," she added, more graciously, "if you'd care to book an order."

None of us, it was obvious, had any intention of booking an order. Our only wish—for I was sure that in this the whole party was unanimous—was to move on at once, and to forget all about Peruvian spaniels. There was a shaking of heads, a muttering of negative sounds, and we began edging along the aisle.

The kennelwoman, however, had drawn a very natural conclusion from the collar of Lord Biggleswade's fur coat. "Here, if anywhere," she must have said to herself, "is the kind of client who can afford—even if he doesn't want—a Peruvian spaniel. I will pursue him." And she pursued him—talking loudly, steadily and persuasively.

Lord Biggleswade raised his silk hat. "No, thank you, madam," he said sonorously.

"But they're so affectionate," said the kennelwoman.

"No, thank you," said Lord Biggleswade.

"But—" began the kennelwoman again, and was cut short. Not by his Lordship, but by a shrill cry from immediately behind her. If I hadn't mentioned the canine chorus lately, it is not because it had ceased for so much as a second since I had entered the hall. But this cry had come from no dog. It had come from Hugo Peak's cousin Sally.

"It's gone!" she was shouting. "It's gone!"

"What's gone?" inquired Lord Biggleswade, Hugo Peak, the kennelwoman and myself—all on varying notes of surprise and alarm.

"The Peruvian spaniel," cried Hugo's cousin Sally. "It's vanished." And suddenly I realized that her hunch had come true.

With a moan of anguish the kennelwoman flung herself at the glass-fronted cage. It was empty. The Peruvian spaniel had indeed gone.

"Stolen!" she gasped. And then: "Don't let him escape. Close the doors. Fetch the police. Where's the secretary? Help!"

All the dogs in the immediate neighborhood began yelping more loudly than ever, and all the visitors and attendants began rushing up and down the aisles. I found myself wedged into a most favorable and uncomfortable position for witnessing the next development in the drama; and now I saw that the kennelwoman, who seemed on the brink of hysterics, had caught hold of a little man who looked rather like a dog himself and was shaking him to and fro. The thief, I imagined. But no; his next words showed that he was the secretary.

"It's all right, Miss Birkinshaw," he was saying, as he swayed backwards and forwards in her grip. "I've got two men on the door. Your dog can't leave the building."

With this assurance Miss Birkinshaw released him, but she was still far from calm.

"I dare say," she squealed. "But he's worth five hundred guineas, I tell you. You must have everyone searched."

"Impossible," said the secretary. "Didn't you see who took it?"

"Of course I didn't," gabbled Miss Birkinshaw. "Send for the police!"

The little secretary shuddered. "We don't want any scandal," he protested. "Couldn't it have jumped out when you weren't looking?"

"Jump!" shrieked Miss Birkinshaw. "That dog can't jump an inch. I tell you—"

And here I was suddenly pushed violently from behind, and a white-coated figure slipped forcibly past me. I recognized the man who

had tried so assiduously to sell me his bloodhound. He dropped a vast hand on the little secretary's shoulder and wrenched him round.

"See here, Mr. Knight," he said. "I guess this'll be a job for my Bob."

"A what for your which?" said the secretary. "Who are you?"

"Major Drake's man, sir. Looking after his bloodhound. Something missing, isn't there?"

We all began speaking at once, but in spite of this Major Drake's man seemed to acquire the necessary information.

"That's all right, then," he said. "I'll let my Bob have a sniff at the cage, and if he doesn't find the little dawg in two two's, you can call me a Dutchman."

And totally disregarding the babel of approval, objection and general advice which his offer had let loose, he once more buffeted me on the shoulder and disappeared. I turned my head to try to follow his movements and found that I was jammed against Hugo Peak. His face, to my astonishment, was the color of ashes.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"That darned little dog!" he whispered, clutching my wrist. "It's in Sally's muff."

"What?"

"She took it when the old girl wasn't looking. And she did it!"—he choked, and recovered himself—"she did it for me."

"What the devil do you mean?"

"Don't you see?" whispered Hugo Peak. "It was to give me a story for my new paper. And now they're fetching a b-bloodhound, and—Hullo!"

Something large and dark had shot past the end of my nose, and struck him full in the face. As he snatched at it and caught it, we both saw that it was a woman's muff. It was equally obvious that it was empty.

The color came slowly drifting back into his cheeks. "Thank heaven!" he muttered. "She's planted it somewhere." He looked round anxiously. "But where?"

Where indeed? But even as I echoed his question, the first step was taken towards discovering the answer. The crowd began retreating hastily on each other's feet, as Major Drake's man reappeared—tugging powerfully at Bob the Bloodhound's chain.

"Now, then, Bob," he said, "you see this cage? No, this one here. That's right. Stand up and take a good smell at it. Don't hurry yourself. There's a lot of scent about, and we don't want any mistake. All right, old man; now we're ready. Find it, Bob! Find it!"

He slackened the chain, and Bob, dropping onto his front feet again, turned round three times. I was conscious that Hugo, with a heroism which I am glad to put on record, was buttoning his cousin's muff under his overcoat. I wondered—

"Wuff!" said Bob the Bloodhound suddenly. With a delicate, dancing movement he began following up the scent—the attendant still on the other end of the chain—and then, to my horror, he rose up and planted his huge forepaws right on the girl Sally's shoulders.

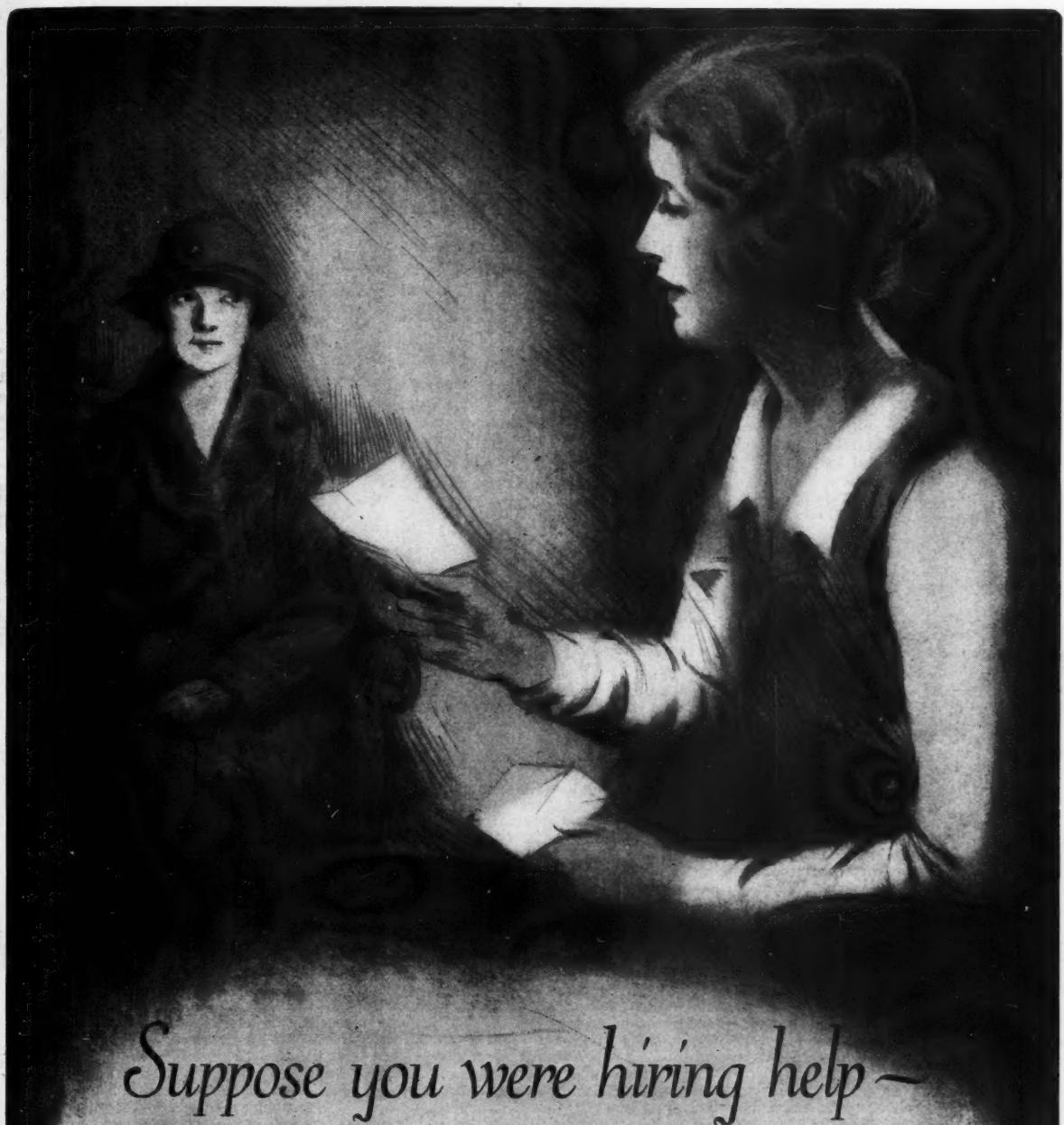
I held my breath. But the next moment I beheld an exhibition of cold-blooded nerve which left Hugo and his overcoat absolutely nowhere. The girl Sally never batted an eyelid or turned a hair.

"Get down, Bob," she said calmly. "Don't be absurd." And then, turning to Miss Birkinshaw: "Don't you remember," she went on, "that I touched your little dog when you took it out of the cage?"

It was superb. Even Bob—though assisted by a jerk at his chain—was convinced.

"Try again, old boy," said Major Drake's man. And again Bob began circling the floor.

And then, suddenly—wuff! I thought he was going for Hugo this time, but I was wrong. He shot past us with Major Drake's man almost flying through the air, with a yell of triumph he bounded up against Lord Biggleswade, and so he stood there—waiting only the word of command before felling his Lordship to the earth or seizing him by the leg. His Lordship gave a loud squeal, and in all



## Suppose you were hiring help—

Many women get the extra help of Fels-Naptha for their washing machines in this easy, simple way:

They chip Fels-Naptha directly into the machine—or dissolve it in hot water. Either is easy. Many women use an ordinary kitchen knife for chipping. It only takes about 50 seconds. No fuss. No bother. No waste.

Fels-Naptha dissolves quickly into a rich, creamy suds. Try Fels-Naptha in your washing machine. You'll be delighted with the results!

Did you ever stop to think that the reason you buy household soap is for help—the very same reason you would hire a servant?

Isn't it important therefore, that you select your soap, not on its color, or its shape or its form, but on the amount and kind of help it gives you?

Fels-Naptha—for every definite reason—gives you extra washing help. Naptha—that safe, gentle dirt-loosener—and splendid soap are combined in Fels-Naptha. Working together, hand-in-hand,

they give you extra help you cannot get in any other shape or form.

Fels-Naptha has the best of references from millions of women who have found that nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha, whether used in a washing machine or a wash tub.

Isn't this extra help of Fels-Naptha worth a lot to you—especially when it saves money on soap, saves money on clothes, and you get sweet wholesome cleanliness, safely and more quickly?

# FELS-NAPTHA

MADE WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA OIL

playfulness Bob tore half the collar off his fur coat.

"Search him!" shouted Miss Birkinshaw, advancing towards the fray.

"Get down!" gasped Lord Biggleswade faintly.

"That'll do, Bob," said Major Drake's man. "Heel, sir!"

I saw Lord Biggleswade drawing breath to avenge his outraged dignity, but the words never came. Whether it was maternal instinct or that she had seen something moving, I do not know. But the next moment Miss Birkinshaw had plunged her hand into the side-pocket of his Lordship's tattered coat, and there—for all eyes to behold—was the Peruvian spaniel.

"Mr. Knight," she said, as the secretary came hurrying up. "I give this man in charge."

That, so far as my record as an eye-witness goes, was the end of the adventure. I was not invited, nor did I offer, to attend the private meeting which immediately took place in the secretary's office, and it was from Hugo Peak that I subsequently learned how his cousin's impious ingenuity had ended the comedy.

"Old Biggles," he said, "put up a splendid show. He called 'em all conspirators and blackmailers and everything else, he said he'd

sue them all for slander and have 'em prosecuted for cruelty to animals. But what he absolutely refused to do—and this was what convinced 'em he'd done it on purpose—was to give his name and address. Miss Birkinshaw kept howling for the police, and the secretary kept saying he didn't want any scandal, and altogether it was like Bedlam.

"But Sally didn't lose her head.

"Look here, father," she said—while all the others were wrangling and rending the welkin; 'you remember what you said about Hugo and me getting engaged. I mean, about his getting something into print first.'

"Old Biggles looked as if he thought she'd gone mad.

"Yes, yes," he said, still puffing and blowing.

"But that's got nothing to do with all this."

"Oh, yes it has!" said Sally. "You see, Hugo's here as representative of the Morning Sun. I thought you might like to know."

"Well, old Biggles isn't a newspaper-owner for nothing. I thought he was going to burst."

"You're threatening me?" he said. "Is that it?"

"That's it," said Sally, before I had a chance to answer. "But of course if you'd like us to announce the engagement, Hugo'd never think of writing anything that would annoy his future father-in-law. Would you?" she added, turning to me.

"I saw her game, and by gosh, I was more certain than ever that she was a girl in a million. 'Of course not,' I said.

"Old Biggles choked and stammered and looked like blue murder. But the Morning Sun is the one rival he's really afraid of, and he knew how the story'd look in print.

"Only get me out of this," he said at last, "and you can get married tomorrow."

"Right," said Sally, as cool as anything. "Come on, then."

"And do you know what she did? She just pushed open the emergency door in the corner behind us, which nobody'd had the sense to notice, and there was old Biggles's car, with the engine running, in the yard outside. We all three skipped into it before the others could do more than let off a last yell, the chauffeur got away while I was still on the step, and that was the end of the whole business.

"You see," Sally told me afterwards, "it's no good having a hunch if you don't do something to back it up. And that was why I had the car parked where it was. I didn't know what was going to happen, but there's nothing like being prepared."

"And that reminds me, old man, touching this question of wedding garments, if you've any views on the subject, I mean to say don't hesitate to express them."

## Mr. Oddy by Hugh Walpole (Continued from page 79)

afternoon air everything was much easier; Tommy regained his self-confidence and soon was talking with his accustomed ease and freedom. There was nothing very alarming in his friend, after all; he seemed so very eager to hear everything that Tommy had to say. He was strangely ignorant too; he seemed to be interested in the arts but to know very little about them. Tommy began to be a little patronizing. They parted at the top of Oakley Street.

"I wonder if you'd mind," the gentleman said, "our meeting again. The fact is that I have very little opportunity of making friends with your generation. There are so many things that you could tell me. It would be very kind of you."

Tommy was nothing if not generous; he said that he would enjoy another meeting very much. They made an appointment, they exchanged names; the gentleman's name was Mr. Alfred Oddy.

That evening in the middle of a hilarious Chelsea party Tommy suddenly discovered to his surprise that it would please him very much to see Mr. Oddy walk in through the door. Although it was a hilarious party Tommy was not very happy; for one thing, Spencer Russell the novelist was there and showed quite clearly that he didn't think Tommy very interesting. Tommy had been led up and introduced to him, had said one or two things that seemed to himself very striking, but Spencer Russell had turned his back almost at once and entered into eager conversation with somebody else.

This wasn't very pleasant, and then his own beloved Alice was behaving strangely; she seemed to have no eyes or ears for anyone in the room save Spencer Russell, and this was the stranger in that only a week or so before she had in public condemned Spencer Russell's novels utterly and completely. Tonight, however, Tommy had the agony of observing her listening to him not only as though he were the fount of all wisdom but an Adonis as well, which last was absurd, seeing that he was fat and unwieldy and bald on the top of his head.

After a while Tommy came up to her and suggested that they should go, and received then the shock of his life when she told him that he could go if he liked but that he was not to bother her. And she told him this in a voice so loud that everybody heard and many people tittered. He spent a night that

he imagined to be sleepless although in truth he slept during most of it.

It was with an eagerness that surprised himself that he met Mr. Oddy on the second occasion. He had not seen Alice for two days and he was a very miserable young man.

He was so miserable that in five minutes he was pouring out all his woes. He told Mr. Oddy everything—of his youth, his wonderful promise and the extraordinary lack of appreciation shown him by his relatives; of the historical novels that he had written at the age of anything from ten to sixteen and found only the cook for an audience; of his going to Cambridge and his extraordinary development there so that he became Editor of "The Lion," that remarkable but very short-lived literary journal, and president of "The Bats," the most extraordinary essay club that Cambridge had ever known; and so on until he arrived in full flood at the whole history of his love for Alice, of her remarkable talents and beauty, but of her strange temper and arrogance and general feminine perverseness.

Mr. Oddy listened to it all in the kindest way. There's no knowing where they walked that afternoon; they finally had tea in a small shop smelling of stale buns and licorice drops. It was only as they turned homewards that it occurred to Tommy that he had been talking during the whole afternoon.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, flushing a little. "I'm afraid I have bored you dreadfully. The fact is that this last quarrel with Alice has upset me very badly. What would you do if you were in my position?"

Mr. Oddy sighed. "The trouble is," he said, "that I realize only too clearly that I shall never be in your position again. My time for romance is over, or at least I get my romance now in other ways. It wasn't always so; there was a lady once beneath whose windows I stood night after night merely for the pleasure of seeing her candle outlined behind the blind."

"And did she love you?" Tommy asked eagerly, "as much as you loved her?"

"Nobody, my dear boy," Mr. Oddy replied, "loves you as much as you love them; either they love you more or they love you less; the first of these is often boring, the second always tragic. In the present case I should go and make it up; after all, happiness is always worth having even at the sacrifice of one's pride. She seems to me a very charming young lady."

"Oh, she is!" Tommy answered eagerly.

"I'll take your advice. I'll go this very evening—in fact, if you don't mind, I think it would be rather a good time to find her in now."

Mr. Oddy smiled and agreed; they parted to meet another day.

On the third occasion of their meeting, which was only two days after the second, Tommy cared for his companion enough to wish to find out something about him. His scene of reconciliation with his beautiful Alice had not been as satisfactory as he had hoped; she had forgiven him indeed but given him quite clearly to understand that she would stand none of his nonsense either now or hereafter. The satisfactory thing would have been for Tommy there and then to have left her, never to see her again; but alas he was in love, terribly in love, and her indignation made her appear only the more magnificent. And so on this third meeting with his friend he was quite humble and longing for affection.

And then his curiosity was stirred. Who was this handsome old gentleman with his touching desire for Tommy's companionship? There was an air about him that seemed to suggest that he was some one of importance in his own world; beyond this there was an odd sense that Tommy knew him in some way, had seen him somewhere; so on this third occasion Tommy came out with his questions. Who was he? Was he married? What was his profession or was he perhaps retired now? And another question that Tommy would have liked to have asked and had not the impertinence was as to why this so late interest in the arts, and combined with this interest, this so complete ignorance. Mr. Oddy seemed to know a great deal about everything else, but in this one direction his questions were childish. He seemed never to have heard of the great Spencer Russell at all—which secretly gave Tommy immense satisfaction.

"Well, at least," Tommy burst out, "I suppose you have read something by Henry Galleon. Of course he's a back number now, at least he is not modern if you know what I mean, but then he's been writing for centuries. Why, his first book came out when Trollope and George Eliot were still alive. Of course between ourselves I think 'The Roads' a pretty fine book, but you should hear Spencer Russell go for it."

No, Mr. Oddy had never heard of Henry Galleon.

But there followed a most enchanting description by Mr. Oddy of his life when he

# At the Universities



FRATERNITY DANCES—AND THE THRILL OF POPULARITY, OF SUCCESS . . .

THOUSANDS OF GIRLS—girls dark and fair, long-haired and bobbed, graceful and *gauche*—shy girls, audacious girls, dreamy girls, provocative girls—in endless and fascinating variety they pour through our great mid-Western universities.

They are at an age when life seems a wonderful adventure—and success, admiration, the approval of others more desirable than it ever will seem again.

Latin verbs, yes; but what girl of twenty does not at heart believe supremely in the importance of a lovely, fresh, rose-leaf complexion?

Nearly 2,000 Woodbury users among the girl students of three great universities we canvassed! Woodbury's three times as popular as any other soap among the girls replying to us from the universities of Chicago and Michigan! Five times as popular at the University of Wisconsin!

Here are some of the hundreds of comments they volunteered:

"WHENEVER I 'religiously' use Woodbury's soap, with hot and cold water, I never fail to hear, in less than a month's time, such comments as 'What have you done to your face? It is so smooth and lovely.'"

Copyright, 1926, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

Among nearly 3,000 girls at the Universities of Chicago, Michigan and Wisconsin, Woodbury's is from three to five times as popular as any other soap.

smooth by the daily use of it."

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects, such as blackheads, blemishes, etc. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming these common skin troubles, make it ideal for regular use. A 25c cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's you will see an improvement in your complexion. Get your Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

NOW! the New large-size Trial Set!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,  
1603 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 25c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1603 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. English Agents, Quelch & Gamble, Ltd., Blackfriars Road, London, S. E. 1.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City.....State.....

was a young man and how he once heard Dickens give a reading of "A Christmas Carol"; of how he saw an old lady in a sedan chair at Brighton (she was cracked of course and even then a hundred years after her time, but still he had seen it); of how London in his young day was as dark and dirty at night as it had been in Pepys' time; of how crinolines when he was young were so large that it was one of the sights to see lady getting into a cab; of how he had heard Jean de Reszké in "Siegfried" and Ternina in "Tristan."

And Mr. Oddy related events in so enchanting a way, drew such odd little pictures of such unexpected things and made that old London live so vividly that at last Tommy burst out in a volley of genuine enthusiasm.

"Why, you ought to be a writer yourself! Why don't you write your reminiscences?"

But Mr. Oddy shook his head gently; there were too many reminiscences, everyone was always reminiscing; who wanted to hear these old men talk? At last when they parted Mr. Oddy had a request: one thing above all things that he would like would be to attend one of these evening gatherings with his young friend to hear these young men and women talk.

Of course Tommy consented to take him—there would be one next week, a really good one; but in his heart of hearts he was a little shy. He was shy not only for himself but also for his friend. During these weeks a strange and most unexpected affection had grown up in his heart for this old man; he really did like him immensely. But he would be rather out of place with Spencer Russell and the others; he would probably say something foolish and then the others would laugh. They were on the whole rather ruthless set.

However, the meeting was arranged, the evening came and with it Mr. Oddy looking just as he always did, quiet and gentle but rather impressive in some way or another. Tommy introduced him to his hostess, Miss Thelma Bennet, that well-known futuristic artist, and then carefully settled him down in a corner with Miss Bennet's aunt, an old lady who gave no trouble because she was stone-deaf and cared only for knitting.

It was a lively evening; several of the brighter spirits were there and there was a great deal of excellent talk about literature. Every writer over thirty was completely condemned save for those few remaining who had passed eighty years of age and ceased to produce. Spencer Russell especially was at his best; reputations went down before his vigorous fist like ninepins; he was so scornful that his brilliance was, as Alice Smith everywhere proclaimed, "simply withering." Everyone came in for his lash, and especially Henry Galleon. There had been some article in some ancient monthly written by some ancient idiot suggesting that there was still something to be said for Galleon and that he had rendered some service to English literature. How Russell pulled that article to pieces! He even found a volume of Galleon's and read extracts aloud, to the laughing derision of the assembled company.

Then an odd thing occurred. Tommy, who loved to be in the intellectual swim, nevertheless stood up and defended Galleon. He defended him rather feebly, it is true, and the scorn with which they greeted his defense altogether silenced him. It silenced him the more because Alice Smith was the most scornful of them all; she imitated his piping, excited treble, and everyone joined in.

How he hated this to happen before Mr. Oddy! How humiliating after all the things that he had told his friend, the implications that he was generally considered to be one of England's most interesting young men, the implication above all that although she might be a little rough to him at times Alice really adored him and was his warmest admirer. She did not apparently adore him tonight, and when he went out at last with Mr. Oddy into the windy, rain-driven street it was all he could do to keep back tears of rage and indignation.

Mr. Oddy had, however, apparently enjoyed himself. He put his hand for a minute on the boy's shoulder. "Good night, my dear boy," he said. "I thought it very gallant of you to stand up for that older writer as you did—that needed courage. I wonder," he went on, "whether you would allow me to come and take tea with you one day—just our two selves. It would be a great pleasure for me." And then having received Tommy's invitation he vanished into the darkness.

On the day appointed Mr. Oddy appeared punctually at Tommy's rooms. Inside was Tommy, and a plate with little cakes, raspberry jam and some very black-looking toast.

Mr. Oddy was appreciative of everything; especially he looked at the books. "Why," he said, "you've got quite a number of the novels of that man you defended the other evening; I wonder you're not ashamed to have them if they're so out of date."

"To tell you the truth," said Tommy, speaking freely now that he was in his own castle, "I like Henry Galleon awfully. I'm afraid I pose a good deal when I'm with those other men; perhaps you've noticed it yourself. Of course Galleon is the greatest novelist we've got, with Hardy and Meredith, only he's old and everything that's old is out of favor with our set."

"Naturally," said Mr. Oddy, quite approving; "of course it is."

"I have a photograph of Galleon," said Tommy, "I cut out of a publisher's advertisement, but it was taken years ago." He went to his table and produced a small photograph of a very fierce-looking gentleman with a black beard.

"Dear me," said Mr. Oddy, "he does look alarming!"

"Oh, that's ever so old!" said Tommy. "I expect he's mild and soft now but he's a great man all the same; I'd like to see Spencer Russell write anything as fine as 'The Roads' or 'The Pattern in the Carpet.'"

They sat down to tea very happy and greatly pleased with one another. "I do wish," said Tommy, "that you'd tell me something about yourself; we're such friends now and I don't know anything about you at all."

"I'd rather you didn't," said Mr. Oddy. "You'd find it so uninteresting if you did. Mystery's a great thing."

"Yes," said Tommy. "I don't want to seem impertinent and of course if you don't want to tell me anything you needn't, but—I know it sounds silly, but you see I like you most awfully. I haven't liked anybody so much for ever so long except Alice, of course; I don't feel as though you were of another generation or anything; it's just as though we were the same age."

Mr. Oddy was enchanted. He put his hand on the boy's for a moment and was going to say something when they were interrupted by a knock on the door. The afternoon post had come and the landlady thought the young gentleman would like to see his letters. He took them, was about to put them down without opening them when suddenly he blushed. "Oh, from Alice," he said. "Will you forgive me a moment?"

"Of course," said Mr. Oddy.

The boy opened the letter and read it; it fell from his hand onto the table. He got up gropingly as though he could not see his way and went to the window and stood there with his back to the room. There was a long silence.

"Not bad news, I hope," said Mr. Oddy.

Tommy turned round; his face was gray and he was biting his lips. "Yes," he answered, "she's—gone off."

"Gone off?" said Mr. Oddy, rising.

"Yes," said Tommy, "with Russell. They were married at a registry office this morning." He half turned round to the window, then put out his hands as though he would shield himself from some blow, then crumpled up into a chair, his head falling between his arms on the table.

Mr. Oddy waited. At last he said, "Oh, I'm sorry—that's dreadful for you!"

The boy struggled, trying to raise his head and speak, but the words would not come. Mr. Oddy went behind him and put his hands on his shoulders.

"You know," he said, "you mustn't mind me. Of course I'll go if you like, but if you could think of me for a moment as your oldest friend, old enough to be your father, you know."

Tommy clutched his sleeve, then, abandoning the struggle altogether, buried his head in Mr. Oddy's beautiful black waistcoat.

Later he poured his heart out. Alice was all that he had, he knew that he wasn't any good as a writer, he was a failure altogether, what he'd done he'd done for Alice and now that she'd gone—

"Well, there's myself," said Mr. Oddy. "What I mean is that you're not without a friend. If it's any comfort to you to know, I went through just this same experience myself once—the lady whose candle I watched behind the blind. If you cared to, would you come and have dinner with me tonight at my home, only the two of us, you know? But don't if you'd rather be alone."

Tommy, clutching Mr. Oddy's hand, said he would come.

About half past seven that evening he had beaten up his pride. Even in the depth of his misery he saw that they would never have got on together, he and Alice; he was quickly working himself into a fine state of hatred of the whole female race and this helped him; he would be a bachelor all his days, a woman-hater. Only, as he walked to the address that Mr. Oddy had given him he held sharply away from him the memory of those hours that he had spent with Alice, those hours in their early friendship when the world had been so wonderful a place.

He felt that he was an old man indeed as he mounted the steps of Mr. Oddy's house. It was a fine house in Eton Square. Mr. Oddy must be rich. He rang the bell and the door was opened by a footman. He asked for Mr. Oddy. The footman hesitated a little and then, smiling, said, "Oh, yes, sir, will you come in?"

He left his coat in the fine hall, mounted a broad staircase and then was shown into the finest library that he had ever seen. Books! Shelf upon shelf of books and glorious books, editions de luxe and, as he could see with half an eye, rare first editions and those lovely bindings in white parchment and vellum that he so longed one day himself to possess. On the broad writing-table there was a large photograph of Meredith; it was signed in sprawling letters "George Meredith 1887." What could this mean? Mr. Oddy, who knew nothing about literature, had been given a photograph by George Meredith and had this wonderful library! He stared bewildered about him.

A door at the far end of the library opened and an elegant young man appeared. "Mr. Galleon," he said, "will be with you in a moment; won't you sit down?"

Mr. Galleon! Henry Galleon! Instantly he saw it, remembered with horrid confusion his own ridiculous, conceited talk, the abusive nonsense of Russell and the rest.

"My Lord!" he whispered. "What he must be thinking!"

The door opened again and Mr. Oddy appeared. Tommy Brown, his face crimson, stammered, "It was a shame—if I'd only known!" and then trying to stand up for himself, "But I had that photograph and there was the beard."

Mr. Oddy laughed. "The beard went long ago," he said. "I suppose it was a shame, but I was hemmed in here in my castle; I had to find out what you young people were like. I get tired of all this sometimes. Nobody tells me the truth here; I have to go to you and your friends for that."

So they went down to dinner together.

Yes, this is an old story. Its principal interest perhaps is that it's true. I was, you see, myself Tommy Brown.



MISS OELRICHES wears a smart Lanvin frock of black kasha with bands of silver and green

## MISS MARJORIE OELRICHES SPEAKS FOR NEW YORK'S BRILLIANT YOUNGER SET

### ¶ Her ideas on Clothes, Parties and Complexions

"Everything a girl does today—even the simple chic lines of her clothes and the way she wears her hair—demands a flawless complexion.

"Yet the hectic whirl of dances and the formal functions she attends, and the sports she sandwiches in between, conspire to ruin the most velvety skin!

"And they would—but for Pond's Two Creams, which come to the rescue keeping her complexion just as lovely as it was when she was in her early 'teens! So it isn't strange that Pond's is the method I follow to guard the freshness of my skin."

So says Miss Marjorie Oelrichs now in her second season in the brilliant social life of New York's younger set. To dinners, dances and sports, at Palm Beach and Newport as well as in town, Miss Oelrichs adds a serious interest in art which takes her to a drawing class every morning during the New York season. And she and her beautiful

mother, Mrs. Marjorie Oelrichs, are always dashing across the water for a few weeks in Paris.

This life of parties, work and travel might tax the freshness of her skin, glowing with youth and loveliness and that golden tint of the honey-colored blond, were it not for the following wise care she gives it every day:

*Every single day she cleanses her skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Always at night, and always, too, on returning from an outing, she pats it over the skin of her face, throat, arms and hands—letting it stay on long enough for its pure oils to seep down into the pores and bring to the surface all the dust*



The Two Creams the younger set is using

and dirt which clog them. She wipes off all the cream and dirt, and repeats the process, finishing with a dash of cold water.

*Over her newly cleansed skin, before she powders, she smooths Pond's Vanishing Cream. Light as thistledown it gives her skin a damask smoothness over which her powder goes beautifully and stays long. This thin veil of Vanishing Cream, moreover, guards her face from drying, chapping and burning from sun, cold and wind, and her hands from chapping. So she always uses it before going out.*

When you buy Pond's Creams to give your own skin this perfect protection, this freshening and finish, ask for the big generous jar of the Cold Cream. Both Creams come in two smaller sizes of jars and in tubes.

**Free Offer** Mail this coupon and we will send you free tubes of these Two Creams and an attractive little folder telling how to use them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. C  
141 Hudson Street, New York City.

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# A pipe smoker apologizes for years of hate

Reading, Pa.,  
August 29, 1925.

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

For years I have read your advertisements and testimonials and laughed at them—until last month. I am now writing this letter as an apology to Larus & Brother Co.

Prejudiced many years ago when I first started to smoke a pipe against Edgeworth because a hated enemy of mine was a constant smoker of it, I refused to fill any pipe of mine with this tobacco.

I smoked almost every kind of tobacco I could buy but your brand. I was what I call a "gypsy smoker." Sometimes I would find satisfaction for a while, but always the tastes of tobaccos would give me repulsive mouth odors. With some, my mouth would have the feeling that it was the uncleanest thing on earth. Some tobaccos even blistered my tongue.

Price was no object. I had paid as much as eight dollars a pound for my smoking mixtures, but I could find no contentment.

Some time ago I was without my pouch and borrowed a pipe-load from an acquaintance, not asking what kind he smoked. We parted and I lit up. I enjoyed it so much I could not wait until I could ask him what kind it was. It was Edgeworth. I was disappointed, but not too narrow-minded to try a can for myself. For a month now, I have hesitated in writing you, in hopes (again I apologize) that I could find fault with it. But I can't.

At last I am satisfied and I am willing to forget that feeling of animosity towards the man who first prejudiced me against your peerless smoke, for I see now that he had more common sense than I.

So I apologize and thank you for doing something I thought could not be done—giving me a smoke I could really enjoy at all times. We are friends for life.

Sincerely yours,  
H. Roth Newpher.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth whenever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 4-O South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

## The \$150,000 Necklace (Continued from page 95)

certain that she would come to see him—and with a full purse.

But instead of the Duchess there walked, one afternoon, into his shop an elegantly attired, handsome, middle-aged lady who calmly surveyed the various contents of the establishment through a gold-mounted lorgnette. She deigned to see Bickmore at last, and surveyed him from top to toe as if he had been a five-foot clipboard.

"Oh—ah—you are Mr. Bickmore, I suppose?" she suggested condescendingly.

"At your service, ma'am," assented Bickmore, with his best bow.

"Just so! Ah—I am thinking of taking a house near the town, and I should like to look round your stock, don't you know, with the idea of seeing if you have anything—anything particularly good, you know—that would attract me," said the lady. "I hear you sometimes have some exceptionally good pieces of old furniture?"

"Somewhat noted for that, ma'am," replied Bickmore. "If you will allow me to show you round . . ."

The visitor was only too willing to be shown round, and Bickmore proceeded to act as guide to his collection. But he was suddenly much more interested in his caller as a personality than as a possible customer. Taking a closer inspection of her as she stood examining certain of his vases, Bickmore knew that he had seen her before. About a year previously there had been a great open-air fête in the Duke of Norcaster's park, and Bickmore, in company with several hundreds of his fellow townsmen and their wives, had attended it. He remembered that he had seen this morning's caller strolling around with the Duchess. And having settled that point, he began to watch her as—a spy.

But Bickmore was careful to keep up the playing of his own part. He took his visitor from room to room, showing her things that were of note and value; finally, well knowing what he was doing, he unlocked the door of the room in which he had stored the Walkinshaw bureau, and ushered her in with the remark that there were a few choice articles there which were well worth inspection. Watching his companion narrowly, he saw that she spotted the bureau as soon as she crossed the threshold. She pretended to pass it by as an object of no particular interest; then paused.

"Rather a quaint old thing!" she remarked, patronizingly. "Nothing very exceptional about it, though, is there?"

"An excellent example of its period, ma'am," replied Bickmore, "and in splendid preservation. It belonged to the late Mr. Walkinshaw, who was a collector of repute."

The lady showed more interest. "Dear me!" she said. "What is it like inside?"

Bickmore produced a key from his pocket, and unlocked and let down the flap. And keeping his watchful eyes on his companion he saw her go straight to a certain part of the top half of the revealed interior—where, as Bickmore well knew, there was a spring that released the secret drawer. But he showed no sign of having seen—instead, he began to expatiate on the beauties of the bureau. Suddenly his visitor dropped into a chair close by.

"I—oh, dear me! I feel faint! Can—can you get me a glass of water?"

It was a long way from the up-stairs room to the regions below where drinking water was likely to be kept. But Bickmore laughed inwardly at being able to checkmate this very palpable move. The room in which they stood was one that he used as a sort of private office, and there was a corner cupboard in it from which he immediately produced a carafe of water and a glass. And as he crossed the floor with them he spoke, with a slight touch of sarcasm in his tone.

"I have both brandy and whisky here, ma'am," said Bickmore. "And soda-water. If you would prefer—"

"Oh, no, thank you!" exclaimed the lady. "I—thank you!"

She took the glass and sipped a little of the water, murmuring something about a weak heart, always affected by climbing stairs, and presently she made a quick recovery, and setting down the glass, smiled on Bickmore for the first time since she had entered the establishment. It was one of those smiles which are best described by the word wheedling.

"And how much do you want for this old bureau, Mr. Bickmore?" she asked in dulcet tones. "I've taken quite a fancy to it!"

Bickmore replaced the carafe and the glass in his little private cupboard. "The bureau, ma'am, is not for sale," he replied quietly. "Another person has an option on it."

That evening, looking in at the club for an hour or two, Bickmore ran into Strymer. Strymer made a face at him.

"Well?" inquired Bickmore. "And what have I done?"

"Got me a hot quarter of an hour this morning!" answered Strymer. "That's what you've done! The Duchess turned up at my office just before noon—she's come down here for a few days. Wanted to know what the so-and-so I meant by not carrying out her commission; you know what women are. Of course I threw all the blame on you."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure," replied Bickmore. "I dare say I can stand it. But I should think it would have been much more pertinent if the Duchess had told you why she was so anxious to get hold of that particular bit of stuff."

"She did!" exclaimed Strymer. "Oh, yes, she did! She says it was once in her family. Belonged to her grandfather on the maternal side, old Squire Camp, ages ago—that's why."

"Who told her that?" demanded Bickmore.

"She says old Walkinshaw. Had to see him on some charitable business or other, not long before she went off to the Riviera, and he pointed out this bureau to her and told her its history. What's more, she says that old Walkinshaw promised to leave the bureau to her. See?"

"Well, he didn't!" observed Bickmore dryly. "Evidently he didn't!"

"Of course he didn't," agreed Strymer. "May have meant to, though. By the bye, heard about his will?"

"Not a word," replied Bickmore. "Interesting?"

Strymer rubbed his hands. "Left every penny he had to the town!" he answered joyously. "A lot of it to the established charities; some to create new charitable trusts, a certain amount for improvements and that sort of thing. Very sporting of the old chap. Postlethwaite, in Market Street, is sole executor."

"Oh!" remarked Bickmore apathetically. "She'll come herself tomorrow!" he muttered to himself. "Dead certain!"

And at eleven o'clock next morning the Duchess came.

The Duchess came openly in her smartest car. Bickmore hurried to his door; the Duchess, handsome and debonair as ever, smiled broadly at him.

"Well, Mr. Bickmore!" she said jollily. "I've come to see you about that old bureau. Lot of bother you've given me too. Or it's given me—perhaps that's it."

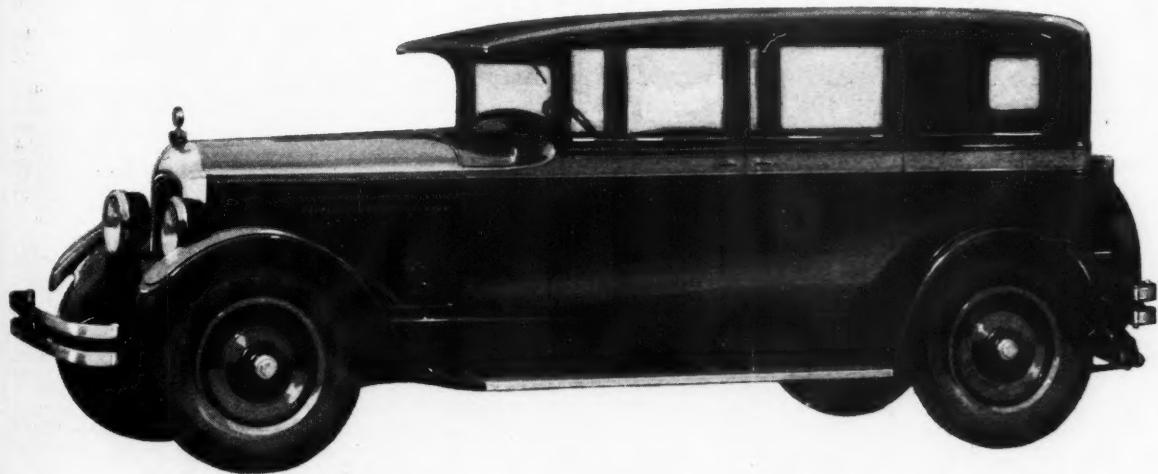
"The latter supposition is more correct, your Grace," replied Bickmore. "I should be sorry to give your Grace any trouble."

"Oh, well, I suppose it was my own fault for mistaking the date of Mr. Walkinshaw's sale," said the Duchess graciously. "I always did get hopelessly mixed about dates. But now look here, Mr. Bickmore, what's this Mr. Strymer tells me—that somebody has an option on the bureau? That so?"

"The option has not been taken up," replied Bickmore.

The Duchess's round face lighted up. "Oh,

THE IS A  
*New Paige*  
IN THE NARROWING FIELD  
OF TRULY FINE MOTOR CARS



NEW motor cars come and go. But only once in a blue moon comes a car so solidly built and backed that a skeptical public will accept it instantly and without question as something decidedly newer and finer and worthier in motor car design and performance. This newest Paige is such a car. And because in the great new Paige factories—acclaimed by foremost engineers finest in all the industry—five cars can be built where only one was built before—Paige has set a price upon this new car many hundreds of dollars lower than that of any former Paige. You can see this finer, smarter car at any Paige showroom.

[730]

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

## FREE 10-Day Tube—Mail the Coupon



# Those Winning Smiles

*Which mean so much . . . commercially, socially, are gained this new way with gleaming, white teeth*

Don't believe your teeth are "naturally" dull. Just accept this 10-day test. See how dazzling white teeth and healthy gums come when film coats go.

HERE is a new and radically different way in tooth care. A way that quickly restores "off-color" teeth to attractive whiteness and that leading dentists of the world are urging.

In a few days it will work a transformation in your mouth.

Your teeth will be clear and gleaming; your gums firm and of healthy color. Just mail the coupon. A full 10-day supply will be sent you.

### *FILM . . . it hides pretty teeth, and imperils gums*

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth

and you will feel it—a slippery, viscous coating. The film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack and your teeth open to decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

### *Mere brushing won't do*

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this method.

### *It removes that film. And Firms the Gums*

It does two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.

FREE Mail this for **Pepsodent** PAT. OFF.  
REG. U. S. A.

*The New-Day Quality Dentifrice  
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities*

THE PEPSODENT CO.,  
Dept. 234 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name .....

Address .....

Only one tube to a family.

1940



Canadian Office and Laboratories:  
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

I'm so glad!" she exclaimed. "That's lucky—for me, isn't it? Then of course you'll sell it to me, Mr. Bickmore?"

"Perhaps your Grace would like to see the bureau?" suggested Bickmore.

He led the Duchess through the shop and up various flights of stairs to the room in which the much desired piece of furniture was safely housed. Once inside, with the door closed, he waved his hand towards the corner.

"Your Grace recognizes it?" he asked.

The Duchess smiled at the bureau as a mother might have smiled on a long lost and just recovered child. "Oh, of course!" she exclaimed. "Delightful old thing, isn't it? Used to belong to my grandfather, you know. Mr. Walkinshaw promised to leave it to me."

"But—he didn't," observed Bickmore.

"Well, the poor man died so suddenly," said the Duchess. "Otherwise—but come now, Mr. Bickmore, I'm so pleased that the other person didn't take up his option! Now, how much?"

"Your Grace is extremely anxious to secure possession," said Bickmore, with a look at the Duchess which made her start and glance with sudden attention at him. "But I am in possession—and sometimes I buy things which I don't care to part with. Collectors, your Grace, have their—eccentricities. Now—why, frankly, is your Grace so very, very desirous of buying this bureau? I said—frankly."

The Duchess gave Bickmore another look. It expressed a good deal—and it suddenly became transformed into an expression of ingenuous candor that would have suited a stage milkmaid.

"Mr. Bickmore," she exclaimed, "I'll tell you! Between ourselves. There's something in the bureau that belongs to me."

"Yes," said Bickmore quietly. "There is also something that belongs to—somebody else."

The Duchess started and flushed. "To—somebody else? To—whom?" she inquired anxiously. "What—"

"I mean—to the late Mr. Walkinshaw's executor," said Bickmore. "Listen, your Grace, I will tell you what there is in that bureau. There is a secret drawer—your Grace is doubtless fully conversant with its mechanism. In the secret drawer there is a small parcel, done up in tissue-paper and soft leather. Within it is what looks like a diamond necklace. There is also a document signed by your Grace acknowledging the receipt of five thousand pounds loaned to your Grace by Mr. Walkinshaw. With the existence and whereabouts of these things your Grace is familiar. But your Grace is not aware that there is also in that parcel a certificate, signed by one of the leading jewel experts of the day, in which he testifies that the alleged diamonds of the necklace are not diamonds at all, but—paste!"

The Duchess, an eminently healthy and vigorous specimen of femininity, had collapsed into a convenient elbow-chair by that time. She sat drumming her fingers on its arms and staring at Bickmore silently. And Bickmore nodded at her.

"Cold, plain truth, your Grace!" he said icily. "Fact. Unpleasant fact!"

The Duchess found her tongue at last. "What—what do you want?" she asked.

"I gave fifty guineas for the bureau at the Walkinshaw sale," replied Bickmore. "As your Grace is so anxious to have it, I will take sixty guineas for it. But," he added as the Duchess sprang to her feet, "on condition."

"Condition?" exclaimed the Duchess. "What condition?"

"Mr. Postlethwaite, whose offices are just round the corner, is sole executor of the late Mr. Walkinshaw's will," continued Bickmore. "If your Grace will be good enough to go there and see him, and bring back to me a receipt showing that your Grace has paid him five thousand pounds, the bureau and its contents—" The Duchess's eyes flashed. But she turned, hesitatingly, towards the door. "Otherwise," concluded Bickmore slowly, "otherwise, much as I should regret it—"

The Duchess went.



"EVER SINCE I was twelve years old, I have always been ashamed to appear in public on account of pimples on my face and neck. At the beach, I could not wear a bathing suit on account of them. I tried several different remedies but they did little or no good. I began to nibble yeast and learned to like it. To my surprise my pimples began to disappear. Today my skin is clear." EDGAR FRIZZELL, Toledo, Ohio

## Eating their Way to Health

*Naturally, simply, they banished their ills—found again the energy of youth—with one fresh food*

**N**OT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them

healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!*

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. K-38, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



THIS FOOD tones up the entire system— aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

"BEING SOMEWHAT FAGGED through close application to the many duties devolving upon the office of mayor, I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I found the results most beneficial. It toned up my whole system. The great amount of yeast consumed in the United States indicates its wonderful medicinal properties. No wonder that everywhere we meet enthusiasts about Fleischmann's Yeast."

HENRY W. KIEL, St. Louis, Mo.

LEFT  
"I AM A GRADUATE NURSE. Necessarily eating all sorts of food, I became very constipated. I would not take cathartics knowing the dangers of their continued use. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. In a very short time my constipation was cured. Now all my friends greet me with, 'How well you look'."

MRS. C. M. BULL, Columbus, Ohio



## These Cold Days your face needs after-shaving care

When a mean wind whistles, your skin, after shaving, needs the 5 distinct helps given by Williams new product—Aqua Velva.

### Here's what it does

1. It gives the skin a tonic, invigorating tingle.
2. It gives first aid to little cuts.
3. It delights with its man-style fragrance.
4. It safeguards from sun, wind and cold.
5. It conserves needed moisture in the skin (powders absorb this and leave the skin dry). Aqua Velva keeps it as soft and smooth as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

Try this cold-weather face comfort free: send the coupon for a generous test bottle. Aqua Velva costs 50c for the large 5-ounce bottle (60c in Canada). By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it. Costs almost nothing a day—only a few drops needed.

### For use after shaving

By the makers of  
Williams Shaving  
Cream

Address:

The J. B. Williams Co.,  
Dept. 93, Glastonbury,  
Conn. (If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co., St. Patrick Street, Montreal.)



Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva

Cont. 3-28

## My Children's Future (Continued from page 64)

mental rubbish, as useless to him as to be told how many motor-trucks, placed end to end, would be required to reach to the moon.

The books of wonders often given to children to read possess this defect. They are without orderly arrangement. It may be useful to know what ant-eaters are, and who built the first power-loom, but as isolated facts the child is not interested in them. By the interlocking method I have worked out, the child's interest is kept constantly stimulated, because he is constantly striving to put his facts in their proper places. And it is the effort to do this which trains his mind to think, and to think correctly.

There is nothing complicated about the thing. On the contrary it is astonishingly simple, once the principle is grasped, and soon becomes a delightful game. And before long you are astonished and delighted to find that the youngster, instead of running to you with his questions, is *beginning to answer them himself*.

The first time that happened to me—the day one of my kiddies announced, embarrassed but proud, that he thought such and such ought to be the case because of something else I had told him weeks before—I could have hugged him. He had begun to think. To think for himself, independently, logically. It is something that a great many grown-up persons never learn to do.

A child, let us say, has been given a toy balloon. Naturally he will ask what makes it go up. You can tell him that it is filled with gas, which, being lighter than air, floats. But if you stop there, and the youngster does not ask "What is a gas?" your answer has done him no good. He has acquired a fact, but it is, to him, a meaningless fact, because he does not know what a gas is. Should he ask, you might of course say it was something he could not understand, which would stop the whole discussion then and there.

Using the system I have employed you would explain to the child that in nature substances exist in any one of three forms, as solids, liquids and gases, and are changed from one to the other by heat—or the lack of it. To stimulate his interest, you link up your explanation with the familiar example of ice, water and steam. The child grasps your answer now, because it means something to him.

Now let us see what happens later on. The youngster becomes curious about a steam-engine. What makes it go? At once you interlock your answer with the previous one. The liquid, water, heated in the boiler, becomes a gas, steam. The steam, trying to escape, pushes against the piston, turns the wheels. The child grasps that at once—it is amazing what even very young children will grasp, if you explain things to them properly.

Soon you will find yourself linking dozens of other answers to the ones already given in this group—the mercury in the thermometer tube, that puzzling metal which is still a liquid at ordinary temperatures—the melting and casting of iron and steel—the reason why the solid, powder, exploding to a gas, pushes the bullet out of the gun, just as the liquid, gasoline, exploding to a gas, pushes the piston in the engine of your automobile. Liquid air is no longer a mystery—it is merely cooled air. Future questions along these lines, instead of bringing forth fogged explanations, or none at all, are answered in a word.

Some parents will tell you that young children are too immature to grasp such things. They are wrong. Last winter my younger boy, then five and a half, was watching a building operation. A tall chimney was going up.

"What's it for?" he asked.

Being in a hurry at the time I told him it was to carry off the smoke, which was not quite true since the building was a power-plant, and the chimney was really there to create a draft. Later on, my conscience pricking me, I explained to the boy how air,

when heated, rises, making what is called a vacuum, and causing fresh, cool air to rush in and take its place. I reminded him how, at home, we sometimes blew on the fire to get it started. He understood that, at once. But why you blew on a fire to make it burn he did not understand. I told him there was a substance—a gas—in the air called oxygen, which made things burn.

A friend of mine who was present laughed at the idea of teaching chemistry to a child of that age. I replied that I was not trying to teach him chemistry—I was trying to make him think. Some months later we had a thunder and wind storm. The boy asked what made the wind. I began to tell him how the air heated by the sun, in rising, made a vacuum, causing the cooler air—the wind—to rush in. He thought for a moment.

"Just like the air going up the chimney," he said, proud as Punch that he had "got" the thing. He wasn't a bit prouder than I was.

Just the other day I was explaining to him the desirability of keeping his window open at night, in order to have fresh air.

"What does fresh air do to you?" he asked.

I told him the oxygen in it burned the impurities out of the blood in his lungs. I reminded him that I had explained before how oxygen was necessary in order to make things burn. He accepted that. If I tell him now that you drown, under water, because you can't breathe in any oxygen, he will accept that—and be thinking about it.

Of course the method is equally useful in other fields than physics or chemistry. It applies in all fields, history, religion, politics, geography, what not. But even these fields will be found to interlock. A question about China will almost certainly involve the fact that the earth is a globe, and the picture of millions of unfortunate Chinese walking upside down on the other side of it without falling off will with equal certainty involve the law of gravity.

I have been thankful that I explained these things to my youngsters at an early age because now I can answer their questions so much more easily. With my boy of twelve I need only offer a suggestion. His logically trained mind jumps to the correct answer with an almost mechanical click.

One of the subjects which fascinated my children from the start was where everything came from. Who made the first gun, the first boat, the first house? All very young children have that curiosity. I tried to reply to their questions in the old-fashioned, isolated way but it did not work. Finally, in self-defense, I went back to the beginning.

I pictured the world as a whirling globe, first gas, then liquid, then solid. I outlined the progress of life upon it, using everywhere the interlocking method, with each fact linked in its proper place with respect to those that had gone before. I taught them simple evolution, its laws a manifestation of the greatness of God. Before long I had written a book, not for my children alone but for many thousands of others all over the world. It is gratifying to know that the system used has been as efficacious with young folks in Calcutta and in Stockholm, in New Zealand and in Australia, as it has been at home.

And if by this method I have taught my children to think, I have also done much more. I have taught them to love the truth. And I have gained their confidence, because year after year they have seen that what I told them has "proved out." Having learned to think correctly, it makes little difference what they think about. They will be ready for it. If they decline to lie or cheat or steal it is because their own straight thinking argues against it, not because I argue against it. They can tackle the problems of life with minds trained for it as their muscles have been trained for it. And I think that is the best any parents can do for their children—to give them a fair start.



# Buick first

First choice of display space at the National Automobile Shows is not left to chance. It goes, each year, to the member of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce whose dollars and cents volume of business has topped all others. Public preference for Buick motor cars has given this honor to Buick again this year, as in every one of the preceding seven.

BUICK MOTOR CO., FLINT, MICH.

Division of General Motors Corporation

# st place

at the National  
Automobile Shows

## Down Our Way by Larry Evans

(Continued from page 91)

suddenly to entire calm. Icy rain cascaded from him. But nothing, not even the mud upon his thin face, could hide his chiefest emotion.

While I stared at him aghast he dug from a pocket a silver watch as thick as a large man's wrist. Here was rank ostentation, pardonable perhaps since very few boys in Grayson's Gap possess a timepiece, though none the less funny, under the circumstances, it was so eloquent of previous rehearsals. But for the rest, for the distress in his eyes that set his voice to trembling—why, that was as unpremeditated as little calculated, as the cry of a man in pain.

He consulted his watch; he bit his lip. It was a quarter after nine.

"I'm late," he quavered then. "My first day—an' I'm late! But I would 'a' made it! I'd 'a' made it easy, only fer that damned wind!" and then—and then, slipping with bewildering ease into his casual, man-to-man manner which I already knew so well, he commented heartily, "Ain't she sluicin' some?"

Now I leave it to you if that wasn't something of a poser, as greetings go, between pupil and master.

I made known to him the tacit policy to which the school held in regard to such storms. And listening, he grew wide-eyed, incredulous. The fact that the other students might seize gladly upon any excuse, slight or otherwise, to avoid a session stunned him. For he had dreamed of the "pursuit of learnin'"—the phrase is his own—as a pursuit indeed, to be conducted with straining nerves. Tasks! Aye, it is reminiscent. It made me think of Lincoln and his scoop and piece of charcoal.

I assigned a desk to him. And thereafter, in an hour which I'll find hard to forget, I gave him also his allotment of supplies, books and pad of paper, and pencils, lead and slate. Unaccountably I found my eyes stinging. Ah, it was a mad hour for—for an old fool like me. But then, perhaps you'd not understand. You see, you've never, after thirty years spent in whaling the three R's into obtuse and objecting urchins, come upon one like Tad.

He could scarcely breathe, I tell you. He swallowed as though there was an orange in his throat. He took those poor cheap volumes in his hands and held them as a bridegroom holds his true love. And his eyes! A man must try the desert before he can know how delicious a drink of water can be. And Tad, without knowing it, had been desert-bound for years.

Later, when he had become articulate, I urged him up to the stove. He was loath to leave his desk, until I bade him bring his books. And unwittingly, I must have made the suggestion in my—ah—professional manner, for he flashed one quick glance at me and proceeded to obey with alacrity. And because I sensed that he believed the regular routine was about to begin—because he was set and eager as a neophyte ready for the ritual—I tapped the bell upon my table. And the district school of Grayson's Gap went formally into its fall term with the customary repetition of the Lord's Prayer. And then—and then the clock was striking twelve! Noontime had crept upon us ere we were aware.

There were shadows under the boy's eyes. His body was cramped from the purely physical effort of keeping his mind tight-clamped upon each word. I dismissed the morning session as I had opened it, with the bell. He rose and soberly carried his books back to his desk.

That was the first day.

I wondered what the attitude of the other pupils would be. I dreaded to anticipate their regarding him as an exhibit, so to speak, or an outsider to be tricked and baited. But the next day proved that I had had my worry for my pains. During recess he was drawn inevitably into their games, though to be sure I had to insist before he would leave his books. And never was recreation entered upon with more reluctance. He regarded it as a shocking waste of time.

Nonchalantly he outleaped them, outran them. A stone he could drive like a rifle-ball. On the other hand he experienced the humiliation of having his shoulders pinned to the ground by Fatty Baxter, with such an air of detachment, however, that the victory was half robbed of its glory. He played, if a mechanical participation in the noise and action can be so designated, but in spirit he was aloof.

They learned early that he had a temper, for I would not be entirely accurate if I stated that he was subjected to none of the hectoring which a new boy undergoes. Only, Fatty Baxter chose an unfortunate field for his endeavors in that line.

It came about in this way. The first day I induced Tad to go out during recess, he left his watch upon his desk, for safety's sake, and on every subsequent occasion. And perhaps a week passed before Fatty Baxter, spying it there, had his inspiration. He took the time-piece in his hand and held it up to ridicule.

A town clock, he called it—a turnip. No, I grant you that the epithets struck even me as harmless enough. They warned me not at all of what was to follow, until I happened to glance at Tad Dennison's face. And then it was too late.

Tad's face was white, his lips grim.

"Be keerful there, boy!" he cried sharply. "Hand over that there watch."

He stretched out a hand and Fatty eluded it. Before I could interfere some imp of perversity egged him further.

"What goes up, must come down!" he caried, and tossed the heavy silver piece toward the ceiling.

He had meant to catch it, of course. He made some such effort. But Tad's swift dive for the same purpose defeated the aim of both. Between them the timepiece came down upon the floor with a crash and a tinkle of broken glass.

The consternation which o'erspread young Baxter's broad countenance was ludicrous. But Tad was stricken. In a queer silence he recovered his property. The crystal was gone, one hand somewhat bent. He wrapped it in a piece of paper and tucked it away. And after dealing with Baxter, and promising Tad that I would see to it personally that the damage was paid for, I regarded the incident as closed. I should have known better. Tad's acceptance of my reassurance was too grim.

I dismissed school some hours later, and about two minutes after that, pandemonium summoned me to pry those two apart. Aye, Fatty had pinned his shoulders to the ground in the first day's test of strength. But when I arrived that afternoon he had already ceased to howl. He was bubbling unpleasantly at the mouth. Tad was at his throat. I pried them apart; I drove Baxter off home. For it was evident that Tad had been the aggressor. And Tad I marched back to the schoolhouse.

For five minutes, angrily, I talked to him. "He had no call to tech that watch," was all he would vouchsafe.

I hated to have recourse to the rod. And this monotonous reiteration suggested a preciousness I had not suspected. I asked him then if it was an heirloom—and in the next breath had to explain what the word meant. And at that Tad shook his head in disclaimer of any such trifling reason for valuing it.

"Brant give it to me," he said. "He won it down to the two-hoss stump-pullin' a year ago. Last Christmas he put it in my stockin'. I can't let nothin' happen to that there watch."

And there you are!

For the rest, it was fascinating to watch. It is hard to draw a comparison that would illustrate aptly his avidity for books. It—it was like dropping a sponge into a basin of water. He sucked them dry. The childish primer which he had on our first meeting profanely abjured, he drove through doggedly. In a few weeks he had left it happily behind. I found, at the very beginning, that he could

read far more than he had given me to understand. And teaching him to read better was not the usual slow and dreary course of drilling him in each new word. It resolved itself directly into a problem of providing for him suitably graded matter far ahead of his class.

History and geography absorbed him utterly. Maps intrigued him. Every spare hour he spent in locating upon them, as closely as he could, the scene of whatever particularly edifying piece of violence the records yielded up to him. But there was one odd exception.

The World War was no longer a new thing to Grayson's Gap. Like the outside world we had come to lose some sense of its magnitude through its very familiarity, though no one failed to comment upon each day's bitter loss or gain. It was never uncommon to hear the other children mention it; they spoke with the reflected venom of their parents. But Tad's bearing nonplussed me. For from the first he refused to have any words concerning it—failed to show any interest whatsoever. His lips fell apart as he read the legends of Light-Horse Harry Lee, of the Swamp Fox, of Captain Lawrence, and Pickett's deathless deed. But the millions dead along the Marne and Aisne failed to fire his imagination.

"Furriners," he dismissed the subject, laconically. "How long did it take Phil Sheridan, do you reckon, to cover them thirty miles?"

No, we had not gone in yet. But we were drifting inevitably toward the lip of the whirlpool. And the day we spun into the vortex, Tad again arrived early before my desk. He had been running—hard.

"Is it true?" he gasped. "I just met a man a piece up the road, and he states the States air goin' in. Is it true?"

I told him it was so. And then came the metamorphosis. He failed dismally for days in his studies; he dogged my footsteps. And every day he brought a fresh smutted newspaper map, hours old, to be explained by me. Interested? He fought each step back when Paris lay in the shadow, and grew peaked and thin. It was his war now, his own, individual war. And so I discovered that he was an anachronism—a throwback, an American of forty years ago. An American like Washington, and Lincoln, and—and Daniel Boone. And I had thought, and sickened to think, that that strain was all run out.

He wouldn't study. And one day when I pointed out to him a column of boys engaged in mimic warfare outside he taught me something of scorn.

"Play fight!" he drawled. "With them babies? Hell!"

And he had almost broken him of his habit of profanity.

His martial fever endured throughout the spring, though a change came, so insidious that it possessed him entirely before I was conscious of it at all. Fits of brooding grew upon him. His enthusiasms were still there, his voracious hunger for news of what "we" were doing now. But a mute question came into his eyes that puzzled and defied me.

Summer came, and vacation. From that time on I saw little of Tad. Once or twice I did drive over, on a Sunday, to stop at the Dennison place, but the visits were unsatisfactory. Brant was never in evidence. And Tad—well, if it had been anyone else I would have said he was sullen and sulky, and sorry to see me. So I stopped going.

The call came—the draft—the publishing of those first numbers. We saw our first contingent off.

And then, late one evening, just on the edge of fall, the bell of my domicile rang, and lamp in hand, I went to answer it. At first I thought it was a hoax. And then I saw him—saw Tad. He stood in the shadow. How white it made his face!

"Kin I"—he faltered—"kin I come in?" I have never seen a human being so earnest



## Women Recognize the Importance of Tires

Whether they drive the family car or not women are showing an increasing interest in its tire equipment. They appreciate as never before the importance of the right tires to insure driving safety.

Long realizing the special safety advantages of Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloons, thousands of women insist on these tires to protect them and their loved ones against the increasing hazards in present day traffic conditions.

They have found that the scientifically designed tread grips the road firmly and pre-

vents skidding. There is no slipping at the start—the car gets under way quickly and smoothly. When quick response to brakes is imperative a child suddenly running into the street or the car ahead turning without warning—Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloons meet the emergency.

That is why men and women motorists everywhere—realizing the need of greater safety—choose Firestone tires. Any Firestone dealer will gladly show you Gum-Dipped Balloons, demonstrate their security and comfort, and prove to you their economy.

M O S T M I L E S P E R D O L L A R



# Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . . . *H. G. Firestone*

## By the Beard of the Prophet

If you have been shaving for about ten years, you may recall my first prophecy that Mennen Shaving Cream would quickly bring about a revolution in shaving method.

Several million men prove every morning that I was right. The proud, rebellious wiriness of their whiskers is all gone. Dermutation strips 'em off so gently and smoothly that a man hardly knows his razor is in action.

Then, some years ago, I told you about Talcum for Men. At that time, men classed talcum with rouge and lip sticks. But to-day, the custom is almost universal to rub on a velvety, soothing film of Talcum for Men, which protects and doesn't show white on your face.

Last year, I pulled my third prophecy. I said that if you would try Mennen Skin Balm, you would find in the most delightful and efficient after-shaving preparation that ever touched your face. Incidentally, it's great for chapped lips or roughened skin—as wonderful for hands as for the face. Antiseptic and astringent. Right now, to-day, Skin Balm has won national acceptance and its sales are amazing.

These three should be used together. They give the "Complete Men-men Shave," than which there "ain't no better."

*Jim Henry*  
(Mennen Salesman)

### MY QUESTION CONTEST

Here is another chance to win a magnificent \$50 traveling bag

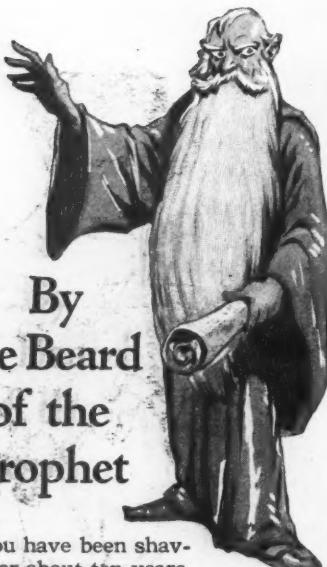
Send in an answer (100 words or less) to the question below. Best answer wins the bag. Contest closes April 10. I am the judge.

Watch for next contest in an early issue.

### The QUESTION:

For what special reason do you use talcum after shaving?

Mail your reply to The Mennen Company, Jim Henry Contest, 375 Central Ave., Newark, N.J.



as that boy was that night. He sat for a full minute studying my face before he offered to speak.

"I—I wouldn't keer to have you laugh at me," he began then. "Not tonight."

I promised him that I wouldn't. Another long and unswerving scrutiny apparently convinced him of my sincerity.

"What's the General's name?" he asked next.

The question was without preface—bald—crisp—and, yes, dogged. Some experience with his mental processes had made me alert. He always drove so directly at a thing.

"Pershing?" I answered. "John Pershing."

He jerked his head sharply. That was it!

The name had merely glided him. "Will a letter git to him right away? A letter addressed keer o' the President, to Washington?"

The President's name, under the circumstances, was unnecessary, I assured him.

"Then would you just as soon read this over?" he requested. "I ain't just certain, myself, o' some o' them words."

He spread a sheet of ruled note-paper out before me, under the pink shade of the lamp. It wasn't just a letter; it was a document. It began with "Dear sir," and a blank space had been carefully left for the "General's" name. And the body of that letter—its message—but I will not quote it here.

Such quotations of illiterate scripts cannot but raise ridicule. I had promised Tad I wouldn't laugh. And God knows that night I knew no impulse toward mirth.

For he had written the commander of our American army, offering himself as a substitute for his brother Brant. Somewhere back he had heard of that practise as in effect in some instances during the Civil War. He had written Pershing. With what modesty he had emphasized his desirability—he "could ride real good" if they could use him in the cavalry! With what consummate cunning he had slurred over every objection which might be raised! He was "spindling but stout for his years—there was nothin' much he knew of that he was afeared of." But the last paragraph! Take it, then, as he wrote it himself.

"I'd ruther fight and tote a gun," it ran, "but if you can't use me no other way, and need a drummer boy, I kin git Old Man Hanson who drums in the Grand Army Core to learn me right away, and it won't cost the government a cent."

And "Sincerely yours, Tad Dennison."

So!

Well, I read it and reread it, and gently put it down. How I did hate to meet that boy's eyes! But I had to look up at last.

"Why, Tad?" I asked him quietly. "Why?"

Yet I knew. Back in the spring, when Tad had been brooding and waiting for something. He was waiting for Brant to volunteer.

Six months before, all that lay behind my query would have sent the b'ood surging to his face. It couldn't surge, just now. It was frozen around his heart.

He couldn't—he wouldn't meet my question.

"Will they—will they take me?" he whispered.

He had seen the answer in my face before he asked. I shook my head. I begged him to stay the night with me and talk it out, but he would have none of that.

"I'll send it anyway." He was dogged. He stumbled out into the night.

The next morning I heard that Brant's number had come up in the second drawing. Several days later I heard the rest. Brant Dennison, the handsome, ne'er-do-well idol of the tavern circle, hadn't answered his call. Examination was to be followed directly by his contingent's departure. And Brant Dennison had disappeared.

School opened. Tad came. This surprised me. But he came with his head high, in spite of his agony of shame, which did not surprise me at all, and pleased me mightily. Directly, however, difficulty ensued.

He was a pariah. By what reasoning they were able to extend the fault of the elder

brother so that it came to include Tad I could not hope to tell. But they did. They shunned him, for no fault of his. For three days he walked alone. And then the crisis.

This battle was not like the one in which he set himself at Fatty Baxter's throat. It surged; it raged. It embroiled not two, but twenty. I broke it up. In panic, I found myself swinging with all my weight to drive them back from him, cornered against an angle of the fence. I tripped, and went down, and rose shouting. And they hit him again. They were at him like wolves. He fought with death in his eyes, blood in his eyes—but no fear. I reached him, and dragged him inside and shut the door. We were a sorry-looking pair.

"Well?" It was all I had breath left to say. He whimpered—he whimpered through shut teeth, a nameless animal cry of impotent hate. "They said he was a coward," he panted. "They said Brant was afraid!"

Only one course was open. I had to be honest. I thought so, too.

"Well?" I repeated coldly. "Well?"

That was enough! He stood for a time and stared at me. He wheeled and marched to the door. He halted there and turned back. His voice was respectful.

"You've took a lot of pains learnin' me," he said, "an' I'm grateful! Some day I hope I kin git to show you how much."

With that he passed out. I would have seen him safely off the grounds, but he gave me no time. Nor was there any need. The others stood and watched him go. But before the afternoon session had come to an end I had had more than I could stand of thinking. I dismissed school without compunction, and hitched my horse. I drove out and found him lying with his face to the wall on an old horsehair sofa in the "front room."

He whirled as he heard me enter. And we took it up again, exactly where we had left off.

"They're furriners!" he whipped at me. "There ain't no call for us to go and fight their battles."

That wasn't Tad talking; that was an echo of Brant. Until that moment I had not noticed how pale, how gaunt the boy had grown. Days and nights spent alone with his problem had gnawed the flesh from his bones.

"It's our battle now," I told him. "It's the battle of every man who's worthy of the name."

"Why?" He was dispassionate.

It was hard to explain, to a boy. I found myself floundering in a mass of abstract platitudes. I tried to get down to fundamentals to show that it was the Prince of the Pit arrayed once more against those who fought that the Kingdom of God should endure upon the earth.

He was unmoved. He interrupted. "Don't talk Scripture," he said. "Talk facts."

I gave him facts. I forgot he was a boy. And—boys in our hills are taught to revere women. That is of a piece with our old Americanism, I think. I forgot he was a boy. I gave him facts. And I heard him cry out in horror. He was gasping—incredulous.

"Air you telling me the truth?" he cried.

"The truth, so help me!"

He closed his eyes and bowed his head.

"It's Brant's one chance," I heard myself saying, after what seemed a long while, "his great and merciful chance. And unless he seizes it, Tad, and comes clean from the fire, his epitaph is already written. The kingdom of manhood is not for such as he."

It was the first time I had ever ventured to hint at my real opinion of the ne'er-do-well. Tad lifted his head. I'll warrant that he never before, by word or look, had betrayed that he knew his demigod had feet of clay.

"I knew one of us had to go," he said wearily. "All along I knew—only—only we argued till it seemed I'd never git it straight in my head again. And they won't take me. But you do—you do think it might make a man o' Brant?"

"If anything on earth will," I said.

"Tell them whom it concerns in the village to drive out in the morning," he said. He was speaking once more with his eyes closed. "I'll



15 cents a roll  
except in some western points  
and Canada

Soft as old Linen

**ScotTissue**

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES  
Copyright 1923 by S. P. Co.

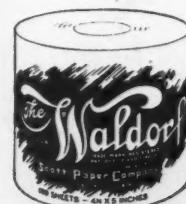
**The absorbent soft  
white Toilet paper**

**Scott Paper Company**  
Chester, Pa. U. S. A.  
1000 SHEETS — 4½ x 5 INCHES

*Thirty Fibre*

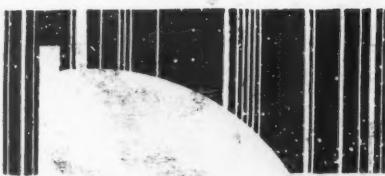
## Mother's Responsibility

She cannot afford to have anything that does not protect and promote the health and comfort of her children. ScotTissue has supplanted the harsh, non-absorbent toilet tissue of other days. Mothers everywhere select ScotTissue because of its soothing softness, its whiteness, its quick-absorbency and its unquestioned purity. ScotTissue is safe for children. It will not harm or irritate the most delicate skin. That's why it is especially sought by women of refinement for their personal hygienic requirements. No conversation. Just say "ScotTissue."



Another Thirsty  
Fibre Product  
3 rolls for 25¢  
Except in some western  
points and Canada

© S. P. Co.



## PREFERENCE

Of all the thousands of cars you see on the streets, two-thirds are equipped with Champions. This outstanding preference by motorists the world over is very definite evidence that Champion is the better spark plug.

A new set of dependable Champion Spark Plugs every 10,000 miles will restore power, speed and acceleration and actually save their cost in oil and gas.

Champion X — exclusively for Fords — packed in the Red Box

60¢



75¢

**CHAMPION**  
Dependable for Every Engine

Toledo, Ohio

show 'em where he's hid. They—they won't shoot him fer a deserter, will they?"

"No," I promised, quite as though the power to determine lay with me. "No, they won't shoot him."

He guided us the next morning to Brant's hide-out, before the sun had come up over the edge of the range; and it was a bad half-hour that we spent there on the mountain-top at dawn. I think Brant would have killed him for what he'd done, at first. Later when he was resigned and inclined to brave out his apprehension with quip and bluster, his attitude toward Tad did, I think, well-nigh kill Tad. I couldn't look at the boy—I couldn't. No face ever held more of pleading to be understood. I saw the sheriff, the godless custodian of a godless river district, knuckle his eyes. Just as we were preparing to come down, the boy could stand it no longer. He broke forward and grabbed Brant's sleeve.

"I had to do it, Brant," he burst out. "I had to do—I—"

Brant kicked at him, viciously. "Get out, you feist," he said.

Brant went that afternoon with his contingent. I suppose other draft boards were as lenient, in many cases, with similar delinquents. As for a physical examination, it was not needed.

I took Tad home with me. And now, suddenly he would talk. Dry-eyed, he babbled of his brother. He recounted his feats; boasted incontinently, unbelievably, of his triumphs. And ever and again the same cry would recur.

"I had to send him! I had to!"

Once in the middle of an exploit which he was narrating he halted and I saw stark fear stalk upon him. "He might be killed," he murmured in the hush. "He's liable to be killed!"

It was on the tip of my tongue to say that there were worse things than decent death, but he was quicker.

"He had to go—I had to send him. I—I'd do it all over again." And, an instant later: "He's wicked with a rifle, Brant is."

And with that he was off again, reminiscing, till pain wrung from him the only words which, it seemed, could afford him any comfort, any justification in his own eyes.

I tried to keep him with me that year, and failed. So I did the next best thing. I went to live with him, up the Gap. And together, until the end of the war, we followed as best we could, the —th Division.

Brant Dennison, so far as we knew, was a good soldier. He was neither wounded nor promoted, though it was the possibility of these things that filled our talk that winter. Of his home-coming we spoke often; of his hoped-for regeneration, never.

In due course there came word of the armistice, the news of peace. Boys from the Gap began to drift back, and we had our welcome-home demonstration like other communities, when the major portion of them had returned. No news of Brant had come, not a word, not a line. To Tad, however, this seemed natural enough. The fact that Brant could neither read nor write seemed ample explanation. But Tad was waiting impatiently now. And late one Saturday afternoon when a courier rode up to tell us that Brant was expected in at eight that evening, and that an impromptu celebration had been arranged, the boy had to sit down on the steps a bit before he could go and harness the horse.

We barely made it. We could see the glare of the torch-lights and hear the snarl of Ole Hanson's snare-drums, mingled with the hoot of the incoming train as we turned down Main Street. Tad rose then and laid the whip on the old mare's back.

"Git thar, you!" His thin treble was shrill with dismay. "Git thar! My God, suppose we're late!"

We weren't. But a minute later, with all my heart I wished we might have been. For the tavern circle had gone ahead to Prinesville to welcome back their idol. And their celebration was far on its way by the time they reached the Gap. Some of them needed assistance in

descending from the coach. But not Brant, even though he was well along in liquor.

It's odd about a black sheep, isn't it? Upon his departure Brant had not numbered many among the better citizens who bothered to bid him farewell. But they were all there to hail the prodigal's home-coming. But after one glimpse of him they dropped their eyes and turned away. It wasn't disgust alone. I think it was sadness more than anything else that those men felt.

And Tad. One moment there he was beside me, erect, afire. And then he was just a huddle upon the seat. Once he made a queer hurt sound; and then he just sat staring at his hands which trembled on the reins, till they had all fled past. After that—quite a long time after—he walked the rig slowly back up the street.

We stopped before Brattle's tavern. Already the sounds of revelry were higher than ever within. We sat there three hours, and never spoke. I just stayed with him, so I was there when, close to twelve, the door banged open and Brant stood framed in the yellow light.

It was farce, unreal, brutal burlesque.

"Tad," he commanded, "fetch in a brick."

In the bottom of the buggy, under some old blankets, Tad found it. He clambered down, and entered. I followed as far as the doorway. And when my eyes had ceased to blink with the light I saw him. He had not handed the brick to Brant. He held it in one hand. He was braced against the wall. Words were coming from his lips, wrenching and dry and bitter.

"A hero! A hero! A hero to a lot of drunken dogs!" A smile grazed his mouth and bruised it and left a nasty twist. "An' I been prayin'—prayin' He'd send you back just a man! I sent you when I almost broke my heart to make you go. O God, I—sent you—and I'll break my heart no longer. You want your brick. Then have it!" And he drove it down the room.

Brant barely managed to save his face. The missile went with a crash through a window.

Outside on the porch Tad blundered into something. He tripped and fell, and groped in the dark for the thing which had sent him down. Mechanically he retrieved it—Brant's brick—and went on. In the dull and heavy effort which lifted him back to the buggy seat there was something which I couldn't endure. I followed him, though he made it plain enough that I wasn't wanted. He picked up the reins—clucked. The old white blind mare started. And—and then, out of the blackness behind us, came the pelt of running feet.

It was Brant—of course it was Brant. But his face! Unconsciously I had set myself for a shock, yet when it came it was little like what I had feared. He was sober—sober in an instant. And instead of violence and blind rage—man, a miracle had happened. He—he hung his head. He was ashamed.

He came alongside a lurching wheel. We stopped. He climbed in, and we started ahead once more. Perched between our knees Tad never turned his head. He drove in silence, stiff and bleak and white.

We negotiated the hill, passed the Points. And just before we came to the bridge that spans the creek, Brant cleared his throat. It was beginning to rain.

"Looks—like it might be kinda cloudy, come sunup."

Château-Thierry! Argonne!

Through all of that Brant had come unscathed, but here was bravery, stark! He fought for his voice and found it tender.

"Looks like it might be cloudy, come sunup, Tad. I—I reckon we'll git to go troutin' in the morning."

The horse's hoofs thundered mildly on the loose planking. Midway across the stream I thought I felt Tad's hand sneaking along the seat. But I was not certain until I heard a splash.

Clear against the horizon, lighted that moment by a flare of heat-lightning, their profiles stood out sharp. Both of them were smiling, wistful. Both held an eagle look.

Then I, too, groped along the seat. The brick was gone.

# Ford



Testing Ford crankshaft  
for hardness on the  
Brinell instrument

TUDOR  
**\$580**  
E.O.B. DETROIT



## Maintaining Quality Through Inspection and Re-inspection

The reliability for which Ford cars are famed everywhere is determined first by the quality of materials used and, second, by the high standard of workmanship. The inspection system maintained is unusually thorough. Not only are parts tested at each stage in production, but frequent

re-inspections follow, to insure against carelessness or inaccuracy on the part of inspectors. Only thus can the uninterrupted flow of Ford production go on, and the dependable performance every buyer of a Ford car expects, be assured.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan

RUNABOUT \$260, TOURING \$290, COUPE \$320, TUDOR SEDAN \$580, FORDOR SEDAN \$660  
All prices f. o. b. Detroit



## Which of these women has learned the secret of Fifteen Minutes a Day?

TWO WOMEN live in neighboring homes. They are the same age. Their husbands' incomes are about equal. They seem to have the same chance of social success and happiness.

And yet, one of these women is seldom invited to go out. She belongs to no set or club or society. She is lonely all day long.

The other woman is always the center of a group of friends. Her calendar is full of engagements. She is sought after as a guest and admired as a hostess.

### Make Her Secret Your Own

Her secret is very simple. She has learned how to attract people. She has read many things. Her mind is keen and alert, and people feel instinctively that she is worth knowing.

Any woman who knows something of literature and science, of travel and biography, will find herself becoming more and more attractive.

It is possible to secure, all at once and at very small expense, the few great books that enable anyone to think clearly and talk well. You will understand how this is possible the moment you have read a wonderfully interesting book called "Fifteen Minutes a Day," which gives you the contents, plan and purpose of the most famous library in the world.

### DR. ELLIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

The little book is free. It tells how Dr. Elliot put into his Five-Foot Shelf (sometimes called The Harvard Classics) "the essentials of a liberal education"; and how he has so arranged it with reading courses and notes that even fifteen minutes a day are enough to give you the broad knowledge of life and literature, the cultivated viewpoint that every university strives to give.

Every reader of *Cosmopolitan* is invited to have a free copy of "Fifteen Minutes a Day." It will be sent by mail postpaid, and does not oblige you in any way. Merely tear off this coupon and mail it now.

**Send for free book that gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading**



**P. F. Collier & Son Company**  
250 Park Avenue, New York City

By mail, free, send me the little guidebook to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Elliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Elliot of Harvard. Also please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

Name *(Mr. Mrs. Miss.)* \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please write plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

4075-HCBL

## You Can Teach an Old Dog (Continued from page 69)

blindfolded woman on the stage can tell the number in the back of a watch in the pocket of a strange man in the audience. All such feats depend on a sign from a third party. What fools the casual onlooker is the fact that it is possible to communicate with a well-trained dog in a manner that even a keen observer might overlook.

Some years ago the public marveled at feats of a so-called mathematical dog that could add, subtract and multiply. A number of cards were set up containing various numbers, and the dog would be asked to do a problem the answer to which was on one of the cards. The dog picked up the right card so often that it began to look as if he must actually have worked the problem in his head, but the truth was that the performer did the problem and indicated the right card to the dog by means of some secret cue word, or other signal.

Let us examine, though, what actually happens when a dog is taught a trick in which he appears to follow somewhat complicated instructions. Suppose that you wish to teach your dog to select a certain article out of several. You place ball, a stick and a handkerchief on the ground and ask your dog to bring the one wanted. You reward him with kind words and food when he brings the right one but rebuke him when he brings the wrong one. He learns in a short time exactly what ball, stick and handkerchief mean. The same plan may be followed in teaching differences in colors.

Forcing associations into your dog's mind is equally effective whether you are trying to teach him amusing tricks or acts of definite usefulness.

Many people imagine that a hunting-dog is born with all the qualities needed for the work that he is to do. The truth is, of course, that hunting-dogs are born only with the instinctive traits which make it easy to train them. This is also true of various breeds which have been trained for so-called police work. The offspring of the best hunting strain must be carefully trained, just as the son of a famous musician can never become a concert performer without painstaking study and effort.

Those who intend to take their dogs hunting with them often make it a point to have the dog accustomed from puppyhood to the sound of a gun. The common method of doing this is to walk along with a revolver, or even a cap pistol, and explode it occasionally without comment of any kind and paying no attention to the dog. In this way the shot makes the least possible impression on the dog's mind. As nothing unpleasant accompanies the sound, he soon recognizes that it is harmless.

A simple method of teaching a hunting-dog to retrieve without crushing or breaking the skin of a bird is to have him learn on a bird carcass full of pins. Likewise, a pup that likes to suck eggs is soon broken of the vice if he once or twice gets an egg filled with pepper.

Many seemingly difficult tricks may be taught to a dog if proper associations are built by easy stages. To make a dog jump through your hands might at first thought be a problem, and yet I find that by doing the thing gradually I can teach this to almost any dog in about ten minutes. First, I make sure that the dog is hungry; then I hold a cane in my hand and make him walk over it toward food, temptingly displayed. Gradually I raise the cane an inch or two. After I have considerably increased its height, I drape a newspaper or cloth over it to make it natural for the dog to go over rather than under it. If he does not go over it, I refuse to give him the food.

In a short time he recognizes that he must go over the cane to obtain the coveted biscuit or chunk of meat. The next stage may be to hold the cane with my hands on it only a few inches apart; and the final stage is to dispense with the cane entirely and clasp my hands together. The whole process, as I say, may be gone through in a few minutes.

I knew of a retrieving dog that was taught to fetch objects from persons a few feet away, and the distance was gradually increased until the dog would go to a grocery several blocks away after articles mentioned in a note attached to his collar. Thus the seemingly impossible was accomplished by teaching a little before attempting much.

It is one thing to make a dog obey a simple order but quite another thing to make him do so instantly. If the dog is running after something and you call him he eventually may pause and come to you, but he is probably in no great rush about it. A simple use of the association method for teaching a dog to stop promptly when ordered, is this: Tie your dog to a stake or to a tree by a piece of twine at least 100 feet long. Measure off the exact length of the twine in a given direction and thus know in advance just where the dog will be when he reaches the end of it. You then start to run with your dog and on approaching the point where you know the leash will be taut, yell, "Whoa!" "Stop!" or whatever signal you adopt. The dog will not stop because of your command but of course must stop because of the tightening of the leash. After a few trials he begins to associate your command with the necessity for stopping *instantly*.

One of my neighbors nearly got into a damage suit because his dog was insistent upon trying to bite the iceman. My dogs, too, had an aversion to this same iceman. Wishing to remain on friendly terms with my iceman, I arranged with him to offer the dogs such delicacies as gingersnaps whenever he came and this soon established cordial relations.

On the other hand, if a dog is to act as guard at a home, he should not be permitted to become too friendly with every visitor that comes along. A dog too accustomed to seeing people may take them all as a matter of course and let them come and go unmolested.

Do dogs teach *themselves* by association?

Of course they do. Most puppies, for example, raise a great commotion when they first find themselves tied. Yet only a few minutes are needed to convince a pup that his struggles are unavailing and that the sensible thing to do is to remain quiet.

No one knows how many dog owners spoil their pets by their manner of feeding them. If given too little food and drink, a dog may be forced to turn scavenger and work up regular free-lunch routes among the neighbors. On the other hand, if fed too often, or whenever the owner thinks about it, a dog gradually comes to have food on his mind all the time. A grown dog should be taught to expect food only once a day, and then all he wants. Naturally this should be in the evening after he has done his exercising.

Many an intelligent dog is spoiled by too insistent efforts to correct minor faults in the early stages of his training. His spirit is broken before he has an opportunity to learn things worth while. Many dog trainers, in handling hunting-dogs, or even watch-dogs, insist that they should not be taught little tricks, such as sitting up and begging for food, or jumping through one's hands. The objection is that the trick dog comes to look for signals from his master and is less likely to act on his own initiative. On the other hand, many trainers take an opposite view and think that learning tricks is good discipline and helps in a dog's general mental development.

Most dog trainers deny the truth of the saying that you can't teach old dogs new tricks. The facts appear to be that a dog more than two years old is more easily taught than the average puppy because he is more capable of understanding what you wish him to do.

I find that I am more inclined to be patient with a dog and to train him successfully if I keep in mind that the dog has many natural instincts entirely unlike our own, and the very thing that I most object to may be something that, to the dog, is only natural and sensible.



## Radiolas are pacemakers in value, too

Value in radio hangs not on price alone—but on performance—and permanence. Whatever you can afford to pay for a radio set, you will find in an RCA Radiola the greatest value your money can buy. Any authorized RCA dealer will sell on terms to suit you.

**Radiola 20**—new five-tube set at \$115. This new antenna set achieves uni-control with no sacrifice of tone quality or selectivity. It has the new power tube which gives volume of reception on dry batteries, and great clarity of tone. The price includes all five Radiotrons.

**Radiola 25**—six-tube Super-Heterodyne at \$165. The Radiola Super-Heterodyne,



unparalleled in tone, is now uni-controlled—operated with a single finger tip. It has the new dry battery power tube. And it can be adapted for use with the RCA Loudspeaker Model 104, without any batteries. The price includes all six Radiotrons.

**Radiola 28**—eight-tube Super-Heterodyne at \$260. Neither in mathematics nor in radio science has it been found possible to make five equal six, or six equal eight. Just as automobiles use more cylinders for greater power and ease, RCA has built an eight-tube Super-Heterodyne with new power. Its desk type cabinet has room for all the dry

batteries, though it may be adapted for use without batteries if combined with RCA Loudspeaker 104. The price includes all eight Radiotrons.



**Radiola 30**—eight-tube Super-Heterodyne with power speaker: uses no batteries, \$575. All the new discoveries have been combined in this beautiful instrument. Its hidden loudspeaker is the new RCA cone type power speaker. And it operates entirely from your lighting socket (A. C.)—with no batteries. It is unsurpassed in tone and in performance. The price includes everything. Just plug in—and tune in—with a single control!



**RCA ~ Radiola**  
MADE • BY • THE • MAKERS • OF • RADIOTRONS

*RCA sets or speakers using house current may be plugged in on any 50 or 60 cycle, 110 volt A.C. lighting circuit.*



## "I want seven pairs but~

— they must all be genuine Arch Preserver Shoes," said a customer to one of our dealers recently. "I'm going on a long trip and I must be sure I have plenty of the same make of shoes I have been wearing."

Thousands of women are so afraid of getting something else that they insist on buying from the dealer who sold them their first pair of Arch Preserver Shoes. Most of our dealers are mailing shoes all over the world to former customers who have moved away.

THE

## ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

This is the famous shoe you see advertised in all the leading women's publications. No other shoe can be like it because it is patented. Supports the arch no matter how high the heel. Bends where the foot bends. Flat inner sole prevents pinching. Styles for all occasions. Sizes for women, misses and children.

Look for the Trade-Mark on the sole and lining and you can always tell the genuine *Arch Preserver* Shoe. Ask for it by the full name, too, because this is the name of *one* particular make of shoe, not a general kind of shoe.

*The Arch Preserver Shoe for women is made only by The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, O. For men by T. E. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.*



Send for booklet  
No. 24  
"Foot Youth"  
The Selby Shoe  
Company  
424 Seventh St.  
Portsmouth, Ohio



"KEEPES THE FOOT WELL"

The Selby Shoe Co., 424 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio.

Please send booklet No. 24, "Foot Youth."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

My shoe dealer's name.....

## The Gay Cockade (Continued from page 67)

eyes." But feeling that this was not quite the way to proceed, Rosemary hurried quickly on. "I have a letter, there in my bag, to Mr. Sturgis, asking him to look out for me, and—"

A dull sound came from within the house, and the man turned sharply. "Excuse me, miss. I'll have to go. I've left a window open. I'm afraid the rain's coming in."

Rosemary's foot was pushed aside as the door closed. She found herself alone once more in the vestibule. What was the meaning of this? Rain did not come in with a sound of a single muffled thud. And why hadn't he let her stand inside while he closed the window? Minutes passed while she waited, and still the man did not return. She put her finger on the bell and held it there. Then she beat with her fist on the glass of the door.

The man came hurrying through the hall. "Don't make all that noise, miss," he remonstrated. "What is it you want? I've told you that everyone is away."

"I want to come in," said Rosemary with dignity. She pushed back the door in the man's surprised face and set her bag inside. "Don't you know you shouldn't leave me standing in the rain? At least you'll have to let me wait here till I can get a taxi."

The man faced her in the dimly lighted hall, evidently dismayed. "Really, miss, it won't do. I can't have you sitting here. I have—certain duties to perform."

"Then why don't you let me spend the night here?" said Rosemary. "You see, I haven't very much money. I'm sure Mr. Sturgis wouldn't want you to send me to a hotel."

The servant's face twitched nervously, but his narrow eyes were expressionless. Suddenly Rosemary felt that she disliked him.

A minute passed while he seemed to reflect. "Very well," he said abruptly. "Come this way." He took her bag, and started to mount the stairs.

Rosemary surveyed the dim, massive staircase. She was to spend the night alone, except for a mysterious man servant, in this great, gloomy mansion in a sordid neighborhood. She could not have hoped for half so much.

They mounted the first long flight of stairs, then a second flight, then a third and a fourth. At the head of the last flight, the man opened a door. Rosemary entered the small room which the man indicated.

"I think you'll find everything you need, miss," he said; and discreetly he withdrew, closing the door softly behind him.

The room was white-painted and very clean. The furnishings were sparse—an iron bed, wooden chairs, bureau and wash-stand. Clearly it was a servant's room. Rosemary went to the window and leaned curiously out, but she could see nothing; it opened on a narrow court.

"This hospitality is not magnificent," she told the room. A clock on the mantel ticked the minutes loudly, monotonously. She realized that she was unbearably tired. The bed looked fresh, but there was something else she wanted.

Rosemary uttered a whoop. Of course, she was hungry! That was why she felt so dizzy and exhausted. Rosemary looked at her watch. It lacked ten minutes of midnight.

"I'm not going to bed hungry," she resolved. She opened the door and looked out into the darkness of the hall. Evidently the man had gone to bed. She would steal down-stairs quietly and find the ice-box.

The stair-well was forbiddingly black, and of course it would not do to turn on the lights. But Rosemary remembered a candle in a white china holder which stood on the table beside the bed. That would be just the thing.

Already she felt far less tired, and as she stole down the stairs her adventure seemed very satisfactory. She went carefully, stepping gingerly over creaky boards. The kitchen, she was sure, was in the basement. She found a narrow flight of stairs, the continuation of a

back stairway, and descended. Holding her candle high, she saw the glimmer of a stove, a white-enamelled cabinet and a shining floor. It was a very nice kitchen. And there in the corner by the door was a great ice-box, a massive, metal-bound, hospitable ice-box. Rosemary approached it with the most pleasurable anticipations. She fell joyfully upon a platter of cold chicken.

There was nothing niggardly about the Sturgis ice-box. Even in the absence of the family, it was generously stocked. Far back in the corner, a plate of sliced ham gleamed rosily. Still grasping a chicken leg, Rosemary reached for a slice. The cover of a glass butter-dish fell with a crash, brushed by her sleeve. She crouched motionless, her arm still suspended over the shelf, her fingers still clutching the pink slab of ham. For it had seemed that another sound, faint and cautious but unmistakably near, had answered the crash of the falling glass. The sound had come from the dark recesses of the kitchen, beyond the little circle of faint candle-light.

A chill trickled icily down Rosemary's spine. Slowly she turned to look where the windows glimmered, pale rectangles behind her. Against one of them there was a dark mass. It stirred; a leg was thrust over the sill.

"Who's that?" Her throat closed tight.

"Who are you?" The voice was sharp and challenging but not unpleasant. "Let's have a look at you," it went on, and she was blinded by a glare of light. A flash-light, of course—burglars always carried them.

A faint snort came from the figure behind the light. With offended dignity, Rosemary drew herself up. After all, she must look absurd, with a gnawed chicken leg in one hand and a slice of ham in the other.

The intruder had turned off his flash-light and was softly closing the window by which he had entered. He drew the shades, then went to the door, where he listened for a moment before he shut it gently. "Are you alone?" he asked Rosemary curtly.

"Entirely," she told him. "I had expected to remain so." She was pleased with her retort.

The man was fetching her candle from the floor. "Sit down there," he commanded Rosemary, pointing to a chair by the table. He set down the candle and stared at her.

For the first time, Rosemary saw his face. She clasped her hands tightly together. However nefarious his designs on the Sturgis property, this was as lovely and romantic a burglar as she could have imagined. He was young and dark and beautiful, with imperious eyebrows and smooth black hair. He wore a rough suit, and his gray cap lay on the table. He was staring at Rosemary with a frown of extreme annoyance, but as he looked he was obliged to bite his lips to keep from smiling. It was clear that he had observed that her hair, nose and tailored suit were very short, that she had a childish habit of sitting with her knees knocked together, and that there was a dimple absurdly placed under her right eye.

He had almost smiled outright, but he pulled himself together and addressed Rosemary sternly. "You seem very much at home. I'm really most sorry to interfere, but I shall have to ask how you got in." Sarcasm was obviously one of his faults.

"I didn't get in," said Rosemary distantly. "I am staying here. And I don't know what you mean by asking me all these questions."

"Oh, you're staying here, are you?" He gave a short laugh, bowing with mock deference. "I suppose I'm your guest. Well, if you'll pardon my curiosity, what other friends are you expecting tonight?"

Rosemary stood up. The handsome young man was making himself disagreeable. She looked straight into his eyes, above the candle. He moved uncomfortably.

"Your questions are impertinent," she told him. "And very distasteful to me. Please go



*Singing  
thru the Morning*

BUBBLING with happiness at a task turned into fun! At the fascinating sight of dull floors instantly transformed to gleaming beauty! Home made brighter—work made lighter. That is exactly what a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher will mean to you.

This Electric Floor Polisher actually runs itself—you just guide it with your finger-tips. Simple! Light! Runs from any lamp socket.

#### Rent It for \$2.00 a Day!

At your neighborhood store you can rent a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher and in just a short time beautify all your floors and linoleum.

The price of the Electric Polisher is \$42.50—(in Canada \$48.50). Your dealer can supply you or we will send one express prepaid.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, "The Floor Finishing Authorities," RACINE, WIS.

## Beautiful Waxed Floors

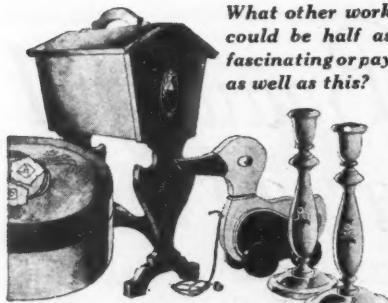
WAXED floors are so rich looking—have such an artistic lustre—they are so easy to care for—and their upkeep costs less than with any other finish. Then waxed floors are convenient—your house isn't upset for days. Because you don't have to wait for Wax to dry—it hardens ready to polish in five minutes.

Now you can have beautiful waxed floors without stooping, kneeling or even soiling your hands. Just spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax with a Lamb's-wool Mop. This cleans the floor and deposits a protecting wax film which a few strokes of the Weighted Brush or Electric Polisher will quickly bring to a beautiful durable polish.

This Johnson Wax treatment takes only a few minutes—and afterwards your floors will require but little care and practically no expense. "Traffic spots" in doorways can easily be re-waxed without going over the entire surface.

All you need is a Johnson Floor Polishing Outfit (Hand or Electric). Both Outfits include a supply of Liquid Wax and a Lamb's-wool Mop for applying the Wax. The Hand Outfit is a \$6.05 value for \$5.00. For sale at department, drug, furniture, grocery, hardware and paint stores

# JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX



What other work could be half as fascinating or pay as well as this?

## Mrs. Parker made \$500<sup>00</sup> decorating Art Novelties

MRS. DOROTHEA PARKER, of Massachusetts, is just one of the host of women who have found success in the Art Novelty field through membership in Fireside Industries, the national association of artistic home-workers. She wrote, in January of this year:

"I certainly have a lot to thank Fireside for—not only for starting me on this pleasant, remunerative work—but also for the constant service I enjoy so much, the magazine, etc. I opened a studio in my home—did business three days a week. Trade came mostly from friends who told other people. Began decorating novelties October 1st. Total amount of sales, \$500.00."

The success of Mrs. Parker is not exceptional, for members of Fireside Industries repeatedly write that they make well-earned articles and sell them, after only 3 or 4 lessons.

### Simple new system makes work easy as following a recipe

Any woman who is naturally neat and pains-taking can quickly learn to decorate Toys and other Art Novelties "the Fireside way," for the simple directions tell you exactly what to do. If you can follow a cooking recipe, you can succeed in this work. Under the new and exclusive method devised by Mr. Gabriel Andre Petit, the Art Director of Fireside Industries, your skill will develop as naturally as a flower blossoms.

### No special art talent needed

Special ability or previous experience in this line is not required. Simply do as Mr. Petit directs, and before you realize it, you will find yourself fascinated and delighted—for you will be turning out such artistic decorated objects as candlesticks, gaily colored wooden toys, parchment lamp shades, bookends, even novelty chairs, tables, bookshelves and other furniture.

### Money Back Guarantee

Fireside Industries guarantees entire satisfaction to each of its members. If, after completing your course, you are not entirely satisfied, your money will be refunded in full. Mr. Petit's system is absolutely guaranteed to put you on the road to success in this work, whether your ambition is to find a means of expressing your personality in art, or to make money in spare time, or both.

### FREE BOOK tells how

The beautiful Book of Fireside Industries, illustrated in color, explains all about this new way to earn money at home. It will be sent to you FREE, without obligation. Simply mail the coupon or write, enclosing two-cent stamp to help pay postage. But do it now.

### FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES

Dept. 23-C

Adrian, Mich.

**FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES,**  
Dept. 23-C, Adrian, Michigan.

Please send me FREE the beautiful illustrated Book of Fireside Industries, explaining how I may earn money at home by decorating Art Novelties. I enclose two-cent stamp to help pay postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

away, right out of that window where you came in."

He threw back his dark head impatiently. "That's enough. There's no time to waste. I want the truth from you. I know you're not in this by yourself. Who are you working with? Who told you about the emeralds?"

"The emeralds?" Rosemary clutched at the table. There were emeralds! The dim, strange kitchen dancing in the candle-light—this dark, romantic young man—and now emeralds! It was too much.

The young man was staring at her. "It isn't possible you didn't know. The necklace, a very valuable old necklace—"

"And you've come to take it. Oh, I don't think you ought to!" She clasped her hands together and raised her eyes imploringly to his shadowed face. Maybe it was only his first offense. Maybe, if she begged him, he would go quietly home. It would be a pleasure to reform a young man like this one. Her eyes fell on his hands—strong, sensitive hands with well-kept nails. They didn't look like the hands of a very hardened criminal.

"Well, in view of the fact that you beat me into the house, I don't see that you have much to say." His eyes were fixed on her face, and for the first time he smiled, a wide, boyish smile.

It was too absurd, thought Rosemary—this young man thought she wanted to steal the emeralds too. She laughed suddenly at the silliness of it. At once his hand was gripping her arm tight.

"Don't do that! We must be quiet. We're right under the library, where the safe is."

"You mean—you think there's some one up there?" Rosemary whispered.

The young man's eyes were on her again, with a perplexed expression. "I—I suppose I'm a fool," he said. "But when you look at me that way, I can't help believing you. Look here, my name's Neil." A noise sounded above them as though an object had fallen to the floor. The man blew out the candle. "You'd better get out of here. Go up the back stairs and hide somewhere. You can't get out now—it's too risky. There's some one there—I'm going up to see."

"Oh, do you have to go?" Rosemary's whisper was shaky, and in the darkness she felt for his arm and laid her hand on it. "You might get hurt."

"No, I'll be all right." He put his hand over hers and held it tight in the darkness. "Listen, before I go—tell me, you aren't double-crossing me, are you?"

"Of course I'm not. I'd like to help you if I could—"

"Now you must go quickly." He led her to the stairs.

The house was quiet once more as Rosemary stole up the first flight. Maybe they were nervous and had only imagined the noise in the library. But it was horrid to think that there might be other intruders in the old house, moving unseen in the darkness. For of course they couldn't be charming and romantic, like Neil. Neil. His name was Neil. Somehow she must see him again. He was too nice a person to stay a burglar. He was very young, he could change—she wanted to help him change.

She had reached the top floor. She bent, listening, over the dark stair-well. There came the sound of a door opening, and a sharp, angry whisper, then another. More than one person was moving about in the hall below! And suddenly Rosemary thought of her own position here in this disturbed house. After all, she was not a girl in a story-book. She had forgotten all responsibility, fascinated by a light-fingered young man with handsome eyes. What would father think—father, who had charged her with an important mission?

Her hand at her throat, Rosemary flew to her room. Maybe the securities had been stolen! Maybe this conversation in the kitchen, this talk of emeralds, had been a plot to detain her. But the bulky envelop was still there.

Shaken by the sudden fear, she closed her

bag and started down the stairs. She was determined, at whatever cost, to escape, to take father's precious securities to a safer place.

Softly, down three flights of stairs, Rosemary sped. Then she paused before making a bolt for the front door. A faint light appeared suddenly below her. Unmistakably, suppressed sounds rose from the hall. There was a scuffling of feet, softened by the heavy rug; fierce whispers were breathed in gasps. Rosemary shrank back. It must be Neil. There was a groan, startlingly loud. Rosemary heard her own stifled scream.

She crept to the head of the stairs and looked down. No one was moving; it was very quiet. Perhaps the men had been frightened away by her scream. The light came from the back of the hall and scarcely illuminated the space between the stairs and the front door. She could make out a darker blur on the dark carpet at the foot of the stairs. She began descending, with difficulty, holding fast to the hand-rail. Now she could see that there was a man, black-haired, lying face down, very flat. One arm was flung out. Beside him were tumbled his cap and overcoat and handbag.

With a cry she knelt at his side, moving his heavy shoulders with an effort, so that the faint light might fall on his face. Close to hers, in the bend of her arm, she saw a face like a mask, curiously drawn and pallid, the lips parted. It was not Neil's face. Even in her horror, she was relieved to see that. For something very terrible had been done to this man when he had groaned so loudly and fallen on his face on the floor. Rosemary saw on the carpet at her knees a spreading dark stain. Putting her hand to the man's vest, she found that it was sodden with thick, warm wetness.

A giddy panic swept her, and a fear of those heavy shoulders which she had taken in her arms. She laid the man on the floor and jumped to her feet. Anywhere, anywhere to be out of this horrible house! She would run down the street in the clean, cool rain. Now a new terror seized her that the murderer must be near—perhaps watching her. With trembling fingers she unfastened the door and fled down the steps, the black bag thumping heavily against her as she ran. No one was in sight. But as she turned the corner, the sharp blast of a police whistle shrilled from the silence of Bowman Place. A tenement door was ajar, and Rosemary crouched in the narrow, ill-smelling vestibule.

Fear rang through the street, and Rosemary tried not to think whose feet they might be. Then a voice cried, "Get in around there. He just got out through the back." All life seemed hideously transformed into a chase of hunter and hunted, with little chance for the victim of the pack. And, thinking of young Neil with handcuffs on his wrists, jostled by policemen, thrown in a cell, Rosemary closed her eyes.

Yet how could he kill that other man? Thinking of this, the face of adventure seemed changed. It was a drawn white mask with parted lips. Shaking convulsively, she stole to the door of the tenement and looked out. The street was quiet now. She dipped her handkerchief in a puddle in the puddle on the step and washed the long streaks of blood from the hand she had laid on the man's breast. She began running up the street in an unsteady, zigzag course.

The elevated structure loomed ahead, and a taxi-cab stood before a lunch room. Rosemary entered it and waited until the driver came out. "Take me to the Grand Central Station," she told him. It was a relief to be going somewhere, anywhere.

But faced once more with the great station, Rosemary felt a pang of homesickness. If only she could get on a train, awaken tomorrow in Ashton, at home again! At the information desk she made inquiry and learned that the last train had gone at ten-thirty-five. That settled that. But shame at her loss of courage filled her. She left the station. The rain had stopped, but the pavements still gleamed black. Of course she could not turn and run!

Shivering in her light suit, she found herself before the doorway of a great hotel. There was



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*Health's Hostess  
through Five Generations*

# BAKER'S COCOA AND CHOCOLATE

ARE MOST DELICIOUS BEVERAGES, ESPECIALLY  
GOOD FOR SERVING AT ALL AFTERNOON AND  
EVENING OCCASIONS. THEY HAVE GREAT  
FOOD VALUE AND ARE PURE AND HEALTHFUL.

MADE ONLY BY

## Walter Baker & Co., Limited

ESTABLISHED 1780

Dorchester, Mass.

CANADIAN MILLS AT MONTREAL  
*Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free*

a little money in her purse. She would take a room, where she could be safe and alone, out of the chilly night.

Rosemary's voice sounded very small in her ears as she asked for a room. Under the searching gaze of the night clerk, she was conscious that two o'clock in the morning was a strange time for a girl to be coming to a hotel alone.

The clerk's eyes were very sharp behind his glasses. He continued to look hard at Rosemary. But, oddly, his eyes did not rest on her face, but wandered, to her increasing discomfort, over her shoulders, her breast. She looked hastily down. Her white silk blouse was bright with a spatter of blood.

It seemed that minutes passed before the clerk spoke. "You been in an automobile accident?"

"Yes, yes," cried Rosemary eagerly. "We—we skidded. The other people were taken to a hospital. That's why I'm here alone so late." She was amazed at the facility with which she had lied.

She quickly signed the register as the clerk turned to find the key. From the white page, with startling clearness, she saw her name stare up: Rosemary Farr. She shouldn't have written that! She shouldn't have put her real name. They could easily find her now. They might think she had killed the man; they would put her in jail. It would be a terrible blow to father.

The elevator shot up through the high building and Rosemary was left alone in a large, formal bedroom. Beyond was the bath, white-tiled, brightly lighted. She took off her blouse and washed it. In spite of her efforts, the traces of the blood remained in faint rust-colored spots and streaks. Her coat, too, was stained, one lapel heavy and sodden with blood. She sponged it with a towel, but she could not completely remove the marks.

The towel with which she had tried to cleanse her coat lay before her, marked with red. She would have to wash that too. As she frantically scrubbed, she was filled with the terror of the criminal who seeks to obliterate every clue to his crime. Since seeing the expression of the night clerk's face, she thought of herself as a criminal.

How could she escape? If she rushed from the hotel, she would arouse further suspicion. She could not sleep, but she could bathe and put on a fresh blouse and try to plan what it was best to do. Her bag had been set on a chair. As she put her hand on the clasp, she was struck by something unfamiliar in the fastening. It was not like her little black bag. Looking closely, she saw that this was a different bag. Her own, with father's securities, was gone!

A sob came from Rosemary's lips. She knelt on the floor, pulling the bag with her, and wrenched it open. On top lay some men's shirts and a magazine. Underneath was a strange steel bar, long and heavy—a burglar's jimmy. Still there was something else in the bag, something which jingled faintly as Rosemary moved it. She put in her hand and drew it forth—a heavy, old-fashioned gold chain, set with brilliant green stones. It was the emerald necklace.

She held it in her fingers, looking at it stupidly. There was no doubt. These were the emeralds of which Neil had spoken. "A very valuable necklace."

She was an outcast now, a fugitive from justice. It made no difference that she had not killed the man, that she had not meant to take the necklace. No one, not even Mr. Sturgis, would believe that. She had run away from a house where murder and burglary had been committed. She was blood-stained; she had with her the jewels in the burglar's bag. They were the last link in the chain of evidence against her. They supplied the motive which had been lacking. No jury in the land, said Rosemary dramatically to herself, would fail to find her guilty.

And there was another thing they would inevitably find out, and that was how much

father needed money. When they came to investigate that, they would learn something about Mr. Hines—she was sure of that. He had done something discreditable and father was trying to protect him. That was why they couldn't borrow the money in Ashton.

There was no way out. She had miserably failed in her mission. Nothing remained but to see that Mr. Sturgis got the emeralds, though there was no hope of his helping her now—though in his eyes she would seem a desperate thief and murderer. She looked in the mirror. The face of the desperate thief and murderer was very pale, with scarlet circles in either cheek. Her eyelids were heavy.

Outside the window, the streets were filling with a faint gray light. Rosemary undressed and bathed in cold water. She repacked the shirts and the magazine, the jimmy and the emerald necklace. She was so tired now, with the overwhelming fatigue of hopelessness, that she sank on the side of the bed. Her head drooped, and sleep came over her like a smothering weight, irresistible.

A bell jangled sharply, and she found herself, shuddering with fear, in the middle of the room. Again it rang, loud and imperative. It was the telephone on the small table by the bed. Slowly Rosemary went to it, reluctantly her shaking fingers took up the receiver. This was the end, then. They were coming for her.

It was a man's voice, of course. But not an unpleasant voice. It was resonant and clear. Then a lovely relief streamed over her.

"Neil! Are you all right?" she cried.

"Yes. I'm so glad to find you. I've been trying for hours—hunting everywhere. You must come right up here, will you?"

"Right up—where?"

"To the house, Bowman Place, you know."

"Oh, I couldn't!" Rosemary closed her eyes, remembering that house, the place between the stairs and the door. "I don't think I could go there again." Yet even as she spoke, she thought of her bag with father's securities. They might still be there.

"I'm sorry—I'm afraid you'll have to. There are some questions they want to ask you."

"All right, I'll come," said Rosemary faintly. She dressed herself with numb, awkward fingers. This was a dismal ending to her adventure. This morning she was no longer the heroine of story, but a tired girl marked with the evidence of crime. "Caught like a rat in a trap," she said to herself.

For the second time she gave the address at Bowman Place to a taxi driver, and again she traversed the forlorn streets to the row of discreet, old-fashioned houses. But the Sturgis house was no longer shuttered and silent. The door was open, and before it lounged two policemen. In the hallway Neil stood and, seeing him, she found the courage to enter.

"Come in here," he said, and she followed him into the back room. Two men stood talking by the double doors which led to the front room, and through the doors Rosemary saw a gray-haired man seated at a table.

She turned to Neil, trying to read an explanation in his tired young face. "Have they arrested you?" she whispered.

"Me? No. You see—I'm afraid you're going to be angry with me. I'm not really a burglar. I should have explained to you. It was—detective stuff, you know." He reddened, and Rosemary smiled at him. "I guess I wasn't very good at it," he confessed. "I never even knew you'd left the house. My police whistle wouldn't work, and I had to telephone to headquarters. Higgins got away."

"But why did you come in that way? Through the window, I mean."

"Well, you see, I got suspicious of Higgins—the butler. I caught him examining the safe in the library. There had been some talk about this valuable old family necklace, and I knew he had overheard it. My idea was that he would try to work it with an accomplice—let the other fellow in, and then pretend he had slept through the whole thing. That would be the easiest thing, from his point of view. So I told him I was leaving town. I fixed one of the

kitchen windows so that I could get back without his guessing. Simple enough, isn't it?"

"Of course." Rosemary spoke quietly, out of the sheer joy of her relief. "Of course. Higgins was the one who killed that man!"

"He was the one. But the man isn't killed. He has a bad knife wound below the heart. But they think at the hospital that he'll pull through."

One of the men at the door had turned. "Mr. Sturgis," he said, "will the lady mind waiting just a little longer? There's a slight delay."

"Mr. Sturgis?" Rosemary cried.

"My name's Neil Sturgis. You'll forgive me, won't you? Father was awfully angry when I told him I'd let you think—"

A young policeman with a pleasant face had strolled up to Neil, shaking his head. "Nothing doing yet," he said. "Stands to reason he tried to croak his pal because he was trying to make a getaway. But there's one sure thing—he can't try to get rid of that necklace without our catching him."

The necklace! In a little rush, Rosemary recalled her part in this adventure. She had almost forgotten that she was a fugitive from justice, a woman scarred by the suspicion of crime. For still in the bag beside her were the emeralds.

"Wait a minute," she said.

She bent over the bag, feeling Neil's eyes resting kindly on her. How that look was to change! She lifted the heavy gold chain, set with green stones. It shone brightly in the dark library. She let it fall with a faint jangle on the table.

She stood with bowed head, hearing their exclamations. They took the bag from the floor and examined its contents. They called and other men came.

"I mixed up the bags in the dark," Rosemary said in a small voice. "I took the wrong one by mistake."

The gray-haired man had come in from the front room, and Rosemary saw how much like him Neil was. This was dreadful. She looked away.

"Father," she heard Neil say, "this is Rosemary. Look, she had the emeralds. Isn't that wonderful?"

"How can we ever thank you?"

Rosemary looked up, bewildered. Mr. Sturgis was taking both her hands in his. Around her were smiling faces, friendly eyes. Why, no one suspected for a moment that she had meant to take the necklace! She had an instant of irritation. She wished that her hair—or could it have been her nose?—was not quite so short. It was not flattering to think that you could not be taken for a crook, even with all this evidence against you.

Out of a misty silence, she heard Mr. Sturgis speaking. "I got your father's wire when I came home this morning. I know what the trouble is up there. I'm going to Ashton with you tonight and straighten things out. He's put up with Hines too long."

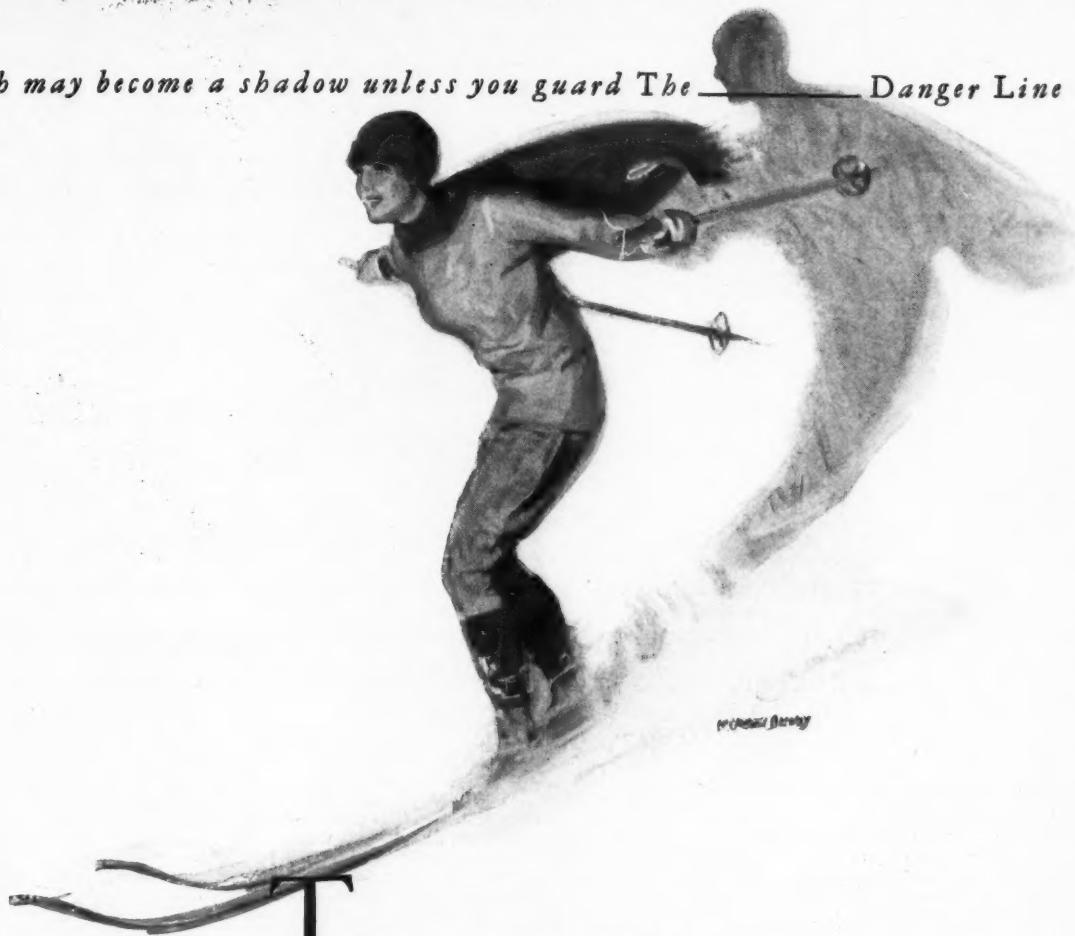
"But the securities!" Rosemary faltered. "Father's securities that were in my bag. They're gone, you see."

"Yes, Higgins must have taken your bag with him. I suppose you scared him off, and he came back for the emeralds after you had gone. Of course he found your bag and supposed that it belonged to the other fellow. He didn't have much time to investigate, for Neil and a policeman were after him. I'm deeply sorry, Rosemary, but you mustn't worry about it. Think what you've done for us. We're going to show ourselves properly grateful."

The young policeman had taken the emerald necklace and was dangling it appreciatively from his forefinger. "I propose a vote of thanks to the young lady," he said.

And Rosemary smiled so that it was clear there was a dimple absurdly placed under her right eye. She looked at Neil, still handsome, romantic, but no longer an outlaw—the brave protector of his family's goods. She raised her head with a little preening movement. So a tropic bird might lift its jeweled crest. This was not a bad adventure, after all.

Health may become a shadow unless you guard The \_\_\_\_\_ Danger Line



## This new knowledge of The Danger Line is astonishing millions of women

In almost any drug store you will find 20, 30, even 40, different kinds of dentifrices. Many people buy these dentifrices . . . changing from one to another. They seem disappointed. They brush their teeth regularly . . . yet they still have painful decay and gum diseases . . . Why?

Because teeth need more than cleaning. They must be protected at THE DANGER LINE.

**W**E ASKED authorities to make a study of The Danger Line—to translate into language that all could understand, the vital importance of this line of danger which is found on everybody's teeth and gums. This is their report:

"The gums thin out to delicate edges where they join the teeth. Right at this union of the teeth and gums is The Danger Line. Here, also, are found tiny V-shaped crevices barely discernible to the naked eye. In these minute crevices food particles collect and ferment; acids are formed which cause decay, and which irritate the delicate edge of gum tissue, resulting perhaps in its gradual breaking down, infection and very often Pyorrhea. Diseases which may impair the health of the entire body also result from infection and decay at The Danger Line.

"It is at that part of The Danger Line that is between the teeth that that decay which is most difficult to control occurs.

"It is a fact that so long as the delicate

margins of gum tissue at The Danger Line remain intact and free from infection, Pyorrhea rarely begins."

*"Cleansing not enough," say  
authorities*

Not only must the teeth and gums be kept clean, but the acids which attack them must be safely and effectively *neutralized* if protection against decay, gum disease and their often serious effect upon the entire system is desired.

There is only one dentifrice today that gives this protection in sufficient measure. It is Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. For Milk of Magnesia is recommended by dentists everywhere as a perfect means of neutralizing the acids in the mouth which attack the teeth and gums.

Squibb's Dental Cream contains over 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—an amount ample to counteract the acids in your mouth for hours after use. It reaches all those tiny remote pits and crevices on your teeth which are

inaccessible to any tooth-brush. There it remains, neutralizing destructive acids, preventing decay, reducing the peril of Pyorrhea, safeguarding your health. Squibb's Dental Cream is pleasant. It is safe—even for children. It cleans beautifully, of course, but it is essentially protective—made to preserve that most precious of all human birthrights—health. At druggists—only 40 cents a tube.

**SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA**—The Standard of Quality—from which Squibb's Dental Cream is made—is recommended by physicians everywhere. It may be purchased in large and small bottles from your druggist. If you have not used Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, we urge you to try it and note its definite superiority—its entire freedom from earthy, alkaline taste. ©1926

# SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

Made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

# THE TROPICS are calling you-will you listen?



THE CALL of the only American tropics is sounding in every state and city. The daily news, the letters that go North, the experiences of home-builders and travelers—all carry the words that mean new opportunities for prosperity and happiness . . . *Coral Gables . . . Miami . . . Florida.*

THE opportunities offered by Coral Gables are astonishing in number and variety. The business man finds facts and figures that justify a commercial investment. Professional men find new fields that exercise their abilities to the fullest extent. Bankers and capitalists, trust and insurance companies are drawn by the amazing figures of the Miami bank clearings. Sportsmen are coming for golf, racing, swimming, tennis, polo. Educators and writers are drawn by the new fifteen-million-dollar University of Miami, the Art Center and the new University High School.

#### *And Everywhere—Homes, Homes, Homes—Each Steadily Rising in Value*

Coral Gables offers home-builders an extraordinary opportunity to build under a plan that governs every physical aspect of the city. Only the Spanish type of architecture, perfectly suited to the tropics, is permissible. Hotels, schools, business buildings, homes—all must harmonize in design and planting. There are no wooden buildings. Your property cannot decline in value because of unsuitable buildings on adjacent lots. The new Miami-Biltmore Hotel in Coral Gables

bears a distinct resemblance to the smallest house in the city. The entire city of Coral Gables has been planned by well-known architects, not politicians. The magnificent avenues and plazas are designed to emphasize the spectacular beauty of sky and sea, of brilliant tropical shrubbery, of stately pines and dramatic coconut palms. Under such a plan values increase, property advances, security attends every investment.

#### *The Coupon Brings You Rex Beach's Dramatic Story—Free*

REX BEACH has written a book about the miracle of Coral Gables. Send for it. Better still, come and see for yourself. Let us tell you about the special trains and steamships that we run at frequent intervals to Coral Gables. If you should take one of these trips, and should buy property at Coral Gables, the cost of your transportation will be refunded upon your return. Sign and mail the coupon—now!

#### *Your Opportunity*

Coral Gables property has been steadily rising in value. Some of it has shown a 100 per cent increase *every year*. Roger Babson says that Florida offers the greatest opportunity for money-making of all the states. Yet building plots in Coral Gables may now be secured by a moderate initial payment. These plots, for homes or businesses, are offered in a wide range of prices, which include all improvements such as streets, street lighting, electricity and water.

Twenty-five per cent is required in cash, the balance will be distributed in convenient payments over a period of three years.

#### *The Facts About Coral Gables*

Coral Gables is a city, adjoining the city of Miami itself. It is incorporated, with a commission form of government. It is highly restricted. It occupies about 10,000 acres of high, well-drained land. It is four years old. It has 150 miles of wide paved streets and boulevards. It has seven hotels completed or under construction. It has 45 miles of white-way lighting and 50 miles of intersectional street lighting. It has 6½ miles of beach frontage. Two golf courses are now completed, two more are building. A theatre, two country clubs, a military academy, public schools and the College for Young Women of the Sisters of Saint Joseph are now in actual use. More than one thousand homes have already been erected, another thousand now under construction. More than fifty million dollars have been expended in development work. Additional plans call for at least twice that amount. More than one hundred million dollars worth of property has already been bought in Coral Gables.

Mr. John McEntee Bowman is now building the ten-million-dollar hotel, country club and bathing casino in Coral Gables to be known as the Miami-Biltmore Group. The Miami-Biltmore Hotel was opened in January, 1926. Coral Gables will also contain these buildings and improvements, all of which will be completed within a few years:

The \$15,000,000 University of Miami, the \$500,000 Mahi Temple of the Mystic Shrine, a \$1,000,000 University High School, a \$150,000 Railway Station, a Stadium, a Conservatory of Music, magnificent new entrances and plazas, and other remarkable projects.

**CORAL GABLES CORPORATION, Administration Bldg.,  
Coral Gables, Miami, Florida CM-65**

Please send me Rex Beach's story on the miracle of Coral Gables. I understand that this places me under no obligation.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

never  
have  
occupied  
for y  
to be  
M  
little  
had t  
they  
was c  
would  
such  
Perha  
Anyh  
they  
loved  
she a

She  
some  
thing  
time  
serva  
of ne  
"thin  
given  
want  
creat  
paren  
didn't  
some

She  
to be  
wait  
she w  
actual  
Didin  
tryin  
still s  
He m  
The  
spea  
idea o  
ably  
mean  
girl s

Fun  
of th  
was in  
but n  
doubt  
Bel  
indeed  
the fa  
charm  
their  
hers o  
He pu

Soo  
and v  
exact  
Wash  
on the  
moon

The  
long  
groom  
ing m  
that t  
coinci  
well.

Thi  
thin  
soone

Wh  
and h  
in the  
first i  
appoi  
they  
Belle's  
too em  
he ha  
faced  
out to  
taste  
in pos  
afflic  
—on

## Padlocked by Rex Beach (Continued from page 73)

never met hers, how could she expect them to have a place in his thoughts? But they had occupied a place in hers, never fear. She had for years been the family provider—a poor one, to be sure, but she had done her best.

Momma was not in good health, but her little visit would doubtless benefit her. Blanche had to wait on her hand and foot, and of course they couldn't leave Sonny behind . . . Belle was eager for Sonny to know Henry; the latter would prove such an inspiration to the boy—such a character builder. And who could tell? Perhaps Blanche would make a good marriage. Anyhow, they must all look their best when they arrived and Belle, for the sake of her loved ones, had deprived herself of much that she actually needed.

She wondered if Henry would like to inspect some of her purchases. To get just the right things in which to look elegant and at the same time not to violate her fondness for the conservative had been rather a task. The matter of negligées, for instance, those informal little "things" intended for his eyes alone, had given her particular concern. She did so want to be attractive to him, but most of the creations were positively immodest and apparently designed to provoke—well, she didn't see how decent women could wear some of them.

She had ordered a few of the simpler models to be sent up for his approval, and if he'd wait while she tried them on—Really, she was a woman in years, but at heart and in actual experience she was just a shy little girl. Didn't it sound simply horrid to talk about trying on negligées for—a man? Marriage was still so new. A delight and an—embarrassment! He must be patient with her.

That breathless flutter which overtook the speaker whenever the fact rather than the idea of marriage came home to her had agreeably aroused Gilbert and he told her by all means to try on the new negligées. What a girl she was!

Funny he couldn't remember any mention of that brother and sister. He supposed he was in for a visit from all three of her relatives, but most wives have relatives. He had no doubt they were proper people.

Belle's negligées evoked a gasp. They were indeed "creations," but there was no denying the fact that they enhanced her robust physical charms. Women should make the most of their looks. Yes, and that timid concern of hers over his verdict was intensely flattering. He pulled her to his lap and kissed her.

Soon he had forgotten all about her family and was assuring her warmly that it would exactly suit him to go to Atlantic City and Washington and to stop off at Niagara Falls on the way home. What was this but a honey-moon?

The visit of the three Galloways was not long delayed. Belle's glowing accounts of her groom, it seemed, had kindled such a consuming motherly, brotherly and sisterly affection that they timed their arrival very nearly to coincide with her and Henry's return to Hopewell. They came, in fact, the next morning.

This, Gilbert felt, was cutting matters a bit thin. However—the sooner they came, the sooner they'd go.

When they did arrive, when he had met them and helped to get them comfortably settled in the house and had taken time to weigh his first impressions, he confessed to a vague disappointment. Reluctantly he admitted that they were not at all what he had expected. Belle's description, her advance work, had been too enthusiastic. In her mother, for instance, he had been prepared to meet a fragile, flower-faced invalid; instead, Mrs. Galloway turned out to be a globular, dropsical woman who suffered from chronic gastritis and whose color taste was aboriginal, savage. Gilbert was put in possession of all the symptoms of the dread affliction—the stomach, not the color weakness—on their way home from the station.

She was painfully agitated at meeting her new son, but he had a way with elderly women and he soon put her at ease. Once her premonitory fears had been soothed she surrendered to his charm. She became his abject slave. He was lovely. Much nicer, even, than Belle had said. Such a manner! Such benevolence! And wasn't he *handsome!* Mrs. Galloway voiced her admiration audibly. Belle was the luckiest girl. The speaker was so thankful she could cry. She did.

Nor were Blanche and Sonny exactly what Gilbert had pictured. The sister was perhaps twenty-four or -five years old, rather indefinitely pretty but with a bad complexion. Belle's olive cast ran in the family, but whereas her skin was smooth and brown, Blanche's was coarse and muddy. It showed plainest on her neck, below the powder. Her neck did not look very clean—the result of train-travel no doubt. Gilbert loved to think of women as immaculate, fragrant, pure as snow. Blanche Galloway was probably pure enough morally, but her mind was anything but orderly and by no sanguine effort of his imagination could he make himself believe that she was fragrant. However, that was nothing; he was ashamed of his hypercritical eye. What was a—neck like Blanche's if the soul was pure?

If mother and sister were a disappointment, the brother was a misgiving and a dismay. Sonny turned out to be a lathy, limber-jointed lad with large knuckles and huge flat feet. There were no cosmetics, as in Blanche's case, to conceal the defects of his complexion; his cheeks were pocked and pimply. His active eyes were small and black and set close to a pointed nose, which gave him much the appearance of a bright, inquisitive fox.

But that which shocked the elder man most disagreeably was Sonny's general style, his *tout ensemble*. The fellow's garments offended all accepted ideas of what the well dressed male should wear. Sonny's socks, his shirt, his necktie were flagrant, and he wore a "college-bilt" suit, designed after that absurd fashion which followed Royalty's visit to Long Island. It was pearl-gray in color; the trousers legs were too long and they were cut with an enormous flare. Sonny's generous feet were encased in heavy tan brogues and his fedora hat was of shade even more perishable than his baggy suit. Of course he smoked cigarettes. He reeked of them.

The family luggage, too. Imitation leather! The kind that Pullman porters forget. Bulging telescopes; battered suitcases tied with cord. And several cheap trunks. Gilbert was immensely relieved when he finally got all three of his visitors into the limousine and away from the station.

One pleasant thing about these good people, the husband told himself—they were simple and unaffected and enthusiastic. Sterling qualities, those. Momma raved about the car; she wanted to know how much it had cost, if Henry had bought it new or second-hand and if he kept a regular chauffeur or had hired this one just to meet the train.

She wished Sonny could learn to drive an automobile. Chauffeurs are well paid and it was time son settled down to something. Perhaps he could learn to drive this one.

Blanche was wildly excited at the sights of Hopewell and repeatedly assured her brother-in-law that it had "more class!" and that she knew she would simply love it. Again and again she knocked on the front window and shrilly called Sonny's attention to something. The latter was riding with the driver and making friends with him, too. Belle had not exaggerated when she said the boy was a good mixer; most of the way home the chauffeur wore a broad grin.

The Gilbert house—all of the new arrivals, by the way, referred to it as Belle's house—was magnificent. And so large, so expensively furnished! Why, it was a mansion! It must have cost—To think of it as *their* home!

Momma Galloway was afraid it would take her a long time to get accustomed to so much elegance and to being waited on, hand and foot, by servants. But she was adaptable; she could fit in anywhere. Why, she could be happy the rest of her life to sit in a beautiful parlor like this and rock and look out into the yard. Another nice thing; if the servants quit, she and Blanche could pitch right in and do the housework.

Gilbert winced. "Parlor?" "Yard?" "The rest of her life?" He wondered how long they intended to stay. From the amount of baggage on that transfer truck it did not promise to be a short visit.

Well, sincere family affection was altogether too rare these days; he wished there had been more of it in his own family. Belle's relatives certainly adored her, and she them. At the first opportunity he would call her attention, diplomatically, to Blanche's lack of pride in her appearance and he would ask her to caution Sonny against familiarity with the help.

Why, the fellow was outside now, joking loudly with the transfer men. As to the boy's clothes, he himself would feed that atrocious suit to the flames, if necessary, and buy him another.

Gilbert had left for the train without reading his morning paper; he settled himself now and unfolded it. He had barely become interested when he was interrupted by sounds at once strange and disagreeable. He heard a patter of feet, the passage of a rushing, scurrying body, then a frenzied barking. There was a dog in the house!

A moment, then into Gilbert's presence bounded the liveliest, the most delirious dog he had ever seen. It was large, it was gray, it resembled in some respects a German police dog. At every leap it emitted a yelp, apparently of delight. Around the room it tore, slipping, falling, scrambling.

Gilbert shouted, waved his paper. The dog lunged towards him, vaulted into his lap and embraced him like a bride. In an excess of misplaced affection it "kissed" him. Before he could in the least protect himself it had licked his face, gone over it as swiftly and as thoroughly as a paper-hanger with a paste brush. Then it was down again, pursuing its mad career. It was a filthy dog, it had recently rolled in a wet place; Gilbert's newspaper was crushed and torn, his trousers were smeared; finger-printed upon his bosom was the muddy outline of a paw.

Sonny Galloway broke into the room, crying: "Hey, you, Otto! Cut it out! Otto! You son of a gun!"

Otto was deaf to reproach, he wriggled in a joyful paroxysm which threatened to unjoin his bones, his thrashing tail upset a jardinière. Gilbert had risen; he was trying in one impossible movement to dry his face and to rid his person of mud.

"Whaddya think of him, for eight months old?" the youth inquired warmly.

"Who let that animal in? Good heavens, I'm a sight!"

"You should get sore over a little dirt!" Sonny exclaimed with a cheerful grin. "It's clean dirt and it'll rub off when it dries. He started rolling in the flower-beds the minute I opened his crate."

"Is it—your dog?"

"I'll tell the cock-eyed world he's my dog. I'm training him for motion-pictures. Big money in pictures. Wait till you see his tricks."

"We don't allow dogs in the house," Gilbert pronounced stiffly. "I—don't like dogs."

"You'll like this one, all right. You'll be crazy about him in no time. Lookit the way he made friends with you. I mean to say he's smart! I call him Otto because he otto be full-blooded but he ain't. Scandal in his family, somewhere. Ha! Ha!" Sonny winked, nudged his brother-in-law. "But what's a little scandal in Hollywood? Eh, pop? Say, that reminds me of a good story. J'ever hear

**Who is it?**

**The GREEN ARCHER**  
with  
Allene Ray &  
Walter Miller

From the book by Edgar Wallace  
Directed by Spencer Bennet

**T**RAPED in the dungeon of Abel Bellamy's strange castle on the Hudson is a beautiful girl. Four others are imprisoned with her; a murderer, a maniac, a woman of the underworld, a handsome and brilliant detective. Water rushes into the dungeon, rising, rising, rising, as they desperately struggle. Suddenly comes a terrific explosion and . . . but see the astounding climax yourself, at the nearest theatre which shows "The Green Archer." Baffling, fascinating, gripping, you'll pronounce this picture the greatest Pathé serial ever produced. Don't miss it! Ask when YOUR theatre will show "The Green Archer!"

Hear the voices of Allene Ray and Walter Miller—a FREE phonograph record for the asking!

Send for this FREE phonograph record and hear the voices of Allene Ray and Walter Miller, the stars of "The Green Archer!" Both you and your friends will be fascinated by their unique, personal, spoken message. Write today for the record that Miss Ray and Mr. Miller have made for YOU! Absolutely free—sent postpaid to your home! Pathé Exchange, Inc., 35 West 45th Street, New York, Dept. C.

**NOTE:** Owing to unavoidable circumstances, Miss Irene Whipple, winner of the "Sunken Silver" Beauty Contest, was unable to appear in "Casey of the Coast Guard" as advertised. We hope to announce at an early date the serial in which she will appear.

**Pathéserial**  
In Ten Weekly Chapters

that one about the girl with the harelip?"

"Will you please take that creature out? I'll have to change my clothes."

"All right. He's hungry, anyhow. Come along, Otto—let's go find the hired girl and see what the neighbors brought in."

Luncheon—the Galloways referred to it as dinner—proved an actual ordeal to Gilbert. His new relatives were so eager to make a good impression that they fawned upon him, hung upon his lightest word, and chopped off their own whenever he even threatened to speak. They eyed him with open admiration; at his most labored pleasantries they burst into uproarious applause. More than once Blanche turned to her sister and said:

"Isn't he funny?" or "I love that!" or "He's simply a scream!"

Gilbert grew unbearably self-conscious.

Mrs. Galloway had, by this time, assumed a confidential attitude towards him that was more than motherly. She and Henry understood each other. There was a meeting of settled minds; they shared a community of elderly interests. The man choked. She was treating him like Belle's father instead of her husband!

Again he heard more about his mother-in-law's harrowing ailment—her distress after eating; her "gas attacks" as she called them. She wondered if he ever had his food "repeat."

The ceremony of dining appeared to excite conflicting emotions in the good woman; she was appreciative and curious but darkly apprehensive. When a dish was passed to her she eyed it suspiciously and asked what it was before helping herself; when she tasted it she voiced her approval, then ventured the prediction that it would disagree with her.

Blanche had not washed her neck as yet, and although Sonny's table manners were good enough, his nails were in half mourning and he had a loud, braying laugh.

Gilbert wondered if his wife was as sensitive to these things as he was. But evidently she was not. She and Blanche and Sonny were chattering like magpies. What a pity her family had become neglectful of the little niceties which were so natural to her. It—well, it somehow coarsened her.

He was eying them, making note of the family likenesses and dissimilarities, when he heard a sound that shocked him inexpressibly. Evidently his mother-in-law was suffering the onslaught of one of her gas attacks, for she—belched! It is a horrid word; it was a more horrid sound. Embarrassment brought the blood to Gilbert's neck and temples. Later, when it was repeated, he shuddered weakly.

When luncheon was over and he had retired to the library, he admitted ruefully that Belle's people were indeed coarse, common.

Momma Galloway was toiling up-stairs with the aid of the banisters and he could hear her puffing heavily; on the upper landing the sisters were talking eagerly but in subdued tones. The mother stopped to catch her breath and Blanche's voice came plainly to the listener.

"He's nice, Belle, but my goodness, isn't he old!"

Lois Alcott was annoyed when her maid informed her that Miss Pearl Gates was calling again. Miss Gates had sent word this time that she simply must see Mrs. Alcott on a matter of great importance. Reluctantly the latter acceded to the demand.

Pearl identified herself by stating that she was a friend of Edith Gilbert's, an announcement which the elder woman greeted with a lift of her brows; then she said with a sigh: "My word! You're harder to find than Stanley. This is four times I've been here."

"What is it you wish?"

Pearl had been eying the speaker, apparently trying to weigh her; doubtfully she began: "It's about Edith. I may be wasting my time but I hope not. You're a woman. I asked to talk to you first. Do you know what has happened to her?"

"Why, no. I haven't seen her for—let me see—"

"Then you don't know. She's in trouble."

"Not ill, I trust?"

"No. Worse! But before I give you the bad news I'd like to know how you and she stand. She was your guest on that yachting cruise and I assume you must have liked her. She told me how the party broke up in a row but I don't know whether you're sore—"

"A 'row'? I don't understand. Strictly speaking, we were all guests of Mr. Hermann—"

"I know! He's the dark man I warned her about. That's why I don't want to go to him."

"Why should I be—sore' at her?" It was an evasive query.

"Hm-m! We don't seem to be getting anywhere so here I jump, right off the deep end. Maybe you'll feel like helping her and maybe you won't. She has been arrested."

"Arrested?"

"That's the well-known word. Arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced. And she's no more guilty than you are."

"This is astounding! What did she do?"

"Dearie! If you knew the half of it! Murder's a joke to what they pinned on her. In the first place I suppose it's my fault—Let me tell this my way, then you can cross-question. I'm the prize Patsy of the world, Mrs. Alcott; I'm little Helpful Hannah, with a heart the size of a gas-tank and a head—say, if ever you need a cue-ball, try my skull! It'll never chip. Possibly Edith told you about her father and why she came to New York?"

"No."

"Well, you'll have to know that to understand. He's a ranting reformer, the king of the sin-seekers and the bootleggers' foe. He's against everything from nicotine to the Pope of Rome. He believes boy babies should be raised on a bottle. Sex stuff! Understand? You know the kind; he's a—padlock, and he padlocked Edith. Of course she ran away. But he's rich and I wrote him to come and get her. I told him she was making some bad friends and slipped him the news that all the men in New York aren't Boy Scouts. You know yourself, Mrs. Alcott, that Jesse Hermann doesn't help old ladies across the street."

"Well, that's where I crashed. Father came, all made up for the Avenging Angel, and threatened her. Of course she was frightened. We'd had words, she and I, so without letting me know a thing about it she ran for cover. She hid out with a girl friend, a member of our distinguished cast of artists at the cabaret. I haven't told you, have I, that I help to worry the patrons at Downing's ptomaine parlor? Well, I do. I halt their digestion with a series of sensational handsprings and refined splits."

"What happened to Miss Gilbert?"

"I'm setting the stage for her entrance. In this flat where she went was another girl besides the one Edith knew and the place was as wide open as a gate. You know the kind of place—all anybody needed to get in was a knuckle. The very night she went there it was raided. The other girl fell for a plain-clothes man, took twenty dollars and wrote her own ticket to Bedford. The first Edith knew she was arrested as an inmate."

Mrs. Alcott was leaning forward now, interest, incredulity upon her face.

"I didn't hear a word about it for days—I thought Edith had gone home—then Amy Dupont, our girl, let it out. She happened to be away when the raid came off and her pal jumped bail. But Edith—Edith was convicted! Can you beat that? Honest, when I heard it I thought I was on a third rail."

"How long ago did this occur?"

"Over two weeks. I'm crazy! Why, a thing like that could happen to any girl. I got hold of our orchestra leader and we beat it down to the court. It took us a while to find out what they'd done to her and then, of course, it was too late. She was gone. All we could learn was that she had been sent up to Bedford for three years. Get that? Three years, for not knowing a stranger's business! And mind you, her first night in the place!"

"I know nothing about such things but it sounds incredible."



## UNKNOWN BEAUTY

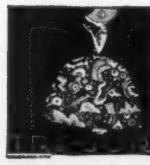
THE Silver Screen—the Stage—the Pictorial Magazines—bring us the pageant of lovely women known to fame.

But hidden in the great cities, in town and village, is beauty as glorious as Dawn... beauty that never graced screen or stage... beauty that makes America the true land of Charm.

Tre-Jur Compacts and Tre-Jur Face Powder are the Symbol of Feminine Charm. In their exquisite ingredients is a quality that enhances loveliness.



Thinset #1  
Double \$1.50



Twin #1



Face Powder  
50 Cents

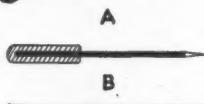
In gold, in silver, in gun-metal plate, you will find an ingenious Compact for every need. And if you do not know the delightful caress of Tre-Jur Face Powder—a new joy awaits you.

Sold at your favorite store or sent direct by mail from us. Compact refills are always available.

HOUSE of TRE-JUR, Inc. 19W. 18th St., N.Y.  
Paris Address—22 Rue La Lande

**TRE-JUR**  
FACE POWDERS AND COMPACTS

# Ever-Ready Blades have Real Backbone!



WE make the Ever-Ready of **heavy steel**—steel that can be ground to a scientifically perfect bevel edge. And then to make it just as rigid as the heaviest of old-fashioned hollow ground razors, we reinforce the blade with a sturdy metal backbone.

*The result is shave satisfaction far beyond your expectations.*

The Ever-Ready (A) is the keenest, most durable and therefore the most economical blade. It is sold with a money-back guarantee to that effect. And besides, because it is held rigid by its steel backbone, it *cannot* flex or scrape like the ordinary unreinforced wafer blade (B). Ever-Ready is the perfect blade of perfect shaves. Try it in the Ever-Ready Razor.

*Ever-Ready Razors and Blades are sold everywhere*

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION  
Brooklyn, New York

## Ever-Ready Blades



"There are better words than 'incredible.'"  
"Are you sure you have all the facts? There must have been evidence—good girls aren't sent to prison—"

"Wait a minute!" Pearl interrupted in an altered tone. "Take it from me she's a good girl. What's more, you *know* she's a good girl. Didn't you eat ship's biscuits with her for two weeks? Be yourself! I came to you because—well, because I don't want to go to Mr. Hermann. When a man gets over a thousand dollars I mistrust him. But I will go to him if you turn me down. That kid can't stay in Bedford."

"But what can I do?"

"Get her out! I can't tell you how to go about it but there must be a way. I can't do anything." The speaker's voice wavered, caught, her face wrinkled and she blinked hard. "Oh, Mrs. Alcott! If we knew what she's going through! I beat it out there as fast as I could go, but they wouldn't let me see her. She's in quarantine or in solitary for two weeks. It's a *jail*, Mrs. Alcott! And the women in there—thieves, hop-heads, street-walkers! Black ones and white ones! Why, the outside of the place would give you a chatter—think what it must be inside. And you can sit there and ask—what to—do?" Pearl dabbed at her eyes.

Mrs. Alcott was in frowning thought. "I dare say there must be some way to get a girl out of such a place if—she's innocent. But how to go about it—"

"You can find out, can't you? That's more than I can do without hiring a lawyer. And if he told me, what then? I haven't got a nickel. I couldn't spring a mouse-trap."

"It's a penal institution. Innocent or guilty, she'll be—disgraced. She can't live it down. After all, she's only an acquaintance! I'm not called on to involve myself—"

"No. There's no reason at all for you to lend hand—unless you're a human being. I hoped maybe you had a heart." Pearl dried her eyes, her lip curled. "If I was chafed by a bank roll of any size I wouldn't bother you, but I figured you were a woman. And women average higher in hearts than men. I'll try Mr. Hermann. If he gives me the air, I've still got an ace buried—"

"Don't misunderstand me," the elder woman protested. "I haven't refused. I merely—want time to—look into this. I'm at a loss how or where to begin. I think I'd better speak to Jesse—Mr. Hermann."

Pearl was all eagerness. "Will you? I didn't think much of her running around with him—why, she doesn't know who won the war—but I guess she'd take help from anybody. I'd slip a kiss to Jesse Hermann or Jesse James if he crashed a gate for me."

There was some further talk; then Pearl left with the feeling that at last she had accomplished something for her friend.

But oddly enough she heard nothing from Mrs. Alcott and when, after several days, she telephoned the latter it was to receive the impatient assurance that the matter was not forgotten and that it would be brought to Mr. Hermann's attention at the first opportunity.

Pearl was in a quandary. Rosen, who, by the way, took Edith's misfortune tragically to heart, had enlisted the aid of some welfare organization but he could report little progress. Investigation involved the slow unwinding of a bewildering tangle of red tape. Who next to seek aid from Pearl did not know, unless perhaps young Van Pelt. But Van Pelt was a pal of Amy's friend Clark and footless young fellows of their caliber were not likely to lend a sympathetic ear to a plea of this sort. No! There was nothing to do but wait.

Lois Alcott had indeed bided her time; patiently and with malice she had been awaiting an opportunity to tell Hermann. That opportunity arrived one night when he was entertaining her and some other friends at an after-theater club. Among the number was Major Carthwaite; he it was who gave the woman her chance by asking about Edith.

"Haven't you heard?" Mrs. Alcott inquired.  
"Heard what?"

"Why, that she has abandoned her career, for good."

"Really? Did the fascinations of our Croesus wean her away from Mother Art?" Carthwaite turned a reproachful smile upon his host. "Tut, tut, Hermann! Beautiful girl, that, and clever, too. She had a future."

"I don't know what Lois means." Hermann leveled a curious look of inquiry at the woman and there was something in either his tone or his stare which warned her against squeezing too much satisfaction out of this moment. In a quite casual voice she said:

"I dare say Jesse could tell you if he chose, and I wish he would. He has such a delicate way of putting things—"

"Hello! Scandal?" somebody inquired. "Who's this you're talking about?"

"A protégée of Jesse's—"

Carthwaite cut in: "Little girl who went yachting with us. Charming. Nice family. Wonderful voice. Why all this reluctance?"

Mrs. Alcott shrugged. "I hate to be humiliated, that's all. She turned out badly."

"Didn't she get her voice back?" Carthwaite was persistent.

"I don't know. You and Jesse must have spoiled the girl; turned her head. It so often happens, doesn't it? It seems she became ambitious, or impatient, and took a short cut to prosperity. The house was raided." There was a moment of silence. "She and another inmate were arrested and—our innocent little friend was sent up to the reformatory."

Major Carthwaite was staring open-mouthed at the speaker; she did not trust herself to look at Hermann. This moment, she rather fancied, pretty well squared their account so far as it involved the Gilbert girl.

"Impossible!" the Englishman exclaimed. "That child! I don't believe any such a thing."

"It's true, nevertheless. And you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You men give those girls a taste of caviare and expect them to go back to bread and milk. I can't find it in my heart to blame them."

"No, indeed! Lois has a heart of gold." Hermann was speaking smoothly. "Her charity is truly Christian. You say she was convicted? Sentenced? For how long?"

"Three years, I believe. Under the circumstances, I feel bound to do what I can for the poor thing."

"Naturally. But why didn't you do something at the time of her arrest?"

"I knew nothing about it. Nobody knew. One of her friends discovered it by chance and appealed to me; but it was too late then."

Hermann frowned. "I'm surprised she didn't appeal to some of us. Pride, I presume. It's a wonder it wasn't in the papers, too."

"Deuced sporting of her, I claim." It was Carthwaite speaking. "She must have known we'd have to help. Ripping creature, and a good sport! I'll drop around and pay her fine."

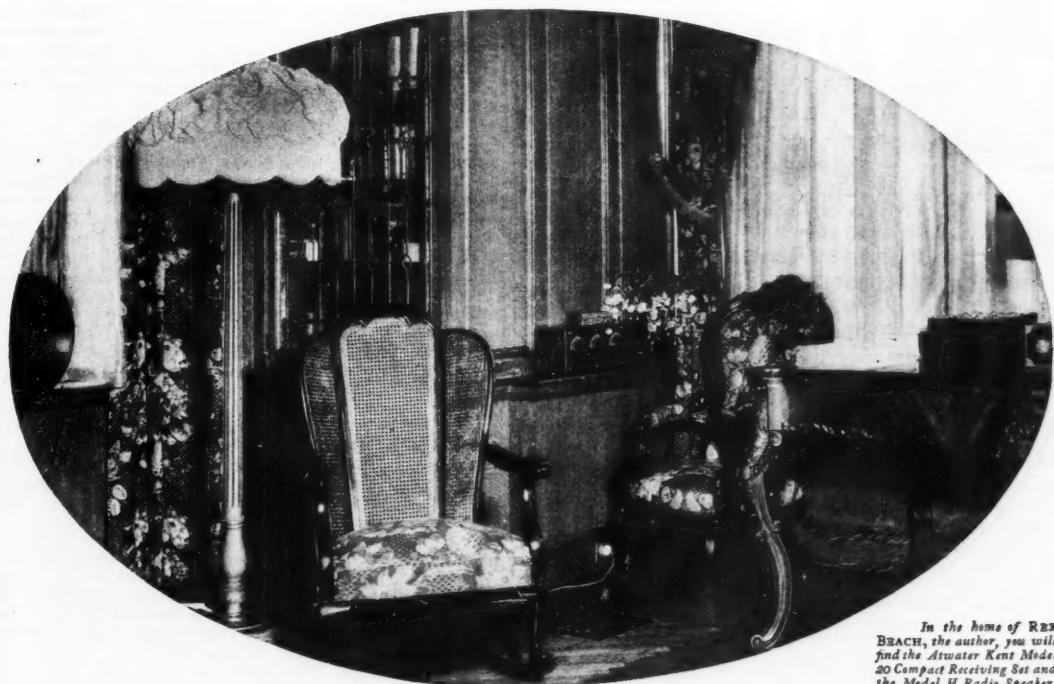
Hermann shook his head. "Unfortunately there isn't any fine in cases like hers. I presume I owe an apology to your wife and your niece but—my knowledge of human nature is weak. And women can be so deceitful! Of all the women I know, Carthwaite, Lois is the only one I thoroughly understand and the only one who invariably does the thing I'd expect her to do."

Mrs. Alcott stirred uneasily and said she would like to dance.

No penal institution can be anything but ugly and shocking. No visitor, not even a passer-by, can escape some feeling of depression at the mere sight of one. Prison reform has done away with certain horrors and inhumanities of the old workhouse system; nevertheless the most advanced institution of this character still remains a prison, and prisons are inhuman since they violate one of man's sacred rights.

The State Reformatory for Women at Bedford embodies much, if not all, that is current in the theory and practise of penology and, as the name implies, it subordinates the worn-out idea of punishment to that of reform; nevertheless it functions upon a foundation of

# ATWATER KENT RADIO



*In the home of RRX  
BRACH, the author, you will  
find the Atwater Kent Model  
20 Compact Receiving Set and  
the Model H Radio Speaker.*

## Radio is meant to be heard —not necessarily seen



Model H, with 9' flexible  
cord, \$22



Model 20 Compact, includ-  
ing battery cable, but with-  
out tubes, \$50

Prices slightly higher from  
the Rockies west, and  
in Canada

**Every Sunday Evening**  
The Atwater Kent Radio  
Hour brings you the stars  
of opera and concert, in  
Radio's finest program.  
Hear it at 9:15 Eastern  
Time, 8:15 Central Time,  
through:

WEAP	New York
WJAR	Providence
WEEI	Boston
WCAP	Washington
WSAI	Cincinnati
WCCO	Min.-St. Paul
WEAR	Cleveland
WFJ	Philadelphia
WOO	alternating
WCAR	Pittsburgh
WGE	Buffalo
WOC	Davenport
WTAG	Worcester
KSD	St. Louis
WWJ	Detroit
WLBB	Chicago

No longer than a row of a dozen books, no higher than your fountain pen, light enough to be carried on one hand—that's the Atwater Kent Model 20 Compact.

It is the Receiving Set of tomorrow, here today. It has all the power in half the space.

It is only 6½ inches high and 19¾ inches long. It is right in step with the modern trend of saving space. You can put it anywhere—on a small table,

beside your favorite arm-chair, among your books and flowers and magazines; no new furniture is needed.

For any room, in any home—for beauty, convenience and efficiency—you can do no better than to select the receiving set so satisfying in so many homes—the Model 20 Compact.

See it—hear it at any store where Atwater Kent Radio is sold—today.

*Write for illustrated booklet telling the complete story of Atwater Kent Radio*

**ATWATER KENT MFG. CO.**  
A. Atwater Kent, President  
4758 WISAHICKON AVE., PHILADELPHIA



free  
Book

HOW a hand-shaded rug, a prettily shaded lamp, a big comfy chair makes home *new*. As you survey the rooms of your own home, picture what a delightful transformation a new piece of furniture here or a suite there will bring!

### The New Larkin Book Offers the Ideal Way

There's a cheerful, helpful plan whereby you may place these desired furnishings in your home NOW and pay for them on the most convenient liberal terms—The Larkin Better Homes Plan. The new Larkin Catalog pictures suites, tables, lamps, rockers, rugs, curtains, silverware, china, etc. and tells of this plan which delights thousands of home makers. There's a copy of this book for you.

Mail Coupon To-day

#### Larkin Co., Inc.

Buffalo, N. Y. Chicago, Ill. Peoria, Ill.

Send me my copy of the new Larkin Catalog No. 221 picturing fine furniture for every room of the home, and telling of the popular Larkin Better Homes Plan.

Name.....

Street and No. ....

City.....

State.....

12

**for Stenographers**

# VENUS

## PENCIL

No. 3822

**Two Ready Points and a Metal Point Protector**

Soft, smooth, long lasting lead.  
Ideal for shorthand.

Send for Box of 6 pencils 60c

American Lead Pencil Co., 219 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

compulsory restraint, of rigid discipline and of routine work.

A woman marshal had fetched Edith by train from the city, and arriving at the Reformatory she had been put through the customary catechism. Her memory of that inquisition was blurry, although she did distinctly remember one question. They had asked if her parents were living and she had answered no. She had neither mother nor father—no next of kin.

That was quite true. Her father was as dead to her as her beloved Mims. Thoughts of him awoke in her a scornful bitterness such as she had never felt; they modified her outlook upon life and caused her to sneer at the things she had once held sacred. What could be sacred now? What had become of love and virtue and justice? They no longer were.

Following this interrogation she had been taken to the hospital and there subjected to another physical examination more rigorous and therefore more mortifying than the one at the Jefferson Market prison. It was a hideous experience. Nor had it helped much to discover that the doctor was a sweet and gentle woman; no amount of sympathy from a stranger could offset the horror and the sense of indignity from which she suffered. Next she had been placed in a room for observation to make certain that she would not contaminate the inmates of the cottages.

"Cottages!" It is a cozy, homelike word, but Edith could see some of these cottages, so-called, from her hospital room. They had locked doors and grated windows; matrons came and went, each with a bunch of keys at her waist, and the cheerless "cottagers" themselves wore uniforms as shameful as stripes.

The building in plainest sight from Edith's window was occupied by young mothers and their babies. The babies, most of them, were illegitimate, and many of the mothers were mere girls.

That cottage, so the doctor told Edith, was the sunniest, cheeriest spot in the whole reformatory, for every mother was proud of her offspring and felt no shame whatever in it. Inside their hearts was something too big and too absorbing to leave room for any other feeling. The doctor was always talking about those babies. She tried unavailingly to arouse Edith's interest in them, but failed.

Sometimes, when she came out of the latter's room, she frowned and shook her head, for the Gilbert girl was taking things harder than anyone she had ever attended.

After her medical examination the doctor had gone to the superintendent and had a long talk with him, following which she had made certain inquiries about the girl's commitment.

Two weeks of observation developed no signs of disease. Edith appeared to be perfectly healthy; nevertheless, when she was transferred to permanent quarters she weighed less than when she came into the prison. She was pallid, and dull; she was lethargic.

Followed the breaking in to work, the learning of rules, the forming of acquaintances among her fellow prisoners. There began for her a dreary round of drudgery unrelieved by contact with her illiterate companions.

Again the jingle of keys, the click of locks, the tread of heavy feet became a part of her daily life. She felt herself growing drab and dejected, inside and out; the routine was stupefying. Occasionally, something within her roused itself and took fire. At such times she felt an all-inclusive, murderous rage; it was leveled at the monstrous injustice of life, but it took in her keepers, her father, herself—the whole world.

As time went on, however, these moments became rarer and her emotions burned themselves out more rapidly; the claws that tore at her grew duller. They were succeeded by periods of intense soul-sickness when she prayed to die. Many a night she soaked her pillow with tears and dragged herself to breakfast, haggard, weary, in her eyes the look of one tortured. She ate little at best; at such times as these her food was like ashes. Never could

she become reconciled, no philosophy brought comfort; her nearest approach to reconciliation was a sort of mental numbness. As her strength failed, her work grew heavier but she was too indifferent to care. Her suffering had begun to distil its own anodyne.

She found it impossible to make friends, for none of the women had anything in common with her, and besides, she could not overcome a feeling of contamination in their presence. She fought against this but—it was like living with lepers. No doubt this repugnance showed itself; at any rate, the other unfortunates avoided her.

There was a naked parlor, a cheerless meeting-place, in the cottage where she lived, and here for a while every evening the inmates were allowed to fraternize. There were chairs, tables, some reading matter and a yellow-keyed piano. Some one with an elemental knowledge of music usually fumbled with this or thumped out some kind of tune to which the others could dance. Edith had never dared to touch it; the instrument was a torture to her eyes as well as to her ears, for it was a mocking reminder of her high hopes when she had been a part of that world where hope existed.

One evening she felt a desire to hear her voice again. The wish came all of a sudden. Why, within her throat lay solace; hidden there was a source of comfort for herself and perhaps for these other girls! She seated herself at the piano and ran her fingers over the keys.

Instantly she awoke startled attention. There were perhaps twenty girls in the room; silence fell upon them; they turned astonished faces in her direction. Well, whaddya know about that? Lady Vere de Vere was playing and—geel! she could certainly tickle that crate. Classy stuff, too, like in a pitcher show.

The feeling of those keys, the sounds they evoked, brought a wave of keenest pleasure and of poignant anguish to the player; she opened her lips finally to sing. A few notes, a few words issued, then—Something was wrong. The voice was unruled and unmusical; it quavered, grew husky, cracked, split. It was not her voice at all. She tried again, again it failed. It was like the dismal croak from some sickbed. One of the listeners laughed.

Those who were looking on saw the singer's pale face grow ghastly; she turned upon them a queer, stricken look of inquiry, of astonishment; she raised fluttering fingers to her throat, then slowly she drooped forward. Her outstretched arms embraced the instrument, she clung there as if crucified. Terrible, coughing sobs racked her body. So! They had taken all. They had robbed her even of this. Something told her that she would never sing again.

For some time after her evening of triumph Lois Alcott neither saw nor heard anything of Jesse Hermann. Then one day he called. She knew, even before he spoke, that she was in for some unpleasantness, for the lines about his mouth were deeper and more cynical than usual, his eyes were harder, greener.

"You succeeded very well the other night," he began abruptly. "You humiliated me beyond measure. Nobody has dared to laugh openly, but I dare say there's amusement enough going on behind my back."

The woman assumed a look of astonishment. "What are you talking about, Jesse?"

"Don't!" he said icily. "Don't insult my intelligence. But you must have known I wouldn't take it lying down. You must have been out of your head to think you could do a thing like that. I had no idea you'd risk it. There was a time when I would have laid it to jealousy or to pique, but that was long ago. About all the pleasure we've been able to get out of each other's company these last several years is the malicious joy of causing pain."

"Still, I can only guess what you're driving at. I—you mean about—the Gilbert girl?"

He nodded. "Clever of you to wait your time, but I read you like a book. Funny thing about that, Lois: the moment I learned to know you I lost interest. Unfortunately, the damage was done by that time."

# Startling New Prices!

## Vital Improvements ~ Attractive New Colors

Absolute smoothness and quietness of engine operation characterize the improved Dodge Brothers Motor Car.

Decreased weight gives it a surprising new snap and elasticity.

The lower and more graceful closed bodies are finished in rich and attractive colors.

Vision from within is increased to an almost incredible degree.

Reduction of bulk was accomplished by further notable advances in all-steel body construction, in which Dodge Brothers have led the world from the very beginning. Naturally there is a proportionate gain in operating economy—with *increased safety and durability*.

Any member of the great Dodge Brothers Dealer organization—the finest and most aggressive in the world—will gladly give you all the interesting details.

New Prices now available from any Dodge Brothers Dealer

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT  
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED  
TORONTO, ONTARIO

# DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS



## Your Art Ability ANALYZED FREE

HERE is your opportunity to find out how much talent you have. A simple, scientifically prepared questionnaire tests your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc., indicating whether it will be worth while to develop your ability to draw, and showing how much training will be needed. You will be frankly informed as to what your score shows. This analysis may show you the way to a bigger future—real career.

### Federal Students Are Successful

Many Federal School students are making \$3,500, \$4,000, \$5,000, and \$6,000 yearly. The Federal School is recognized everywhere by employers of artists, and by buyers of art work. Big prices are paid for drawings and designs, for they are a necessity in modern business.

### Learn Commercial Art at Home

If you like to draw, an almost sure indication of talent, the Federal Course will soon place you in a position to earn a handsome income. Some students earn more than the cost of the course while studying. Many nationally known artists have contributed exclusive, illustrated lessons to the Federal Course, which has been prepared to train the student in the *quickest possible time*. No previous training is needed. You will receive personal, individual criticism on your work.

#### Send TODAY for Your Questionnaire!

Just fill out and mail the coupon. There is no cost or obligation to you.

## Federal of School Commercial Designing

216 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis,  
Minn.

Send me your analysis questionnaire without cost or obligation.

Name.....

Age.....  
Present  
Occupation.....  
(Write your address plainly in margin)

"Damage?" What damage have I done you as compared with the damage you've done me?" Mrs. Alcott spoke fiercely, but her companion shrugged.

"To your way of thinking, none. To mine—well, I was married to a very charming, an extremely clever, a most complete woman. Too clever for us." He raised a quick, admonitory hand. "Oh, I'm not blaming you nor white-washing myself! Retribution was deserved. If I have regrets, I've managed to swallow them. I made a bad investment—so did you, for that matter; neither of us ever charged it off. We have continued the account and under the fiction of a romantic attachment we have maintained a relation which gives each of us a chance to make the other suffer. It's a perverted sort of affair, but, lacking something more amusing, it serves its purpose. War has its fascination. Anyhow the arrangement is satisfactory to me—so long as I maintain myself on the credit side."

"Surely you didn't come here to quarrel again. We've gone past that. What has this to do with the other night?"

"No. You couldn't afford to let me quarrel with you even if I tried." The speaker smiled mirthlessly and cast a leisurely glance about Mrs. Alcott's expensive apartment. "I came to tell you about Edith and to—collect another dividend. I made an investigation promptly and the result will astonish you.

"The child has been persecuted. I don't like persecution—that is, persecution of the innocent. Our little private affair is different. And she was innocent of any wrong-doing whatever. Really! She is in Bedford because, or partly because, of me. Her father had her committed. He's a psalm-shouting old Pharisee, from all I can learn, who heard of our—association, and believed she would be morally benefited by the discipline of an institution. Not much of a compliment to me, eh? It's an incredible story."

"Humph! You'll rescue her, of course. You'll purchase her freedom and she, all tears and gratitude, will melt into your arms. Simple, obvious and no doubt satisfactory. But if she is what you say, why not look elsewhere? There are lots of girls—"

"Why discuss my motives? Suppose I told you that I became tremendously fond of her and that I miss her smile, her voice, her magic youth and freshness? Or suppose I told you her pride touched me. Remember, she had only to call me by phone and I would have torn every prison in this city, brick from brick. If I told you that, would you believe me?"

"Certainly not."

"No. Who would be so deceived in a man like me? So I shan't—pretend."

"You're a satyr, Jesse." Mrs. Alcott spoke in a quivering voice. "An old man playing with the embers of burnt-out desires. Well?"

Hermann did not defend himself against this accusation; he seemed intent only upon causing discomfort to his companion.

"Unfortunately, it's not so simple to release a prisoner from one of our state institutions as you make it sound. Money is a miracle-worker, to be sure, but it won't purchase Miss Gilbert's freedom."

"Oh, you'll manage it somehow, if your heart is set on it! But I don't see why you're telling me all this. I don't care what you do. It seems to me your 'dividend' is mighty small this time."

"Wait! By rights, the child should have her name cleared, but I'm afraid that's impossible. You see, she committed no actual crime—it was merely the pleadings of that accursed father! Otherwise I'd have a rehearing, force another trial and vindicate her. No. She can only be discharged or paroled, and the board of managers won't discharge her so soon. She hasn't had sufficient time, as yet, to be 'morally benefited.' Neither may an erring girl be paroled in the custody of an unmarried man. I am an unmarried man—thanks to you, my dear—and a not very nice unmarried man, either—thanks to life in general. She must be paroled, if at all, in the care of a woman. An

older woman, a woman of some position and importance. That woman need not necessarily be of high moral character, so long as the court is made to believe she's all right. Surface respectability will suffice. Now do you begin to see where you come in?"

Mrs. Alcott stared at the speaker for a moment before she was able to gasp: "Impossible! I won't! Don't be a fool! What do you think I am?"

"I don't think; I know exactly what you are, Lois. You're a sensible, selfish, luxury-loving woman who is entirely dependent upon my bounty. You're a smart woman, moreover, and a reasonably good actress." Hermann was grinning widely now. "You have played leads, vamps, heavies, and now you'll round out your career with a character part. A mother! They all come to it."

The woman rose, walked unsteadily to the window and stared blindly down into the street. "So! This is how you get even! It's like you. Oh, how I pity that girl!"

"Admirable!" crowed the other. "Already the maternal heart is wrung. Is it possible that we have been deceived in each other? Yes, I've taken steps to have the child paroled in your care. You will be responsible for her good behavior, your slightest wish will be her law, one word from you and she will be returned. Think of the power you will wield over her! And her gratitude to you—us. You'll make it plain, of course, that I'm responsible for her deliverance and you'll urge her to trust me."

"You devil!"

"No, no! Good angel," the man said tantalizingly. "I'll make a singer of her and give her future. Isn't it amusing?"

"Very. My pay will be—what?"

"Oh, anything! You know how liberal I can be. Already I've leased, in your name, a place out on the Island. Just for the autumn. Autumns are splendid out there; not so perfect as in Westchester, perhaps, but there's golf and riding—I ride rather well, you know. I thought of having you take one of my country places, but that wouldn't do. You'll probably entertain some, in a quiet way, and later in the season we may all go south. We must help the poor child to forget."

Mrs. Alcott turned a bleak gaze upon the speaker; listlessly she said: "This is the last straw. I can't and I won't go much lower. When do we—begin?"

Hermann rose, took his hat and gloves and stick. "I'll advise you in due time. One of these days we'll run out to Bedford and bring her in, bring her home. It's lovely of you to volunteer. Neither she nor I will ever forget your goodness."

It was on her way back from her third visit to Bedford that Pearl Gates made a sudden resolution. Thus far she had obtained no satisfaction whatever from her appeal to Mrs. Alcott; the latter was evasive and about all she would tell Pearl was that the matter had been placed in Mr. Hermann's hands—an announcement which carried little encouragement. Certain things which Pearl had seen and heard that day at the reformatory induced her to take a taxicab to Norman Van Pelt's address. Something had to be done.

Van Pelt was in, but when his caller made known her errand he showed a disinclination to discuss it. With a frown he declared:

"I heard all about Miss Gilbert's trouble. Clark told me the whole story."

"Did he, now?"

"He did and it was a pretty dirty business."

"You're a kind of an agate-eyed reformer yourself, aren't you? Without the whiskers? I bet if somebody told you Coolidge is crooked, you'd believe it. Sure. Your idea of a bee-line is a cork-screw. But you and she were good pals for a while, weren't you? You hunted wild bogeys or night-blooming niblicks, or something, all over a golf course—and went swimming together. To hear her tell it there was nothing between you except a couple of one-piece bathing suits. Am I right?"

Van Pelt flushed. "Well, what of it?"

## Selling 23,500,000 Units Every Business Day

Wm. Wrigley Jr.

Chairman of the Board

Wm. Wrigley Jr. Company

TO sell to a world-wide market, year after year, bespeaks maintained quality in the product.

The products of Wm. Wrigley Jr. Company have a low unit sales price and to build up this staggering total of daily sales demands an organization where men and machines shall function with a minimum of waste effort—

Thus, the selection of

*The Easy Writing*

### ROYAL TYPEWRITER

as standard equipment in the offices of the Wm. Wrigley Jr. Company, is a tribute to its merits of which we are justly proud.

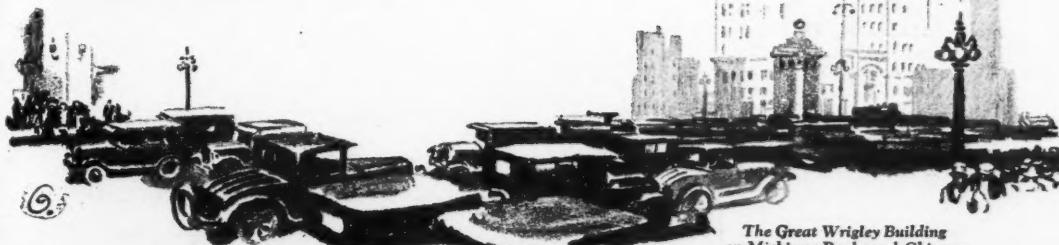
The Easy Writing Royal Typewriter is built to meet the demands of big business—to speed up the conduct of correspondence through its Easy Writing superiority—and to save valuable time and costly errors through its Easy Reading letters.

On merit alone the Royal Typewriter has built up its world-wide leadership—it is the standard typewriter of the world.



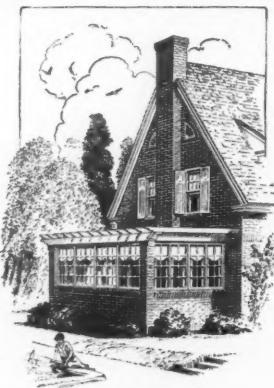
TYPEWRITERS  
"Compare the Work"

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.  
316 Broadway, New York  
Branches and Agencies the World Over



The Great Wrigley Building  
on Michigan Boulevard, Chicago





## Beautiful Homes

BEAUTY, permanence and real economy combine to make the Face Brick house a sound investment and a satisfying home. These and other advantages of the Face Brick house are fully discussed in "**The Story of Brick**"—an attractive booklet with beautiful illustrations of modern homes and chapters on such matters as Comparative Costs, Basic Requirements in Building, The Extravagance of Cheapness and kindred subjects. Sent free.

**"Bungalow and Small House Plans"** show 120 designs of houses, unusual and distinctive in design, convenient in floor plan and economical to build. Four booklets showing 3 to 4-room, 5-room, 6-room and 7 to 8-room houses. Each 25 cents. Entire Set \$1.00.

**"The Home of Beauty"** contains 50 two-story, six-room houses, submitted by architects in a nationwide competition. Sent for 50 cents.

Complete plans for all these houses available at nominal prices.

**"The Home Fires"** tells how to build a real fireplace and shows many attractive fireplace designs. Sent for 25 cents.

**American Face Brick Assn.**  
1744 Peoples Life Building  
Chicago, Illinois

**EXAMINE FREE**  
**Startling Cash Diamond Offers**

**\$68 50**  
**3 1/4 ct.**

This guaranteed 3/4 carat 1 1/16 ct. genuine diamond at a low price none can beat—\$68.50. A solitaire of big blazing brilliancy in hand-made ring. Has guaranteed value \$85. A genuine diamond of Market Price. This or any of hundreds of equally big diamond bargains sent for absolutely free examination at our risk.

**Latest List—Unpaid Loans**

From \$100 to \$10,000.00. Diamond loans in all the world's leading cities and countries. Thousands of unpaid loans and other bargains direct with European diamond cutters. Must sell now.

**JOHN DE ROY & SONS**  
Only Opposite Post Office.

### A Fraction of Market Prices

This 75 year oldest, largest, rated over \$1,000,000.00 diamond loaning firm in all the world's leading cities and countries. Thousands of unpaid loans and other bargains direct with European diamond cutters. Must sell now.

"Do you know where she is, Mr. Van Pelt?"  
"Sure. Bedford Reformatory, where she belongs."

"My!" Pearl stared at the speaker with apparent admiration. "Your heart has swelled up to the size of a bird-seed. You must have been out in a shower. That's the trouble with you trappers; a girl steps around your deadfall and it spoils your whole season. Sore, eh?"

"Sore? No. It's an unpleasant subject and I'd rather not talk about it."

"Me, too. I wanted to come here just like I want to go over Niagara in a barrel. But it's got to be talked about. I just came in from Bedford. She looks like a ghost—and no wonder. What a place! The girl is sick; it'll kill her to stay there. Do you know what it's like up there?"

Pearl lighted a cigaret and irritably flung away the match. "No. I don't know and I don't care a whole lot. Now then, you've got me wrong, Miss—er—"

"Call me Pearl, just as if you'd been drinking. That's what you called me the first time we met."

The young man smiled faintly. "You think I'm a wild bird because I fly high, wide and free, but I'm not. I carry more liquor than a rum runner, but never more than one flat key. Understand? I play around and drink anything that will flow freely, but I—I live with my mother. I give parties and dance and carry on with you girls but I don't kiss you or—"

"I'll say you don't kiss me. Better change that 'you' to 'them.' I'm the first person singular. Darned singular!"

"All right. Maybe you'll understand how I look at such things. I like girls, girls of all kinds. I'm crazy about 'em. But I like good girls best. My peculiarity, merely. Some people prefer high game; I like it fresh. I wouldn't marry a bad girl and when I find the right one I don't want to do a lot of explaining and risk losing her. Selfishness, see?"

Pearl was silent for a moment, then she inquired: "Are you on the level?"

"Why not? I'm rather proud of myself."

"Then why so flinty about Edith? She's a good girl."

Pearl Pelt laughed shortly. "Better go into your dance, Pearl. Your act is flopping. It's funny to—"

"If that's funny, you tell one."

"Good!" Van Pelt frowned. "I will. She's in Bedford, isn't she? She was living in that flat, wasn't she? Don't you think I know what kind of a place it is—or was?"

"She didn't know."

"Stop this noise! Mind you, I don't blame her for living any sort of life she wants to live. She has looks, it's her affair how she gets ahead, and it's her affair, not mine, if she pays the penalty. We all pay somehow, some time. That's one reason why I'm such a short sport; I prefer to keep my books balanced."

"You may be a swell accountant," Pearl declared earnestly, "but this time you're as wrong as Russia. She never dreamed the sort of snare those girls ran, and it was her first night there. The coppers didn't accuse her of actually doing anything. She just happened to be inside, like the night-latch."

"Indeed? I suppose she just happened to be on Jesse Hermann's yacht when I met her at Comfort Harbor? Oh, boy! That was a wallop! I stayed drunk for three days. I don't mind telling you that she had me hanging on, and all but out. That's one time the bell saved me. You've uncovered the grave, Pearl. That's where the body is buried. Sore? Sure! I'm good and sore. I'm a Bedford booster; I hope they lock her up and throw the key away." The speaker leaped to his feet, flung himself nervously about the room.

Pearl looked on in real astonishment. After a while she said quietly: "I wish you'd land, brother. Tie up to the bank, make all your lines fast and hang on because I'm going to blow a gale. What a panic you've got coming to you! I'm going to tell you all about that steamboat ride and if you're enough of a man to vote you'll know I'm talking truth."

Pearl did start in and Van Pelt listened. The girl talked rapidly, earnestly; she told how and why Edith Gilbert had come to New York, how she had met Jesse Hermann, what the latter had promised to do for her and how she had been induced to accept his invitation to cruise on the Swan. Swiftly she explained Edith's unexpected return from that cruise, and the reason for it.

Then the coming of Edith's father. Pearl had learned a good deal which she did not know at the time she appealed to Mrs. Alcott; Edith herself had told her why she fled from her lodging-house, how she had been arrested, and all the harrowing experiences that had followed.

When the speaker came to recite Henry Gilbert's part in the hearing, Van Pelt cursed. He was up and pacing the room again when the story was finished.

"It's—outrageous!" he declared indignantly. "To blast a girl's life on the word of an old sinner like that is horrible. If it's true! You're not covering up anything?"

"Do I look like I'm lying? I've been fit to be tied this last month. That kid's dying on her feet, Mr. Van Pelt. You wouldn't know her." Pearl's voice broke. "You'll help to get her out, won't you?"

"Certainly. Good Lord, yes! But why did she let them do it? Why didn't she appeal to me? Or to Hermann? He's a decent chap, really."

"Why didn't she get word to me?" Pearl demanded tearfully. "I'd have let up a squall they could have heard to Peru. She was ashamed to call on anybody and she never dreamed, of course, that her father— For that matter, why didn't she phone WKL? They like her. They'd have come—"

"What? What's that about WKL?" Van Pelt had come to a sudden pause.

Pearl was wiping her eyes.

"She was one of their broadcasters. I meant to tell you. It was her only chance to sing good stuff and she hated those rotten songs they gave her at our place." Pearl noisily blew her nose. "Believe me, that gal can warble, too."

"What was—her name? I mean—she isn't—the Lark?" Van Pelt was leaning across a table, clutching it. His face was white and sick, his eyes were staring.

"Why, yes. That's what they called—"

The young man uttered a cry. "Oh, my God!" He began to beat the table with his fists. "Lark! Lark! Oh, my God!" It was a cry of agony, of dismay. Pearl watched him in speechless bewilderment. What was the matter with him? she wondered. For some unaccountable reason a wave of relief swept over her—his emotion no doubt had stirred her own—tears washed him out of her eyes, dissolved him into the mere outline of a man. But above her own sobbing she could hear him pounding with his fists and calling: "Lark! Lark!" It was a heart-broken cry.

"She's not a—lark, any more," the girl told him. "She's just a poor little frog. She has lost her voice."

"What? Don't tell me that!"

"It's gone, completely. The last thing she had. That's what's killing her. The dirty robbers! It was the shock, I suppose."

"No! No!" Van Pelt shouted. "Why, that's what I love most! I mean as much—!" He choked, his face reddened, grew purple; he went suddenly into a boiling rage, and began to wreak his fury on whatever he could reach.

Followed the strangest, the most startling exhibition of blind animal passion that Pearl Gates had ever beheld; the fellow seemed bent upon breaking everything in the room. It was a real brainstorm.

The fellow's anger apparently was directed as much against himself as against his inanimate surroundings, for he kept cursing himself and shouting: "Fool! Idiot! Imbecile!" Meanwhile, he threw whatever he could lay his hands upon; he picked up and he flung down; he hurled himself about the room, kicking, striking, lashing out with hands and feet. Devastation stalked behind him.

It was some time before the frenzy wore



**T**O THE WOMAN of genuine social distinction, only a very few perfumes are acceptable . . . Among them is Rigaud's Un Air Embaumé, a truly continental fragrance of most intriguing personality . . . Parfum Un Air Embaumé and the various other aids to loveliness, bearing this same delicate scent, are all created in Paris . . . Doubtless you know them. = = = =

¶ Of course you know from the newspapers that this was the perfume selected to scent the Vanderbilt house at the time of the recent Consuelo Vanderbilt-Earl E. T. Smith wedding. ¶



"there's my Secret,  
little book don't breathe  
it to a soul!"

[ FROM THE DIARY OF CYNTHIA MANNERS ]

**H**E LOVES ME. He loves me not. Ah, we shall see, Little Book, we shall see! What if he did take Marjorie to the dance last night—weren't his eyes all for me? And when he told me, right in front of Marge, how lovely and natural my complexion was—my, but wasn't she jealous!

"Poor Marge! If she only knew how to apply her rouge, how lovely she would be! Why doesn't she learn that greatest beauty secret—how to harmonize make-up with costume—how to make her color bring out the glory of her eyes and hair!

"It all seems so easy since I started using Princess Pat Rouge. Last night, in my colorful new gown, it was VIVID that took his eye. Tomorrow, when he calls, how quiet and demure I shall seem in my simple, pastel frock and Medium Rougel! And Thursday night at Maydee's bridge, won't I be gay and dashing in that glorious orange shade, English Tint!

"No wonder he says I'm different every time he sees me! Dear Boy! What fun it is to keep him guessing—and what fun to hear his eyes say what his lips have never dared! Wait, Little Book—just give me time. With my finesse and judgment—and this wonder rouge to help me—before you know it, I'll have him at my feet!"

You'll find Princess Pat Rouge at your favorite toilet goods counter, in a dainty compact. Or mail the coupon for a generous sample free. We want you to try this delightful rouge for yourself—see how it brings out your true loveliness as no rouge ever did before; see how it seems to lie *below* the skin, instead of *on* it; see how one application lasts all evening and gives you the confidence and poise that mean so much. Princess Pat is perspiration- and moisture-proof, does not streak or run and, because of its fine quality and almond base, actually improves the texture of your skin with every application.

**Princess Pat**

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., Chicago, U. S. A.

**Free** PRINCESS PAT, LTD., Dept. 1178  
2709 So. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.  
Please send me free of cost, a sample of Princess Pat Rouge, as checked.

Vivid    Medium    English Tint

(Print) Name.....

Address.....

itself out. Then he gazed with sullen satisfaction at the havoc he had wrought.

"That's pretty!" Pearl told him. "Why didn't you save some of this for Bedford? Give you a club and you'd have her out in no time."

Van Pelt paid no heed. Haltingly, in harsh half-sentences he explained what ailed him. He had heard the Lark sing. He had tried to meet her and failed. He had tried to forget her and had failed at that, too. He had loved not alone in the voice but also the singer whom his imagination had built up and idealized. Something about Edith had trespassed upon that feeling and had puzzled him, distressed him. The reason was now perfectly plain. To think he had known her and had let her slip! And now it was too late. He'd get her out, of course, but—she was branded. She was disgraced.

*There is a three-cornered drama to be played out now to decide Edith's fate—between Hermann, Van Pelt and Natalie Dubose; and Rex Beach's Next Instalment is tense with surprises*

## Madagascar Ho!

(Continued from page 51)

he wore a sailor-hat," she said and disappeared into the address of brick and stone.

There it was! Sticking under the door of the room in the lodging-house when he let himself in. There it was. Special delivery. Blue. With a red seal cut out of shiny paper and made to look as if it had splattered. Shard Doran Gray!

White, frazzled Shard, too tired for the strain of a single other thought, crumpling up there on the floor beside the cot-bed with his face against the musty old comforter, and crying the tears of his exultation that were now so terrifyingly mixed with the pain of going.

And yet—Madagascar ho! It was as if his feet could not be fleet enough and yet were too heavy to carry the burden of his heart.

Madagascar. Zanzibar. So much to be done. Of all the ships along the docks that were stoking up to sail, one of them must be Madagascar-bound! Or for Singapore or for a beautiful island on the maps usually painted faint nile-green, called Sumatra. Sumatra! To say it was to feel the sweep of a flamingo-colored bird through your very eyeballs. Sumatra!

Some of the old joy unalloyed came plumping back. No time to be lost! Ships were sailing! Zanzibar. Singapore. Sumatra!

Carpetbag to be packed. Good-by note to Banky Doe. Shining little shoe-buckles, darling little shoe-buckles to be bought and sent in a box by a messenger. Ship ahoy—

It was strange to have a caller in a city where only two human beings were known to you by name. A caller who walked into the room without knocking. Just when there was so much to be done, too.

What a face! Like the hairy old coconut that used to hang year after year by a string from a rafter in the barn. And—why—and Edna! Dear little tear-stained plumpness with a pallor like the wafer of moon. Edna?

"Father!" cried Edna as she entered and laid her face with a little moan against the hairy old hand of the coconut.

"So this is him?"

"Yes, father."

"Break his back . . . crack every bone in his body—I'll—"

"Father—father—I didn't know—he took me to the beach—and made me look at the ocean—and then—it got dark—"

Something was running out of one's heart, leaving it shrivelled and empty. Sands—or was it the words of the hairy old coconut?

"—dirty dog—"

"Oh, father—oh, father—"

"Took her out to the beach—showing yourself a good time—boy with money in his pockets and thirty-six hundred in the bank—running off to sea to see the world with money in his pockets and wronging one of mine for his pastime. I'll break every bone . . ."

Again his face became convulsed; he seized a lovely, fragile ash receiver, which somehow had escaped his malevolence, and hurled it at the stone fireplace. It shivered into bits.

How could a girl live down a prison record? he demanded to know. That charge upon which Edith had been convicted was worse than disgraceful. No charge could be more hideous. What if she were innocent? How would people know? . . . He had no plan in mind; he'd have to see his mother before making plans. Yes, he'd have to see Nat. She'd know what to do. Nat—

Without further words, without an apology or a backward glance he rushed out of the room. Pearl heard him run to the outer door, wrench it open and slam it behind him with a crash.

*There is a three-cornered drama to be played out now to decide Edith's fate—between Hermann, Van Pelt and Natalie Dubose; and Rex Beach's Next Instalment is tense with surprises*

"Father—oh, father—" Dear little wail. Like something bewildered and hurt in the confusion.

"You mean I—"

"You know what I mean. Don't stand there with your mouth sliding around your face . . . low-down scoundrel—you—you know all right what I mean. There's law to protect me and mine. The man don't live—you're responsible—you got a bank-book—"

"Father—oh, father—"

"You mean—"

"Quit mouthing 'you mean.' I mean . . ."

"You—you mean—"

"Marry her! That's what I mean. And pretty quick, too!"

Wrong? Wrong the pretty thing? The pretty little plump little thing. Why, Edna dear—softness. Wrong you? One little hair of your darling little head. One inch of the preciousness of feet that were made to twinkle in shoe-buckles. Why, Edna, pretty thing—we will go together to Madagascar . . .

"Edna. Little wife!"

"Big husband."

"What if the old coconut hadn't brought you to me and I had sailed away to Madagascar without you?"

"Father's awful strict about us girls."

"I never realized. I was just drunk, Edna—with miracle. And to think I might have gone off to Madagascar! Edna, look at me. Wife. My pretty—mine."

"Big husband, you must buy me a coat. Edna cold. Big fine gray fur coat."

"You darling darling, to say it like that. Edna cold. My Edna cold. Big husband buy little Edna coat. But not fur. Fur too hot to take my Edna in to Madagascar!"

"Don't want coat for Madagascar. Want nice warm gray fur coat for Brooklyn."

"But, Edna, we have money in the bank. We're going to Madagascar."

"Who wants money in her pocket in Madagascar? Brooklyn!"

"Edna, we're going out beyond the horizon. Together. You and me. Passengers. Shard Gray and wife! That'll make them sit up in Madagascar. You and me—together."

"And leave me? And pa and my sisters and the twins? And Mayme-Loo, my chum who's married to my brother? I couldn't do that."

"Why, Edna—"

"Silly darling. You're grown up. My sailor's got a wife."

"To roam with—"

"To settle down with. There's a flat over Mayme-Loo's. A block from ma's and pa's. It's got two more rooms than Mayme-Loo's. We can afford them. We've money in the bank. And stationary wash-tubs. And I can have yellow silk curtains in the parlor instead of old cretonne like Mayme-Loo's. And a vacuum cleaner. Big size."

"Madagascar!"



When America was but a brave little cluster of seaboard settlements, Paris was the most sophisticated, luxurious city in the world. And into Paris came a gay young man with a flower basket full of secrets—to turn Paris upside down.

To the little shop of Houbigant, the perfumer, there drove presently lovely ladies—gallants—the Queen herself . . . Houbigant had arrived.

To be seen at his shop gave the final cachet of smartness! . . . And so it has always been, for one hundred and fifty perfumed years.

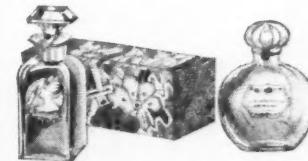
Today, America, too, prefers these perfumes of Houbigant—these lotions, creams and powders made fragrant with Houbigant extracts. If you, madame, have never found your own among the perfumes of Houbigant—*adventure waits for you!*

"Things Perfumes Whisper," a charming booklet of perfumes and beauty secrets, will come to you for the asking.

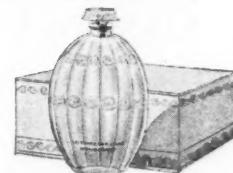
**HOUBIGANT**  
PARIS  
NEW YORK - CHICAGO - CLEVELAND - MONTREAL



Mon Boudoir suggests soft music, soft lights—luxurious languor. Two ounces, \$8. Subtilite, perfume of mysterious delight, in red and black Buddha box, \$12.50.



The heart of a dream-flower, unfolding at dawn—Le Parfum Ideal. Two and one-half ounces, \$6.75. Quelques Fleurs, a vivacious fragrance, gay and sprite-like. Two ounces, \$7.50.



Le Temps des Lilas—a breath of Spring, a perfume of sentiment, of memory—and of dew-drenched lilacs under a high blue sky. In crystal two-ounce bottle, \$5.00.



To help you decide which perfume you like best, Houbigant has prepared for you these quarter-ounce bottles—Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal, and Le Temps des Lilas at \$1; Subtilite and Mon Boudoir at \$1.25. La Rose France and Quelques Violettes, delicate flower perfumes, are \$1.

# BAILEY BANKS & BIDDLE CO.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

Established 1832

Philadelphia

STERLING

SILVER

DINNER AND TEA  
SERVICES

The "Hall Mark" of this Establishment  
upon a Service of Silver is  
a mark of Quality

This was the first House in America  
to adopt the

Sterling Standard for Silver  
Special Photographs upon request

WEDDING INVITATIONS  
AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

samples mailed

The Bailey Text and  
Colonial Script are  
the favorite styles of  
Engraving for many  
socially prominent Weddings

## DREER'S Garden Book

"IN the Garden of Your Dreams" is a song you can make come true. Dreer's 1926 Garden Book will help you, with its wealth of pictures and suggestions. Everything in Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Lawn Grass, Roses, Dahlias, Hardy Perennials, etc.

A copy mailed free if you mention *Cosmopolitan*

**HENRY A. DREER**  
1306 Spring Garden Street, Phila., Pa.

**ART**  
We Teach  
**COMMERCIAL ART**

Meyer Both Company, maintaining the most widely known Commercial Art Studios in the World, offers you a practical training based upon 25 years' success in producing over a quarter million drawings for leading advertisers. This attractive profession equally open to men and women. Home study instruction.

Get Facts Before You Enroll in Any School  
Send 4c in stamps for illustrated book telling of the success of our students.

**MEYER BOTH COMPANY**  
Dept. 94  
Michigan Ave. at 20th St.  
CHICAGO, ILL.

"Madagascar! Who ever heard of anybody coming from Madagascar except grapes? Or is it Madagascar? Or Mala-something? Big husband, buy me a dining-room set with legs to the chairs that look like lion paws . . ."

Every morning at quarter to eight the Brooklyn subway started with you at Atlantic Avenue and pulled you through it like a bit of rosin along the gut of a violin string, until you reached Chambers Street.

The room was just like Banky Doe's except that it was in another canyon up another cliff, but there were fifty of you in shirt-sleeves with arm-garters and eye-shades and the grin of shirt between trousers and waistcoats, from stooping over ledgers.

You said "Good morning" to the other yourselves about forty or fifty times as you walked to your stool. Sometimes in winter all fifty of you slid into fifty alpaca coats which hung on fifty pegs above the fifty ledgers, but for the most part you worked on the fifty high stools in one hundred shirt-sleeves and to the hiss of steam-heat that always kept a certain nerve over your eye hurting.

Debit. Credit. Put down six and carry four. Tra-la-la. Straw foot. Hay foot. Monday, Tuesday. Last year, this year. This year, next year . . .

Every night at five-thirty the subway started with you at the Chambers Street station and pulled you through it like a bit of rosin along the gut of a violin string until you reached Atlantic Avenue.

Thousands of you with red rims under their derby hats from the eye-shades. Thousands of you on the straps. Step lively. Watch your step. Spa-at! Keep your elbow out-ta my mouth. Atlantic Avenue. Last stop. All out!

Tramp. Tramp. Tramp-tramp-tramp. You came out of a hole like a mole. A little blind. With rush, with fetidness. Hot, yeasty smell as you passed Timp's bake-shop. The broken place in the pavement over which you had tripped year-in and year-out—let's see—fifteen of them now—fifteen years of the tripplings over that broken place—Then, three long rings and a short. Click. Clack. Quick, catch the door-knob before the click-clacking from the three flights up ceases! Edna has no great patience.

Sniff! Lamb stew? Right! Tuesday is lamb stew night. That must be Georgie's roller-skate left lying in the corridor to stumble over—drat the boy.

Heigho-ho. How the house smelled of sour flesh and babies' wash-lines! Close. Fermented. You who had dreamed of the salty lanes to Madagascar.

What if suddenly you should ram your clenched hand down that fat little throat of hers! It wobbled so. Like Saturday night's gelatin cooling on the sill while the children romped. White little, fat little, greasy little throat. Edna's throat. You hated it; of course you wouldn't lay hand to it. Every time the impulse came you sank down lower behind your paper. That would enrage Edna.

"Yah! No wonder you want to hide your face! Yah—yah—yah—I say it again and again and again. There's not a woman on the street would show her face in a mangy old gray squirrel coat like mine. Sixteen years old!"

"I see myself mortgaging my soul for another fur coat! If not for that fur coat digging into my nest-egg so deep that there wasn't anything much of it left for us to squander to the dogs that first year—maybe—fur coat! That fur coat sealed my doom. Sealed me—I been working for one fur coat or another ever since. What's the difference if it's a fur coat or dining-room curtains or eggs—or—or—"

"There's not a kid on the street hasn't got ball-bearing roller-skates but your George!"

"Or roller-skates—  
There's not a flat in the building with the kind of old-fashioned kitchen range that I have to stoop over—"

"Or kitchen ranges."

"Yah—yah. No wonder you hide your face, I would too."

"Damn—"

"You curse me! You curse me and if I don't pack my things and the children's this night! Your little girl Edna tainted with your dirty words. Your growing boy Georgie. Thank God I got a mother and a father and brothers and sisters that respect me. That's more than your children do you!"

"My children. The only time anything around here is mine is when I have to sweat blood to pay the bills for them."

"Which is never. The phonograph man was around for his instalment again today. I gave him your office address. Maybe that'll shame you into paying. Tell me about your children. Lots you care for them. Your own boy you haven't ever looked at twice, nor your own girl. It's because they look like my side of the house, I guess. And God knows how many years it is since you have looked at me—"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Shut up, eh? Well, I'll shut up when I get good and ready, but let me tell you this: If I did any more shutting up than I do, I'd bust. If my mother and father and brothers and sisters knew the half of it! Married a boy with a nest-egg, didn't I? Made the finest match of any girl in the office, didn't I? Thirty-six hundred dollars! Well, if I had it to do over again I'd marry a boy *without* a nest-egg—"

"Yes—you—would!"

"But with the guts to get himself a job after he had squandered his nest-egg, that had some future in it. Fifteen years of bookkeeping for a firm where a man has no more chance of promotion than a cockroach. Fifteen years—"

"Fifteen years—fifteen years—"

"Yah—your own son going on sixteen and not the price in the house to buy him his first long pants. Has to get them from his grand-daddy. Yah—I married a go-getter."

"Fifteen years—"

"I wanted a vacuum cleaner. When my birthday comes I kept saying to myself, 'He'll get me a vacuum cleaner.' Does he get me one? Yah—after I happen to get the premium money to his insurance in my hands by mistake."

"Fifteen years—"

"I wanted one of those electric washing-machines. I says to myself, I says, 'When Christmas comes, he'll get me one.' Did I get it? Yah, but only after my own mother and my own father had to come over and shame it out of him."

What if I should ram my fist down . . .

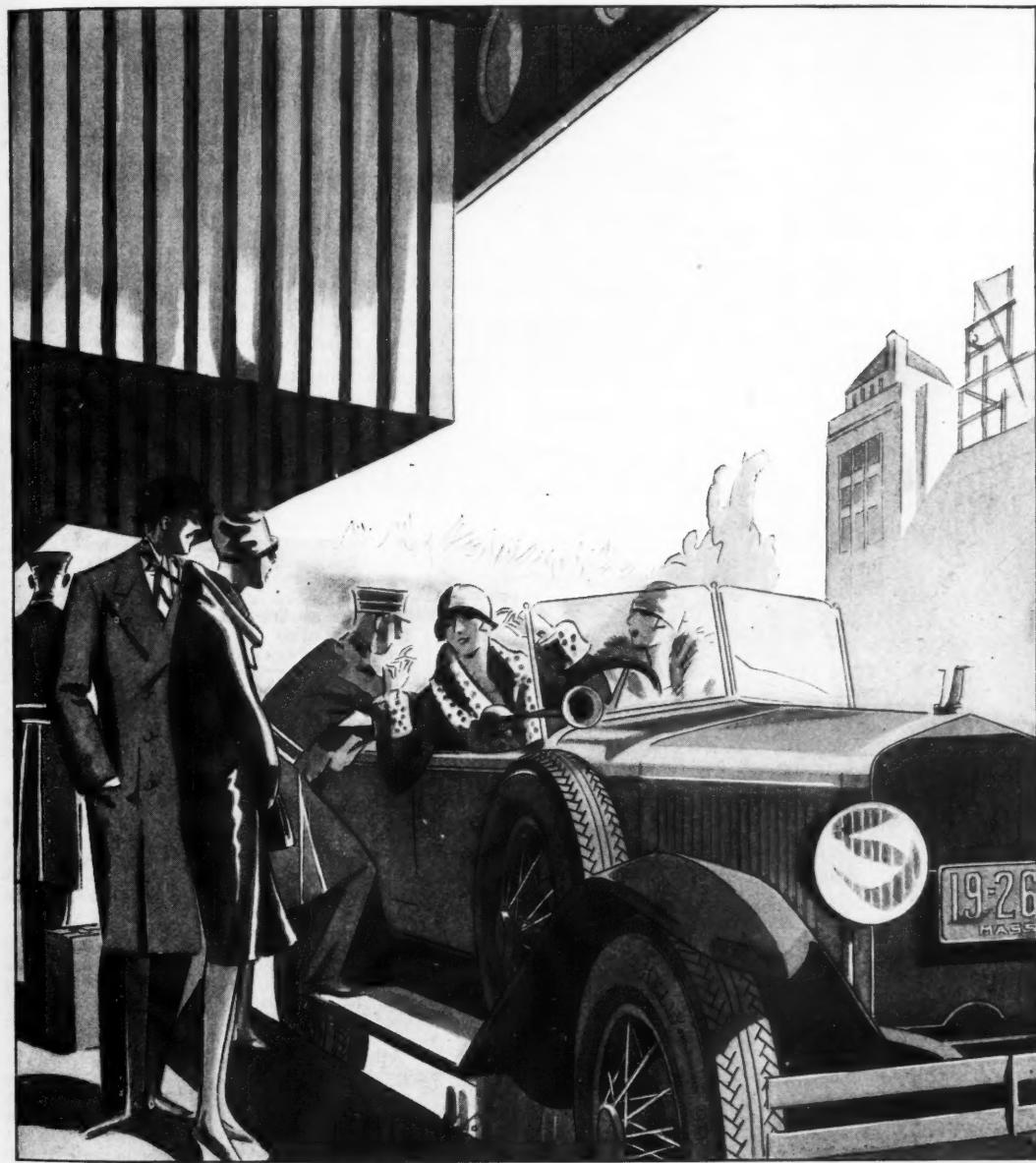
"I wanted a ball-bearing perambulator when Ella came so I wouldn't be the lopsided meal sack I look now, from overwork. I says to myself, 'He'll get me one for my health.' Did I get it? Yah, but only when I went out myself and bought one on time and made him squeeze his nose to the grindstone working nights to pay for it. Yah—yah—you. I ought to go to Madagascar, or wherever it is you keep cackling about in your sleep, and live with you on palm leaves or whatever it is they eat out there, and worn a nose-ring in my nose. That's about all you're able to support a wife and family on. Palm leaves and nose-rings."

"God in Heaven—fifteen years . . ."

Atlantic Avenue—last stop—all out. The broken place in the sidewalk—the three long rings, and a short . . . Sniff-sniff. Pot-roast! Yes, right! Wednesday. George's roller-skate. Drat that child. That must be Edna's voice. But how high! What? Scolding George. You hated the horrid slapping way she had with the children. Edna's loud voice scolding George. Well, the boy was away from home too much—only fifteen . . .

George. He did look fine and tall in his new long pants. Edna was right. You could scarcely ever remember having looked at him really with your attention after his head began to take on that coconut shape. Coconut head of his grandfather. Round little pert eyes like Edna. Spreckle of freckles.

And the little girl. The little girl was pudgy



*"All the way from Boston since breakfast? I thought you were coming by train. You won't feel much like dancing tonight!"*

*"I won't, eh? Wait till you see me Charleston! Driving on these Kelly Flexible Cords doesn't tire you."*

THE car-owner who wants to approximate balloon tire riding qualities without changing his wheels will find in Kelly Flexible Cords the nearest approach to low-pressure comfort. To any driver who has been using ordinary cord tires the difference is noticeable.

# KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES

and plump like Edna, that day she had glowed in the satin shirt-waist. Some day she would waddle with big loose hips . . . Ugh.

Edna berating Georgie. How you hated the berating! But here was something out of the ordinary. Edna must have been fainting away the way she did sometimes in tantrums. The smell of her bottle of spirits of ammonia was on the air. And George was all splotched as if a skin disease had broken out over his face, and there was the stick that propped the kitchen window on the floor, broken, between them! And a welt across the back of Georgie's hand that he kept sucking.

Georgie's hand had been struck until the stick broke! "You—devil!" you yelled at Edna—and sprang.

"Yah—yah—devil! It's the you in your son cropping out. His father is not man enough to keep him in off the street evenings. But I yam! I'll beat it out of him."

"Beat what?"

"The you in him."

"The what?"

"The Madagascar!"

"The—"

"Out with it. Tell your father—tell him what you've been up to. Tell him what I found packed and ready under your bed—and the paper I found in your geography. Tell him!"

"Me and—another boy, father—we—"

"Tell him—"

"We—we—uh—uh—uh—"

"Tell him!"

"Can't you see the boy is hysterical? Quit driving him."

"Yah—hysterical, is he? Well, I'll give him something to make him more hysterical."

"What's he been up to?"

"What's he? Looke that paper there on the table. The blue one. Go in his room and drag out what's under the bed—that old carpetbag of yours. Packed!"

"What?"

"Shipping papers. Shipping before the mast. Him and another boy—all fixed—to sneak away tomorrow morning and ship before the mast at dawn. His oilskins bought. His papers signed. Forged! Shipping before the mast!"

"You?"

"Some of his father's nonsense in him."

"No, mother—"

"That's what we need—another salt breather! Another sleep talker about the road to Madagascar. Well, young man, tomorrow morning instead of spending your Saturday on the road to Madagascar you're going to help me beat the parlor rug on the roof . . ."

"Ship—before—the mast. You—son?"

"Me—me and another boy, father. I've saved my newspaper money I made after school—me and another boy, father. We—we want to go to sea. I've got my papers. When a fella gets to wanting a thing like this he can go crazy with wanting it—the sea—"

"I'll sea you! I'll teach you how to do sneaking things behind your father's and my back. You and another boy. Sailor-boy nonsense. Get in your room, there. No supper for you! Get in. Close your door and go to bed. Suck your thumb for supper. Close that door. Close—that—door—and if your father's not got the gumption, I'll take charge of you next with a book strap! Close that door!"

Pot-roast. It stuck in your throat because the table began to jerk into waves. Into waves that made you feel ill—the gnawing illness of a nausea of the spirit.

"If you don't mind—I—no more supper—little ill—lie down—"

"Yah. Yah. You would. Too squeamish to punish your son like a man. That's you. You would have been the right one to ship before the mast. Bah!"

"Sh-h, George, don't cry so. Turn over in bed so father can talk to you softly, so mother won't hear. Don't be frightened, Georgie. She's in bed asleep. It's only father."

"Leggo."

"Georgie!"

"What? Don't!"

"Don't you want father to touch you?"

"No!"

"Why?"

"Cause."

"Georgie!"

"Go away."

"Son!"

"What?"

"I never knew—never dreamed—"

"You never knew nothin'."

"Why?"

"You never wanted to—like other boys' fathers—"

"Georgie!"

"Huh?"

"Have you always, Georgie—wanted to? Don't cry so, boy."

"She won't lemme. I'll kill myself now. Me and another fella had it fixed. He'll ship without me. We had it fixed for Singapore tomorrow at five—we sail—I'll kill myself now."

"Singapore! Singapore!"

"Go way."

"Georgie, what is it you want?"

"The sea. It's in me. It'll bust me if I don't jump on its back and bust it. Like a broncho."

"You never told me."

"I never told you nothing. Nobody around here. What would be the good?"

"Georgie, come closer to father."

"Naw."

"Georgie, I'm going to help you to ship before the mast tomorrow morning at five o'clock."

"Father! Father!"

"Sh-h, you mustn't wake her."

"Mother?"

"I'll take care of that. Get up. We must tiptoe. Where's your bag?"

"Father!"

"Don't kiss my hands like that, son. Ever!"

"Father!"

"Don't you dare! Don't you dare! I tell you, stop kissing my hands—I can't bear it. I tell you to stop—I'll beat you if you don't stop. Don't you dare—"

"Father. Father. Father."

Wet shining ships with sleek decks that shoes cannot grip. Rain-lashed. Great shaggy freight-hulk with the mangy hide of a bison for bulkhead.

"Watch out, father. You'll slip. See, that's my ship. The boys are all barefoot. That's how I must go. Barefoot along the decks!"

"Barefoot?"

"It'll soon be daylight, father, and I must report to the captain. You had better go home before mother wakes up. It's raining so, father—you mustn't be late for the office."

"What's that—moving up the side of the ship?"

"Hey! Scum! That's my boy friend climbing up the rope ladder. I want to go on board that way too, father. Up the rope ladder. Where's my papers?"

"Here, son."

"Father."

"Yes, boy?"

"Father, I'll think of you."

"In Singapore?"

"In Singapore."

"Go to Madagascar some day, son, if you can ship on good boat in that direction. I've always wanted to go to Madagascar."

"I'll send you post-cards from there."

"The salt, Georgie, it's good smell."

"It's a good smell, father."

"You'll remember, Georgie, the first chance you get, to ship for Mada—"

"Father, it's five o'clock. I must be on board at five."

"Don't miss your footing in the rain, son."

"Father, I'll think of you—and mother—and sis."

"It's a grand ship, son. God bless you—and her."

"Father, it's hateful—all of a sudden to leave—you—"

"Madagascar, son."

"Madagascar. Hey—you—Scum—wait for me! I'm coming . . ."

Tiptoe. To lay yourself down while your body was ringing like a bell, rigidly and soundlessly, to save the creaking of the bed springs, beside Edna. Daylight, a dirty first smear of it against the windows. Milk-bottles. Rain boiling softly down the areaway!

In the same dirty dawn that crept into a bedroom crowded with the breath of a sleeper and old worn smells of indoors, a ship was plunging out to sea. A boy at its prow! Barefoot! Salt air in his nostrils. Salt air in his face. A ship was plunging . . .

Edna breathed out in her sleep in little puffs. Pr-r. Pfr-ror. Pfr-r.

What if, lying there motionless beside her in a room that reeked of the close, indoor doings of indoor people—what if you should suddenly begin to laugh. You sometimes had that impulse. The rather cruelly paradoxical one, to laugh of dreariness.

Creaking of bed spring. An alarm-clock down in the McClosky apartment suddenly crowing to the dirty dawn. Edna padding barefoot to the bathroom, the gray flannel wrapper with the black rickrack trimming across her shoulders. Little scrub of toothbrush, and the horrid way she had of hacking. Whisper of coffee. Edna in the doorway, arms now in the sleeves of the gray flannel wrapper and it tied in with a cord about her waist so that she bulged above and below it.

"Get up! It's seven, even if it is pitch-dark yet. Pouring. Ella needs new rubbers. Let the children sleep this morning. It's raining and Saturday."

Let the children sleep! Lucky you! Sly you! So sly in your motions that in shaving you cut yourself deeply of haste. Of haste to be out and gone before the opening of that door that leads to Georgie's room.

"Got a terrible headache," said Edna. "Of aggravation," and drank something out of a tumbler that fizzed.

"What are you going to do about your son's performance? Your sea-struck son. If you were a man you would beat the daylights out of the boy for his own good."

"Oh, I'll beat the daylights out of him . . ."

"No. I don't want him touched now. If there is any disciplining to do, as usual I'll do it myself. Bring home some thumb-tacks tonight. The wall-paper in the hall is sagging."

Thumb-tacks.

The subway pulled you through it like a bit of rosin along a violin string. How it gurgled when you came up at Chambers Street like a mole from a hole! Gurgled of rain. The same rain that must be beating at the deck of a ship. A great shag of freight ship. The bare feet of boys clambering . . .

There were fifty of you in shirt-sleeves, all sliding into the alpaca coats this morning.

Debit. Credit. Put down six and carry four. Tra-la-la. Straw foot. Hay foot. Monday, Tuesday. Last year. This year. Next . . .

"Mr. Gray."

"Yes. Yes."

"Sorry. No bad news, I hope. Your wife telephoned she needs you at once. No bad news, I hope. Don't worry about docking. First day you've missed in fifteen years. Don't need to come back this afternoon. No bad news, I hope."

"No. No. No bad news—"

Subway pulling you through it. Step lively. Watch your step. Atlantic Avenue. All out!

"Atlantic Avenue?"

"Hey, you—all out."

"But I want to go to—"

"Atlantic Avenue. Last stop. All out."

"But I want to go—"

"Where do you want to go?"

"To—Madagascar—"

"To where? You're on the wrong road. This is Atlantic Avenue."

"Yes, yes, of course! Wasn't thinking . . . Beg your pardon. Atlantic Avenue, of course. Atlantic Avenue is my destination."

## Music in the Air by Kathleen Norris (Continued from page 45)

now; of course not. Clem was working hard, glad to rest in the evenings, and Ellen felt for her old unmarried associates only a bewildered sort of pity.

Ellen wondered if Carrie had remembered to turn the gas out under the onions before she went out. Clem loved creamed onions, and they were good for him, full of vitamins . . .

She roused from a dream. The three old women had disappeared; Annie Curley was out in the back yard, talking to little Paul. It was after two o'clock.

Only Bessy Reilly, her lovely little face a mask of tragedy, was in the quiet kitchen.

"Ellen, do you ever see Jim Harrigan?" the girl asked suddenly.

"Jim? Clem sees him. He was up with some boys singing the other night, but I went to bed. I'm ready to drop by the time this lad's off for the night—you get half undressed nursing them, you know, and in the dark it's so drowsy that half the time I go off myself."

Bessy was not attentive.

"Ellen," she began again forlornly, "what'll I do?"

Ellen looked up sharply. "It's that way, is it?" she asked slowly, pursing her red lips.

The other girl nodded wretchedly.

"Did he ask you, Bessy?"

"Well—all but."

"What did you scrap about?"

Bessy was silent, flushing darkly. Tears hung on her lashes. "Willie Kernoghan!" she presently admitted explosively.

"Willie? Your brother-in-law? But don't tell me Jim Harrigan would be fool enough to be jealous of *him*!"

"No-o-o." There was balm to Bessy's heart in the mere mention of Jim. "No, but it was about him we scrapped just the same," she said. "Jim don't like his voice any too well—or at least he thinks Willie is stuck on himself. But I was sort of standing up for Willie."

"What on earth *for*?" Ellen demanded sensibly.

"Oh, I don't know!" said Bessy. "It was a sort of sticky April night, and I was mad at the way Jim was talking."

"Your first beau, eh?" Ellen, safely anchored at twenty-six, asked with a thoughtful glance.

"Oh, my, yes! I'm only pushing nineteen, you know."

"Nineteen! I had 'em when I used to be walking home, before I was out of Grammar," Ellen said with enjoyment. "I was engaged on my fifteenth birthday to a boy named Feeney—he died in camp of flu."

"Well, maybe I'm different," Bessy said mildly.

"Bessy," Ellen said suddenly, now buttoning young Clem into a scalloped and caped pique coat, "why don't you telephone Jim Harrigan, just as if nothing had happened, and ask him to come round?"

"Oh, I dassen't!" faltered Bessy, turning scarlet. "And, Ellen," she began in terror, clutching the other's hand, "if you butt in—"

"For heaven's sakes," Ellen interrupted in turn, affectionately impatient. "What do you think I am? I'd keep my hands off another girl's affairs if it was the last act of my life. Are you the most beautiful thing God ever put on the earth?" she asked the baby, lifting him so that the soft little cheek was pressed downward against her own firm, glowing one.

She tied the cap-strings carefully, stiffening them to full width with her finger-tips.

"I'll not telephone him, nor I don't think anybody else but you ought to, Bess," she said. "But why don't you?"

"All the girls are after him," Bessy submitted uncomfortably. "I wouldn't want he should think I was chasing him."

"He wouldn't think that," Ellen answered slowly, a little troubled. For both she and Bessy knew that he might. "It all depends on how much he likes you. He may be running with somebody else now."

"I know it," Bessy said quickly, stabbed.

And in sheer self-preservation she added quickly, "But I don't think he is!"

"If he was coming up to the house again, maybe I could get at him," Ellen suggested. "It seems an awful pity—Well! I suppose it'll work out."

She put the baby in Bessy's lap and stood before the kitchen mirror frowning at herself, but with a deep dimple at the corner of her mouth. The spring hat was artfully tugged to a slightly altered angle, a powder-puff the size of a silver dollar fluffed rapidly over her little white nose, the mahogany bob had a touch that fitted it between blue hat and blue eyes like a bronzy cloud, Ellen straightened a lace frill, linked the slender fur, pulled on soft gloves.

"That's Clem—come out and talk to him," she said, as the long shriek of a motor-horn sounded in the green street, under the old elms.

"All right," Bessy agreed lifelessly. And while Ellen and the baby settled themselves with happy assurance in the front seat, she and Annie listlessly gossiped with Clem. Gloved, beaming, delighted to get back wife and child after a few hours' parting, Clem smiled at her.

"Say, listen," he presently said suddenly, "I see that Willie Kernoghan is singin' over the radio Saturday night."

"Is it Saturday night?" Bessy asked. "I knew it was sometime."

"And you never told me!" Ellen accused her.

"Regina knew it," Bessy volunteered indifferently. "Willie's very set up over it. Sure, why wouldn't he be?—they're payin' him fifty dollars."

"Easy money," Clem said amiably. "I saw it in the paper this morning, and I run into Willie at lunch-time. Are you goin' down to the station, wherever it is, to see the fun?"

"Fun? Small fun in it," Bessy answered. "Yes, I guess Regina and I'll go down, like we did before," she added. "There's not much to it. You'd think it was a surgery, the way they shut you up and make you keep still, and all Willie done was stand up to a sort of collection box and sing into it."

"Well, phone us Saturday night, and if Carrie's on the job, me and Ellen'll come down," Clem suggested, departing.

Bessy took Paul to the bakery for Annie, drifting along the few blocks irresolutely, sometimes glancing back after a man who had passed her, a man who somehow suggested big, square-shouldered Jim. The bakery clerk put an extra cream puff into her box—she did not note it. The man at the newspaper stand gently took away the rubbed paper she had by chance selected and gave her a clean one, but she never thanked him.

It was a heavenly afternoon; the streets were sweet and languorous with spring, the florists' beaded windows were a glory of lilacs and lilies and yellow mimosa sprays. Paul toddled rapidly and tirelessly into trouble, toward garbage-cans, toward the gutter, into doorways, after doggies. Bessy had to laugh at him, and when she laughed she was so lovely that more than one gallant stranger attempted to help the adorable sister who had the little boy out for an airing. But Bessy saw them not.

She met Mrs. Mart Murphy, shopping with Little Marty, and the Oliver girls, and old lady Byrne, and Joe Hagan. But she did not meet Jim, big and cheerful and adoring, in his new spring suit. Jim lived in the city—small chance of his being here.

No Jim—no Jim—no Jim. Up these side streets, in these shops—the drug-store, cool and tiled, the fruit market all bright with colors, the real-estate office reflecting in plate-glass windows its own striped awning.

So many people! But no Jim. Had she ever—Bessy wondered with a sick heart—had she ever really wandered along this same dull street with Jim, and found it an enchanted avenue, even in March rains? Had he bought her movie magazines here, and a chocolate burnt-almond marshmallow sundae? Was she that same laughing, rain-spattered girl whose

umbrella the wind had so nearly capsized a few weeks ago and who had finally furled it and run home gasping and dodging, with her hand in Jim Harrigan's? What a day that had been!

She had been visiting Mrs. Callahan, who was her mother's first cousin, over a holiday week. And hadn't Jim Harrigan followed her all the way down from town just to spend that rainy afternoon with her? The triumph of it!

They had gone back to the house, wet and blown, and brewed themselves coffee in Aunt Ag's kitchen. Coffee out of the old nicked blue coffee-pot with the wide lip, cream out of the little bottle, toast and more toast and still more toast. What Elysian food it had been, what an hour of delight!

He had never come so close to a declaration as he had that afternoon. But Bessy had felt no need of hurrying him then—sure, there wasn't any doubt about the way things were going! He had said delicious things—almost wordless things: "You and me, Bessy, huh?" and "You may as well learn right now that it's three lumps I take in my coffee, Miss Reilly."

Annie, the children, Aunt Ag had come in, also wet and blown, for a sort of renewal of the feast, which had indeed straggled itself into an early supper. Jim—and Bessy too!—had flashed out to the baker's again, for currant rolls and more butter, and Jim had insisted upon adding a jelly roll and pressed figs and sardines, he and Bessy bringing them home joyfully in wet paper-bags.

The lights had been lighted then in the kitchen, and what with the happy feasting children, and the good smell of tea, and the eternal human satisfaction of storm and cold and dark without and warmth and peace within, great gaiety had seized upon them all.

Only two months—only eight little weeks ago! But that was almost the end, for Bessy. For two or three days later had come the senseless, the inexplicable scene of the quarrel, and now Bessy felt herself as far removed from the old sense of almost fearful joy in Jim's love as did the scores of other girls who looked at his eyes and his inches wistfully, and wished that Jimmy Harrigan would be giving them "the taste of a look."

Bessy Reilly upon second thought had not planned to go down-town to the great central broadcasting station with her sister and brother-in-law on the great occasion of Willie's singing for the radio; she said quite truly that she knew Willie didn't want anybody around but Regina.

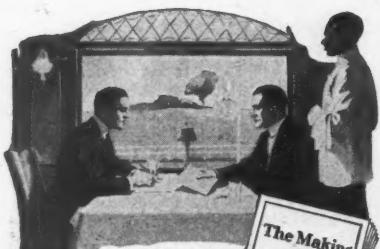
Willie indeed, stout, handsome, accustomed to public adoration, was something of a despot in his own home, and—to quote Mrs. Murphy, who, like Mrs. Callahan, was a sort of second cousin of his—had always been "as spoilt as cur'rs." His mother had spoiled him first, and Regina, idolizing him, nervously anxious only for his comfort, had carried on the business heartily. Even as a stunning yet none too successful clerk in a real-estate office Willie had been exacting and unreasonable; the discovery and development of his golden voice naturally had not cured him.

So when Willie acted as if he was "fit to be tied" about it, Bessy quite amiably agreed not to accompany him and Regina. It was with honest concern that, returning to the Callahan house late on Saturday afternoon, she discovered that Mrs. Callahan and old Mrs. Murphy had serenely decided that they were going down to the station to hear Willie broadcast.

"He'll be wild, and that's how it'll be, then," Bessy predicted nervously.

"Lave him jump about like a trout, he'll not best me!" Mrs. Callahan responded calmly.

The widow Murphy was in full regalia of rusty veil and dingy crimp. Mrs. Callahan was magnificently gowned in heavy satin, her son's gift. Bugles glittered truculently in her high bonnet, her fat, fine old hands bulged in black silk gloves. Annie, half fearful and half amused, was serving the old women an early



## The Making of an Unusual Salesman

### Here are Some of the Records

# Big JOBS Now Open

After spending fourteen years as conductor on a railroad, I came in on my passenger train and never went out again. I saw there were wonderful chances in the selling field; so I started in selling real estate. The first month I made \$700. The second month I made something to help me, so I took up LaSalle training Salesmanship. The next month I made \$700 and last month I averaged better than \$67 a day throughout the month.

C. A. THOMAS, California.

My salary was practically doubled a short time ago, but my greatest satisfaction comes from knowing that the money I bring in I have written this year is easily five times greater than before.

S. N. WILLIAMS, Kentucky.

With or without previous experience, you may become an unusually successful salesman. Men who sent for this book from one to six months ago have doubled their earnings.

If you are seeking advancement or greater opportunity, get full particulars of the LaSalle salary-doubling plan. The coupon will bring it to you, together with two valuable books, "The Making of an Unusual Salesman" and "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

If a successful career is worth two cents and two minutes of your time, clip and mail the coupon NOW.

### LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Dept. 355-SR

Please tell me about your salary-doubling plan as applied to my advancement in the business field checked below. Send also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

Modern Salesmanship

Business Management

Modern Business Correspondence and Practice

Higher Accountancy

Modern Foremanship and Production Methods

Traffic Management

Personnel and Employment Management

Railway Station Management

Expert Bookkeeping

Law, Degree of LL. B.

Business English

Commercial Law

Commercial Spanish

Industrial Management

Effective Speaking

Efficiency

C. P. A. Coaching

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Present Position \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## ASTHMA

The assurance of comfortable repose appeals to every sufferer from Asthma.

The popularity of Vapo Cresolene is due to—

Continuous treatment while the patient enjoys undisturbed rest.

Avoidance of internal medication.

Prompt relief. Unquestionable merit.

**Vapo-Cresolene**  
Est. 1879

The household remedy for bronchial troubles

Sold by Druggists

Send for descriptive booklet 11B

**THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.**

62 Cortland Street, New York  
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

supper-tea, and it appeared that Bessy was to be their companion and guide.

"We'll not get in!" said Bessy.

"We'll bust in, thin!" said the widow Murphy casually. "Stir your stumps, dear. We'll get nowhere at this rate!"

Reaching the enormous bulk of the great dark Broadway building more than an hour later, they did not indeed "bust" in, but to the embarrassed Bessy their procedure was almost as radical. The single elevator that was operating was plainly marked "Express to 36th floor," but even that warning did not save the surprised elevator boy from the convulsive clutch of Mrs. Murphy's lean arms, and her loud shout of "God save us—we're rooed!" as the car ballooned upward.

"Must ye swoop us up like a leaf in a gale?" she muttered, as the man disengaged himself, and brought the car to a quivering halt at the designated floor.

"We're a block off the ground if we're a fut!" Mrs. Callahan muttered uneasily.

"And the ground's not there at that, woman dear," Mrs. Murphy said sharply. "What with their shafts and their subways and basements and tubes runnin' under the earth I don't know who'd be aquil to sayin' where the livin' of the poor sod itself was at all."

"No, we haven't," Bessy was murmuring uncomfortably to the young woman who had come smoothly forward and was expectantly asking them for their permit.

"Then I can't admit you," the girl was saying firmly, when Mrs. Murphy asked confidently: "Is Willie Kernoghan come yet?"

For a few seconds the young woman was confused; there was no one of that name here—

But presently she identified him. Oh! That Mr. Kernoghan? Oh, yes, he was here. But they were sending out some other things now, and they'd have to be absolutely silent.

Mrs. Callahan nodded magnificently, and without so much as a rustle she and Mrs. Murphy and Bessy tiptoed across the big room, through a noiselessly opened doorway, and into a smaller one—a room almost unfurnished, with a piano dangling on ropes in mid-air, in its center.

"My Lord, they're movin' the furniture!" Mrs. Murphy exclaimed in a raucous whisper.

There was an instant gesture of suppression on the part of two harassed young men who were superintending the transmitter, and a third young man, continuing his smooth, easy speech at the mouthpiece, glanced in annoyance at the intruders without stirring. Bessy, sinking overwhelmed into a chair, saw Willie and Regina Kernoghan, elegantly dressed and also seated, a few feet away.

Willie cast upon his shrinking sister-in-law and his two elderly relatives a glance of such withering resentment as made itself actually felt by one of the efficient young men. This young man, when an intermission of five minutes had been suavely announced, switched off the microphone, and looked doubtfully from Willie to the rustily clad and crepe-swathed newcomers.

"Well, Willie, we thought we'd come hear what ye cud do," Mrs. Murphy said amiably.

"That's what catches it, is it?" Mrs. Callahan meanwhile asked one of the operators interestedly. She studied the microphone. "Hal-loo-oo there!" she called experimentally.

"It's closed off now," the operator, beginning to like her, as all the world liked her, explained with a smile. Bessy looked at the operator gratefully, and from that moment on, if there had been any question of expulsion, it would have had reference only to Willie.

Willie was nervous and fussy, Regina all solicitude and concern, but nobody else much interested. The piano was lowered, and his accompanist seated himself at it.

"Now silence!" the director said. An instant hush prevailed, and Willie, jerking his full neck in its low collar, and clearing his throat, stood looking fixedly at the disk into which the announcer was heralding his songs.

"And now we have what I know will be a real treat to you ballad lovers, and to everyone

else as well. In a moment you are going to hear William Wolfe Kernoghan, whose beautiful voice—"

Willie began to sing. They all stared at him fixedly, in the complete silence of the brightly lighted room, Regina's lips following the words of his songs anxiously. He sang well, but he missed the stimulus of the ranged, sympathetic faces, the encouragement of applause. Between numbers there was enforced a stillness as complete as while the music was sounding.

"Fine, darlin'!" Regina's lips said, after the fourth song. Bessy generously and noiselessly clapped her hands; Mrs. Murphy opened her wrinkled old puckered mouth abruptly, and an attendant, watching her closely, said "S-s-h-h!" with such suddenness that the old woman set her lips in a tight line, and crossed herself involuntarily.

There was one more song. The angry color rose suddenly in Bessy Reilly's face as she heard the opening chords of the accompaniment: "The Fields of Ballyclare."

Willie's innocent stubborn eye caught her eye, and they exchanged a look of utter hostility. That was Jim Harrigan's song!

Bessy heard it out, the color in her cheeks deepening.

"That's Jim Harrigan's song, Willie," she said angrily, when he had finished, "and you don't sing it near as well as he does! You have a right to leave his songs alone—"

"Sh-sh!" one of the operators exclaimed, in agony. But a moment later the microphone was closed, and they could talk.

Bessy had, however, now returned to her usual apathy, and with cold dignity she bade her sister and brother-in-law good night, and went away between the two old women.

They bundled down into the bright empty subway, yawned at advertisements, straggled through the brilliant tiled passages of the Pennsylvania Station, and shot forth from the underground to the electric road that spread its tentacles over dark Long Island.

Flushing at last. Mrs. Murphy, a most entertaining and audible companion until now, was tired, and slipped off into her own obscure side street quietly. But Mrs. Callahan and Bessy sauntered home slowly, enjoying the mildness of the night.

There were big trees all down the Callahans' street, and the lamplight and moonlight splashed through their thick leaves in spectacular bright blots tonight. The plain-faced old wooden house was transformed, glorified by warm moonshine.

A man was sitting on the Callahans' porch steps, hugging his knees with long arms. He got up when Bessy and Mrs. Callahan stopped at the gate, and came toward them.

Bessy looked, and a little laugh fluttered from her. "Why, hello, Jim!" she said, as he caught her hands.

"Hello, Bessy," big Jim Harrigan said huskily. "I heard you standin' up for me—"

They all stood still in the gloom, and as the faltering accents of his voice died away there was silence.

"When did she stand up for ye, Jim?" said Mrs. Callahan then.

Bessy could not have spoken for her life. She was close to him again; the big rough tot of him, the clean, homespun, soapy smell, the half laughing, half masterful voice, were flooding her senses with ecstasy.

"Over the radio, an hour back," he said. And there was a new quality in his manner, a hesitating tenderness, a sort of awe in his tone, that made Bessy's heart race—and stop—and race again. "I was listenin', over to Daley's," he said. "We all heard Willie Kernoghan sing—and he done good, too. An' then didn't I hear you speak up, as clear as if you'd been in Daley's dining-room?"

Bessy stared at him, and she saw the glint of his dark eyes in the moonlight. "I?" she said, stupefied. "How would you be hearin' me?"

"When you stood up for me," Jim said, grinning, trembling. "Right after the song," he added, as she began to shake her head in

bewilderment. "Your voice was as clear as it is now! That's Jim Harrigan's song, Willie, you says—"

Bessy clutched his hand, transfixed. "They never heard me?" she faltered.

"The whole wor'ld heard you!" Jim exulted. "Ah, Bessy dear," he said in a lower voice, "if you knew how troubled I've been—fool that I was not to come to you right away an' settle it! It was pride kep' me back—an' fear, too, for how did I know but you'd kick me out? And tonight, sittin' there listenin' to Willie, and thinkin' how lucky he was, with his wife and child, didn't my own girl's dear voice come straight to me—like an arrow into my heart—that was so sick with longin' for you—"

"I know," Bessy said very softly. Moonlight glinted in her eyes, Jim put his arms about her.

Mrs. Callahan had long before this ascended the steps and disappeared through the front door, which remained open, sending a straight shaft of dim yellow light down the peeled wooden steps. Now suddenly she reappeared, a stalwart figure silhouetted against the bright interior.

"Bessy Reilly!" she called. "Regina's just phoned, and she says that Willie left his music roll down to the radio place, and will you stop down there in your lunch hour tomorrow and get it for him? And she says that if you bring it up after office hours maybe you'll stay and have dinner with her and Willie?"

"Tell her I'll do it gladly. I'm always glad to do anything for Willie," Bessy answered instantly, "and say we thought he sung grand tonight!"

"But you might say that Bessy's got an engagement for dinner!" Jim Harrigan suggested.

Mrs. Callahan hesitated, peering out into the dark.

"Are you still there, Jim? Mind you don't miss that eleven-ten train, now!" she grumbled ominously. Then she turned back into the hall again, and shut the door.

## The Dice of God

(Continued from page 41)

was no time to waste in arguing about it.

Only enough rope had been found to send down one man; what there was of it did not look too stout and was certainly not strong enough to bear two men—whether it could even stand the added weight of a woman's body was problematical, but that risk had to be taken. If by any chance Narice Vanne still lived after being for thirty-six hours down the gorge, there was not a moment to be lost, and Bad Luck made no delay in getting the rope about his body and himself over the side.

Others had to be content with the less dangerous though not less important business of manipulating the rope to prevent its being sawed by the sharp edge of the cliff, the concentration of as much artificial light as possible down the line of descent, and the preparation to receive whatsoever might presently emerge from that dim abyss. Whether it would be a drowned or dying woman, or merely the flotsam and jetsam of what had once been the lovely *cadre* of a soul, none dared speculate. They could only lie peering over the surface, minds sick with apprehension.

The waiting was fearful. It seemed years before there came a far-off shout, and the signal for hauling up. Then only, a whispered certainty went round: the weight on the rope was greater, the strain almost twice as much as it had been. Followed another tense period of anxiety, added to the muscle-cracking efforts of the haulers. At last the rope's cargo came into sight, and it could be dimly described that Anthony Tulloch held in his arms a white, bundled crumple of draperies!

Relief and fear mingling dried the throats and blurred the eyes of those who waited. In dread silence, broken only by the creakings of the rope, the burden came up to the surface and was hauled over by strong, eager hands. Anthony Tulloch stood amongst them once

If every mother knew  
what every nurse knows!



NURSES, doctors, authorities in child feeding, know that the proper choice of foods is the most important single factor contributing to the child's growth and development.

They agree that a child's food should not only contain the elements required for building bone, muscle and energy, but should also be appetizing and easily digested.

In 2000 nurses' training schools, sixty thousand nurses each year learn the value of Wheatena as a vital food for young or old, sick or well. Everywhere, eminent specialists in child feeding recommend Wheatena.

In thousands of homes, the tempting aroma of delicious, hot whole wheat has started more children and grown-ups eating Wheatena than even the advice of doctors, nurses and dietitians.

Wheatena is *whole wheat* at its best—a natural unrobbed cereal, rich in the food elements required for nourishment—carbohydrates for energy, vitamin B, protein for growth, mineral salts for bone and tissue, just enough bran for safe regulation.

Treat your family to Wheatena for breakfast tomorrow. On your table in three minutes at less than two cents a pound.

See if your child is of normal height and weight

Average weight and height of children as  
computed by authorities on baby feeding

Boys			Girls		
Age	Weight	Height	Age	Weight	Height
1 yr.	10 lbs.	29 in.	1 yr.	19.8 lbs.	28.7 in.
1½ yrs.	22.8 "	30 "	1½ yrs.	22 "	29.7 "
2 "	26.5 "	32.5 "	2 "	25.5 "	32.5 "
3 "	31.5 "	35 "	3 "	30 "	35 "
4 "	35 "	38 "	4 "	34 "	38 "
5 "	41.2 "	41.7 "	5 "	39.8 "	41.4 "
	45.1 "	44.1 "	6 "	43.8 "	42.6 "



# Wheatena

The delicious whole wheat cereal

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.  
Please send free sample package of Wheatena and recipe book.

Name.....

Address.....



## He puts the PEP in the party

He's indispensable! this popular fellow who puts the pep in the party with his sweet singing

**BUESCHER**

**True Tone Saxophone**

You, too, have a natural desire to produce music. "Oh! if I could only play some instrument" you have said to yourself. Then you have thought of long hours of practicing scales, with possible failure in the end, and you have been afraid to try; listen!

### You Can Teach Yourself

If you can whistle a tune, if you can beat time, you can learn to play the Buescher Saxophone, Easily! You can teach yourself, at home, in a few evenings. Three simple lessons given on request with each new Saxophone start you. You learn scales in an hour and start playing tunes in a week. Your progress will astonish and delight you and surprise your friends.

### Will You Make This Test?

Try any Buescher Instrument in your own home for six days. See what you can do. If you like the instrument, pay a little each month. Play as you pay. Mail the coupon for beautiful literature and details of this wonderful trial plan. Make this start. Now.

**BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.**  
Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments  
1300 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana

**Clip the Coupon NOW!**

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.  
1300 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Indiana.  
Gentlemen: Without obliging me in any way please send me your free literature. I am interested in the instrument checked below.  
Saxophone  Cornet  Trumpet  Trombone  Tuba  
Mention any other.....  
Name.....  
Address.....

## Prices Reduced On All Standard Make TYPEWRITERS

**Lowest Prices in Years**  
We will ship any make  
you choose for one  
week's trial. Underwood,  
Royal, L. C. Smith,  
Remington, Oliver, etc.  
**Easy Terms** Pay less  
than rent each month  
and own a typewriter  
Guaranteed as good as  
new. Perfectly rebuilt by  
experts—the famous "Young  
Process," send for free  
offer and new low price. Now WRITE TODAY.  
**Young Typewriter Co.**  
World's Largest Dealers in Standard Typewriters  
654 W. Randolph St., Dept. 3323, Chicago, Ill.

more, the light of the lanterns and torches playing on his set features, and on that creature with drowned face and drenched hair that he supported. They were almost afraid to look and see what terrible things death had done to her, and the strange silence of her rescuer held them dumb as they crowded around.

Then suddenly the incredible, unthinkable, unbelievable truth was realized—that form, limp and drooping like a thing broken on the wheel, drenched and dragged as a tempest-torn flower, that girl who had been hanging for thirty-six hours above almost certain death, not only was alive and conscious, but—the vitality of her; the sheer stark pluck!—she was smiling at them! Throats relaxed at last in shouts and cheers of triumph; women sobbed and fainted, men unbound the ropes, and supporting arms were reached out; hot bottles, rags and a stretcher were rushed forward to receive her exhausted body, and as they laid her tenderly on it, actually a little dry rustling laugh came from her stiff lips, and words.

"So much water! How I longed for a little whisky to mix with it!"

Laughter flowed all round her at that, but subdued and mingled with tears. A dozen flasks were held out, but feebly she shook her head. Bad Luck's flask had already done its work of revival for her down there. There was one more little whispered phrase from the ghost-white lips:

"I certainly had a unique view of the Falls!"

With eyelids fluttering and closing, she fell back among the pillows and lay still, and in silence they carried her back to the hotel.

It soon became known that Narice Vanne had sustained no more serious physical injury than the multitudinous cuts and scratches incidental to a fall down 350 feet of rock and tangled growths; but she was in a state of severe collapse due to strain and exposure, and there was loss of memory. It appeared that she could not account for being found in the gorge, nor remember anything from the time that she sat painting at her easel until Anthony Tulloch dragged her from the bush into which she had crashed and stuck.

"My mind has shut down on everything that happened before that, and I don't suppose I shall ever remember, so please don't ask me," she faintly pleaded to the doctor, the nurse and Anne Haviland, standing around her bed. And they did not press her further, for there was horror and stress in her eyes.

In fact, the doctor gave strict injunctions that no further mention was to be made to her of the subject, but the nurses had their work cut out to prevent it, for the whole population of Northern Rhodesia seemed to be waiting on the mat to congratulate her on being alive at all. It seemed indeed a marvel and a mystery that tended to develop into a world sensation. Newspapers cabled from all parts of the globe for a "story," and journalists and reporters arrived by every train on the chance of getting a glimpse of the heroine, and an account straight from her lips of how it all happened. But Doctor "Elephant" James of Livingstone was the man for them; a man who had won his nickname not only because of his six feet three inches and great weight, but because of the power and shrewdness that lay behind a playfully sardonic manner. He proceeded to instal his patient in a secluded quarter of the hotel, fencing her round with nurses trained to bite.

"It's the only way to get her well," he told Blake, in whom he had always recognized a man of similar kidney to himself. "She's got a fine constitution, but what she's undergone would knock out an ox. Even Miss Haviland's visit to her was a mistake. I let her in on account of their close association, but it upset the patient and put her back by weeks, and I'm not going to have it happen again while I'm in charge of the case. And I intend to stay in charge. Mr. Vanne has cabled me funds and instructions from home, and is now on his way out. I didn't gather whether he was father or brother. Do you know, Bill?"

"No," said Bill and was mum on the subject

of husbands, but inquisitive enough to inquire, "Have you told her?"

"I'm telling her *nothing*," was the reply. "That girl's thinking apparatus needs to be in cold storage for a spell."

Therefore the journalists, with the exception of a few who hung on hopefully, had to go empty away, or with only such stories as they could concoct from accounts given by eyewitnesses. To their chagrin, the chief witness and actor of the rescue had very politically and promptly put 26 miles between himself and inquisition, leaving instructions with Blake that enterprising and uninvited visitors to Portuloch would have their brains knocked out on sight. He had no objection, however, during the days that followed, to the perambulations of Blake between Kafue and the Falls in the joint rôle of buffer and newsmonger.

Anne Haviland, too, constantly used the latter as her courier. Even though she wrote daily to her affianced husband there were still many messages that letters apparently could not deliver, especially when after a week or so Bad Luck suddenly went off into the veld with Gundaan, and no one knew what direction he had taken. Perhaps it was rather casual of him, considering the rapid approach of his wedding-day, but it may merely have been that he did not realize how close upon him was that auspicious date.

Blake had no idea of it either until Anne informed him that the ceremony was fixed for November 2. This was on October 22; the accident to Narice had occurred just ten days earlier. Everything was in readiness as far as Anne was concerned. Only the documents at Bulawayo still remained to be signed by Bad Luck.

"I don't suppose the tiresome things really matter in the least," she told Blake with a weary little air. "But Rupert is fussing about them, and as he is my legal guardian I can't gainsay him."

"Tony had every intention of going down on that business to Bulawayo, I know," replied Tony's fidus Achates, "but he's an absent-minded devil and I suppose hasn't realized how short the time is. This accident to Miss Vanne has managed to knock us all a bit sideways."

"Don't talk of it! And Tony was so wonderful! But it was a little unkind of him to rush off so early next day that I hadn't a chance to thank him for saving her."

"He's a modest beggar—I don't suppose she will ever get the chance either."

"Narice! Oh no! I . . ." Anne's voice faltered and fell. "I don't think she even realizes that she was saved." She turned to him appealingly. "Oh, Major Blake, I am dreadfully worried about her! So worried that I wouldn't dream of going away if I didn't know she was under the care of those who can do far more for her than I."

"There's nothing to worry about, my dear lady. James tells me she is going on quite satisfactorily. It's only a question of time."

Anne shook her head. "I believe her mind is unhinged, poor darling," she murmured tragically.

"Nonsense!" remonstrated Blake. "You mustn't get such ideas into your head."

Anne shook her head again. "I haven't told anyone else, Major—but remember that I have seen and spoken to her since she's had time to get rested and composed—and I'm certain she's changed mentally."

"But the doctor assures me—" began Blake, though in spite of himself misgivings began to creep into his mind. However, he wasn't going to admit this to pale and shaken Anne Haviland, looking at him with eyes full of tears. Not that anything he said could alter her convictions.

"I know her better than any of you," she persisted, "and I see a change that I cannot define. She's lost something."

"She's lost nothing," said Blake firmly, "except a few days out of her life, and by way of compensation, as she said herself, gained a view of the Falls no one else has ever had."

For as it happened, the spot where she hung



## Your Hair Appears Twice as Beautiful—when Shampooed this way

*Try this quick and simple method which thousands now use. See the difference it makes in the appearance of your hair.*

*Note how it gives new life and lustre, how it brings out all the wave and color. See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.*

THE alluring thing about beautiful hair isn't the way it is worn.

The real, IRRESISTIBLE CHARM is the life and lustre the hair itself contains.

Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color, and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair

has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

### *A Simple, Easy Method*

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust

and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

You will find that after a Mulsified shampoo your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



**Mulsified**  
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

*More than a Shampoo,  
it's "BEAUTY INSURANCE"*

### Mail This Coupon and Try it FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY  
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

26M-11

Please send me a generous supply of "Mulsified" FREE, all charges paid. Also your booklet entitled "Why Proper Shampooing is BEAUTY INSURANCE."

Name.....

Address..... State.....

Canadian address: 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto, 2-Ontario

suspended in the bush was just at that curve in the gorge which commands the Rainbow Falls, and by painfully cricking her neck she could see the marvelous sight of millions of tons of water dashing over the precipice, roaring up again into clouds of vapor, and swerving down the chasm to that terrible place of tumult known as the Boiling Pot. She had recounted this calmly enough to the doctor, who in turn handed it on to Blake. She had even, hanging there, composed another couplet for her Ballad:

Life's a tumble: stick it.  
Death's a trickster: trick it.

The strange thing was she didn't mind talking about being *in* the gorge, but only about *before* she got in—an idiosyncrasy that perhaps partly accounted for Anne Haviland's uneasiness as to her mental condition. At any rate she had been sane enough when Anthony Tulloch reached her, for it appeared that as soon as the rope lowered him close enough to hear, she had exclaimed in an exhausted voice.

"Hurrah! I don't think I could have held on much longer!"

Bad Luck, with a taut face, had given to Blake the only account of the rescue ever likely to fall from his lips:

"There she hung, drenched to the bone by the spray, hands and face torn, eyes full of blood, feet actually in the water. Her very flesh was water-logged, and what she must have suffered during the ice-cold mists of the night, God only knows. Yet she could hail me with a whispered 'Hurrah!'"

"By Jove, you're right, Tony—she's a game one! Did she recognize you at once?"

If an iron mask could flinch Anthony Tulloch's face might be said to do so.

"Not at first—in the darkness. When she did, she said something. Something you wouldn't understand, Bill—a matter entirely between ourselves."

Bill put on his imaginary eye-glass and stared relentlessly. He was dying to know what the "something" was.

"I know she thought you a bit of a rotter, for I had to tell her she was making a mistake."

"Thanks, old man"—dryly. "Whether she was or not is neither here nor there. At any rate I took hold of her and hoisted her up, and that's all there was to it." He was not going to tell even Bill Blake that what she had said on recognizing him was, very icily:

"Oh, it's *you*! I hope you don't think that by this you are atoning for your hateful behavior elsewhere? I'd much rather be left here than forgive you—ever."

She clung to her bush, looking at him with hostile, blood-darkened eyes, and he had answered instantly that he didn't care a tuppenny damn about forgiveness, but had no intention of returning without her; then, roughly ordering her to put her arms round his neck, he proceeded to pull her out of the bush.

Neither was that "all there was to it" by any manner of means. But forever locked up in Anthony Tulloch's breast was the rest of it—the history of that perilous swaying journey upwards, bumping and jerking, wondering whether the rope would hold, one of his arms put out to press back briers and prevent jagged points of rock from dashing their brains out, the other about the strong, slim body of that haunting, taunting woman who had made havoc of his days and nights. Whether she liked it or not, her arms were round his neck, her hair blew across his lips and round his throat, their breaths mingled, his heart beat against hers. It was madness, delirium, enchantment, but he would gladly have gone down into the river below, into the very Pit itself, to have had it continue forever.

He knew in that hour that whether she was married to another man or not, he loved this woman, and desired no other in his arms, in the secret places of his soul. His heart ached with tenderness for her, lovely, brave, broken; his whole being melted in compassion, and his love would not be silenced.

"Narice," he whispered, and her name was, and would be evermore to him, music adown

the years. "Narice . . . I love you . . . You are my life!"

"Anthony." It seemed to be her soul that sighed out against his lips—so warm and enfolding, yet so faint he scarcely heard it. But he felt it on his mouth. They kissed, and knew one exquisite moment of joy, there in mid-air.

Then they were at the top, and being hauled over—back out of wild fantasy into the world of realities! No wonder he had looked like a man dazed or enchanted as he stood there with the lanterns playing on him. He was realizing then that what had just passed was only a dream—a lost dream; that Narice Vanne was a wife, and he himself bound in honor to another woman!

But none of this was related to Blake, none of it would ever be related to anyone, even if his very heart burst with the heavy fatal import of it. However, there were other things for Blake to inquire into. The matter, for instance, of the discovery that the girl was down the gorge at all—what was it Gundaan had found in the dust that put them on the right track?

"Here's what Gundaan found."

From a pocket Bad Luck had produced a piece of folded tissue-paper which, when its folds were uncreased, revealed two tiny g'eaming white links of chain—a woman's chain, either of necklace or wristlet, fine and smooth and delicate in workmanship, yet so strong that only some very violent strain or tug could possibly have torn it apart from its whole—the strain, for instance, that a falling woman would put on a chain that had caught in something. Merely conjecture, of course, but enough in conjunction with the scuffed earth and broken branch to arrest the attention of both master and man, and keep them rooted to the spot, staring down until at last the white man thought or dreamed he saw the flutter of something there below at the edge of the water.

"I suppose you didn't ask her about the chain?" inquired Blake, and Tulloch smiled.

"No. What does that matter now? It played its part."

Such is the limited knowledge that animate beings have of the predestined uses of inanimate things!

Anne Haviland began to look rather strung as the days passed and no sign or token came from the veld of the man she was to marry, but she bore herself with an admirable dignity. As for Morrison, he made no bones about being extremely put out, both in temper and plans.

"I have urgent affairs at home, and ought to have gone long ago," he told Blake in an irascible manner on being informed for the umpteenth time that there was no news of the recalcitrant bridegroom. "But I can't leave Anne like this."

"Good Lord, Morrison! One would think he'd decamped to hear you talk. Can't a man go on a peaceful, final bachelor bend without all this fuss-potting?"

But to Anne Haviland, looking pale and a little haughty when asked for news, the Irishman spoke more soberly:

"I'm quite sure Tony'll turn up soon. He's a man of moods and tenses as you know—but not one who forgets his obligations."

She answered rather proudly: "You don't suppose I doubt that, Major Blake? It is only that I can't help fearing something dreadful has happened."

"Not likely!" Blake laughed at her fears. "Not to old Bad Luck! And after all, there's nearly ten days yet. It will only take him sixty hours to get to Bulawayo and back, with bags of time left over for the wedding-day."

She said a surprising thing then: "But Rupert had counted on coming back with him from Bulawayo by car and carrier and getting in the 'shoot' Tony had promised him on the way."

"Oh, indeed?" said Blake thoughtfully. "I didn't know anything about that!"

"It was a definite plan and Rupert is heart-broken about it. For of course if Tony does

not come back shortly there won't be time—unless we postpone the wedding. However . . ." She dropped the subject abruptly. "What I wanted to tell you is that I've seen Narice again, and it was *too* painful. It's all very well for Doctor James to say she's getting better, but she only recognized me by a tremendous effort, and I'm *certain* her brain is affected."

This was bad but not entirely fresh news to Blake, for not only had he heard it from her before, but more than one echo of it on his way down. He had not yet had time to see James, who, he understood, scoffed at and repudiated anything of the kind, but plainly the story was beginning to be generally believed.

"Poor girl!" he muttered. "I can't believe it somehow. Seems too cruel after all she's gone through!"

"But that's just what has done it," affirmed Anne. "Who could have stood all she went through and come out sane?"

Blake brooded heavily but became suddenly alert at the sight of Elephant James coming along the stoop.

"Hi! Blake, I want you," called out the doctor, but on reaching them his business seemed rather to be with Anne Haviland, for he attacked her bruskly: "What do you mean by forcing your way in on my patient, against my orders and instructions?"

Anne, flushing indignantly, answered with spirit: "I have a right to see my friend and am not going to be kept out by you."

"Oh, aren't you! You didn't do enough mischief on your first visit, I suppose, questioning and ferreting? It looks to me as if you'd like her to go potty as you are so diligently reporting her to be."

"How dare you speak to me in this way, Doctor James?" Anne rose in cold fury. "But then one has only to look at you to see what a cad you are!" She swept away, leaving the two men staring after her, Blake in astonishment, James with ribald disdain.

"Cad, eh? You come and judge for yourself, my boy, whether the patient is potty or not. She wants to see you anyhow."

Behold Blake therefore ambling eagerly down passages and through little square court-yards, to the quiet block of rooms given over entirely to the sick girl and her attendants. Nurse Lindsay, a plain but charming Scotch-woman, met them at the door.

"She is looking forward to a talk with you, Major."

He went in on tiptoe, and the moment he saw her and took the frail hand she stretched out to him, he knew that James was right, and the story of her lost mind untrue. Her face was haggard, yes, but as an angel's might be haggard after being up all night, and the violet eyes that always held a smile, even when ghosts peeped from them, looked up with such friendly candor into Blake's that he was reassured at once.

"You are not to let her overtake herself," Nurse Lindsay warned before she left them, and Narice smiled at her retreating back.

"They behave as if I haven't proved that I have a cast-iron constitution," she murmured to Blake. The velvety voice had not come back yet, and she spoke with husky effort.

"Cast-iron, no!" He squinted whimsically, feeling in all his pockets as if for a reward to bestow upon her. "Tempered steel is what you are made of."

"Nonsense." She blinked a tear from her eyelashes, being still too ill to be able to bear praise or pity unemotionally, but after a moment or two she went on cheerfully: "One lucky thing has come out of it anyhow. A rich American has offered two hundred and fifty pounds for my little sketch of the gorge. I've never had such a price before."

"But I believe I could get you more than two hundred and fifty pounds."

"Oh, it's not worth more!" Blake, who wanted to acquire the masterpiece for himself at double the price, winked mysteriously.

# THAT POISE

which comes from knowing that your complexion is noticed but your powder is not

By MADAME JEANNETTE

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.



*It is at the "little" evening affairs that you are under the closest scrutiny. Are you careful to choose the right shade of powder to match your skin exactly?*

A SOFT, delicate texture—a lovely satiny face—yet not a sign of powder. What is the secret of her alluring complexion? Does she use powder? She does, but a shade that matches so perfectly the tone of her skin that she secures the good effects of powder without seeming to use it.

All smart women strive for a natural complexion, but all do not achieve it. Not all women have found a powder that really matches their skin—a powder that reveals their natural coloring. These women thank me for telling them about

*Read how the scientifically blended shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder can help*

Pompeian Beauty Powder. Complexions are not composed of single colors, but a blend of different colors. So it is only natural that powder to match your complexion must also be a blend.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is scientifically blended from different colors. Whatever the tone of your complexion, some one shade of this powder matches it perfectly.

Choose the correct shade for your complexion from the shade chart. In case of doubt about the shade you require, write a description of your skin, hair

and eyes to me for special advice.

**SHADE CHART for selecting your shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder**

**Medium Skin:** The average American skin tone is medium, neither decidedly light nor definitely olive. This skin should use the *Naturelle* shade.

**Olive Skin:** Women with this type of skin are apt to have dark hair and eyes. This skin should use the *Rachel* shade to match its rich tones.

**Pink Skin:** This is the youthful, rose-tinted skin (not the florid skin) and should use *Flesh* shade.

**White Skin:** This skin is unusual, but if you have it you should use *White* powder in the daytime.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is 60c a box. (Slightly higher in Canada.) Satisfaction guaranteed.

*Madame Jeannette*  
Specialist in Beauty

P. S.: I also suggest that you use Pompeian Day Cream as a foundation for your Pompeian Beauty Powder.

## SPECIAL OFFER

$\frac{1}{3}$  of a 60c box of Bloom

The 1926 Panel, with samples of Beauty Powder and other Pompeian products—All for 20c

THIS generous offer of Bloom gives you an opportunity to really know how good is this popular Pompeian product. For 20c you get  $\frac{1}{3}$  of a 60c box of Pompeian Bloom, valuable samples of Pompeian Day Cream (protecting), Night Cream (cleansing), Beauty Powder, Madame Jeannette's beauty booklet and the famous 1926 Pompeian Panel entitled "Moments That Will Be Treasured in the Mint of Memory." This panel was executed by a famous artist and is reproduced in full color. Art store value—75c to \$1.00.

Tear off, sign and send



Madame Jeannette,  
The Pompeian Laboratories

2709 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

I enclose 2 dimes (20c) for 1926 Panel,  $\frac{1}{3}$  of 60c box of Bloom, other samples, and your beauty booklet.

Name.....  
Street.....  
Address.....

City..... State.....

Shade of powder wanted?

This coupon valid after Sept. 1, 1926

LE GOLLIWOGG  
PERFUME

*The chosen  
Perfume  
of the true  
Parisienne*

PERFUMES OF  
Vigny PARIS

LE GOLLIWOGG  
LE CHICK-CHICK  
LA FLEUR CÉLESTE

Face Powders · Talc  
Sachets · Toilet Waters

LIONEL  
320 Fifth Avenue New York

**PATENTS.** Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch and description for our Inspection and Instructions Free. Terms Reasonable.

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO.  
753 Ninth Street Washington, D. C.

"The 'Perfection' Toe Spring removes the actual cause of the BUNION or enlarged joint. Worn at night, with auxiliary appliance for day use. Send outline of foot.

*A Shapely Foot is a Joy Forever*  
BEAUTIFY YOUR  
FEET



"The 'Perfection' Toe Spring removes the actual cause of the BUNION or enlarged joint. Worn at night, with auxiliary appliance for day use. Send outline of foot.

**Straighten Your Toes  
Banish that Bunion**

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
C. R. ACFIELD, Foot Specialties  
Dept. 52 1328 Broadway New York

Write or Call



**The  
Haunting  
Appeal  
of Romantic Eyes**

owes its swift potency to the shadowy depths of luxuriant lashes. It is their fascinating sweep that gives the eyes their elusive expressiveness. Impart to your eyes the dreamy depths and tantalizing lights that are beauty's greatest fascination. Just touch your lashes lightly with WINX and they instantly appear much longer, darker and heavier.

WINX is a harmless waterproof liquid that dries at once and cannot run or smear. Complete with brush attached to stopper of bottle, 75c, U. S. and Canada. At drug and department stores or by mail. Black and brown. WINXETTE (cake form), complete with tiny one-row brush and mirror, 50c. Black and brown. Mail 12c today for a generous sample of Winx.

ROSS COMPANY  
240-C West 17th Street New York

**WINX**  
Waterproof

**BECOME A NURSE**

DURING 25 years we have taught professional nursing to 80,000 women in their own homes—beginners as well as practical nurses.

**OUR EARNINGS**  
\$30 and \$35 a Week  
Ideal occupation for self-reliant women. Money refunded if dissatisfied after two months' trial. Write today for catalog and specimen pages. Minimum age, 18.

**SCHOOL OF NURSING**  
Jamestown, N. Y.

**ADDING MACHINE**

**Fits Vest Pocket**

A marvelous calculator. Does the work accurately and quickly as a hand calculator. Invaluable to anyone who uses figures. Don't carry pad and pencil. This startling invention will solve all problems in a minute. Business men, students, professional people, all need the HANDY HELPER.

**Counts 1 Billion**

Results in plain sight PRICE  
all the time—clears  
in seconds. Made of  
steel and brass. In handsome  
case, fits vest pocket; weight  
only 1 lb. 8 oz. It is not  
you'll save time and money.

Reliable Adding Machine Corp., Dept. 353  
184 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

**AGENTS**

**SEND NO  
MONEY**

Don't send money,  
just name and address.  
We will send  
machine postpaid.

Pay postage only  
\$1.00. If not satisfied  
within 30 days, you  
get your money  
back if not satisfied.

**295**

A bright spot glowed in each white cheek, and her eyes dilated as once more she lived through that nightmare descent.

"It may be—to some one. Will you let me try?"

"Yes, if you like—only"—she closed her eyes, a shudder ran through her, and her voice fell to a rustle—"only, let it be taken far away where I shall never see it again."

He realized the truth then of what James had said: it was not the long misery of hanging in the gorge that haunted and stalked her, but some earlier horror, something connected with the picture that happened before she took that headlong plunge into the abyss. For the first time the suggestion of an attempted suicide entered his head. In the light of her unhappy marriage, would it be so strange if a moment of despair had overtaken her? He looked at her sadly and searchingly as she lay there, so still that he might have believed her asleep but for the large bright tears pushing a way out from under her lashes and stealing sideways down out of sight. A taut, painful sensation made itself felt in the region of that battered leathery object Bill Blake called his heart. He took her hand gently.

"When are they going to be married?" she whispered suddenly, startling him with the knowledge that her thoughts had the same gloomy trend as his own.

"Dunno," he muttered. "It seems to be hung up for the present. Bad Luck is away."

"Keep him away—don't let it happen," she urged in that tense whispering voice, and after a pause repeated the same warning she had given before: "It isn't fair!"

"To Anthony, you mean?" he queried keenly, but no answer came, though her lips moved as if trying to eject words that stuck in her throat. He spoke low and urgently. "I agree with what you say, Miss Vanne, and I feel a dead certainty you are right; but that's not enough. He'll go through with it unless some cogent reason is produced. Can you give one?"

The entreaty of his voice agitated her visibly; a quiver of pain and misery passed over her features.

"Have you anything against them—anything tangible?" he besought, and at that a stern look entered her face.

She opened her eyes and looked into his strongly, pausing before she spoke, as if for him to get the candor and resolution of her glance as well as the horrid import of her words.

"They pushed me over the gorge."

"What?" burst from Blake's lips.

"Yes," and having made up her mind to speak, she related the story steadily. "I had gone towards the edge of the gorge because Rupert Morrison said something depreciating about my picture in its relation to the beauty of the view. I felt vexed and argumentative and turned facing him just as he put out his hands as if to push me. At once he caught hold of me and began to force me backwards. I couldn't understand at first, but when I saw the cold determination in his eyes, and the watching look on Anne's face, I realized it had all been planned, and I started struggling and screaming, but he said brutally:

"You've got to go. You know too much."

"And he pushed me back inch by inch, though I fought, clinging to him strongly. I resolved that if I went over he should come too, but Anne guessed my intention and came to me, tearing at my hands, and kicking my feet until they were over the edge. At the last as I was losing my foothold, she beat my hands with the vacuum flask while holding Rupert back with all her might. Between them they were too strong for me, but I made one last grab and tore something away from her before I went down feet foremost—clinging and cleaving to twigs, stones, anything that stuck out, but everything gave way—nothing stayed me!"

"I crashed over a projection of rock and thought I was done for, but a lower projection below broke my impetus and turned my fall into a slide; but nothing stopped me until I

reached the stream to my ear, port, even river . . .

Blake had seen the water as she descended, hung there on a cliff from the over, and watched her swim deep and see

"What a so physical itself sharp articulate it

Narice V took the w but at last

"I had d Her face on which it but she spok

"The ho room late hours of the was not a p that, of course for the snake had been le a hurry, known and to were sleepi nately they Blake's fac "No words my fate was determined alone that c

"Of cours

"Then I was for a tal lost. They deliberate in doing me in

"And I brutes com Balke. "L she's trying well as you

"My mind too of e time I refuse which I the moment the Rupert call You've miss Your picture when Anne hate and ten hand with prudent to their mercy Even though me waking what real da them, so the fight another "was to sac

Blake said working fas memory and that finished that other They are ex

"Even ev Have you ev God are alw

"No!" H

"Well—it ers always a dice for the s takes a hand though some which we do

Her voice realized sud "My poor "That does as long as it

reached that great bush growing right over the stream and dashed sheer into it right up to my ears. It was strong and gave me support, even though my feet were in the river . . .

Blake had followed the narrative minutely, seen the whole thing visioned up before him as she described it phrase by phrase, from the beginning of the struggle to the moment she hung there hidden by the bush and projecting cliff from the eyes of those who had thrust her over, and who had no doubt hoped and imagined her swallowed up and lost forever in that deep and secret stream.

"What a murderous, bloody——" He felt so physically sick that when question thrust itself sharply into his mind, he could barely articulate it. "What was it—you knew?"

Narice Vanne swallowed, and her mouth took the wry shape of one tasting a vile thing; but at last it had to be told:

"I had discovered that they were lovers."

Her face lay exhausted, white as the pillow on which it rested, her eyes had closed again but she spoke quietly and clearly:

"The housekeeper here was bitten in her room late one night, or rather in the small hours of the morning, by a little snake. It was not a poisonous one, but she didn't know that, of course, and came to me in a frenzy for the snake-bite outfit I carry. As the outfit had been left in Anne's room I rushed there in a hurry, knocked and entered without ceremony and turned up the light. She and Rupert were sleeping calmly side by side. Unfortunately they woke up." She smiled wryly. Blake's face had turned dark with disgust. "No words passed, but I suppose it was then my fate was sealed. You must have seen how determined she was we should not get a word alone that day you returned from the Cape."

"Of course I saw."

"Then on the Monday when you were coming for a talk with me there was no time to be lost. They came down to the gorge with the deliberate intention of—to put it elegantly—doing me in."

"And I met the treacherous assassinating brutes coming away red-handed!" exclaimed Blake. "Lord, what a pair! No wonder she's trying to make out your mind is gone as well as your memory!"

"My mind is as clear as hers, and my memory too of everything that occurred from the time I refused the tea they had brought, and which I think was probably doped, to the moment they got up and sauntered away, and Rupert called out: 'Narice, come and see! You've missed the magic of the whole thing. Your picture is only an oleograph!' But when Anne came in here, looking at me with hate and terror in her eyes while she held my hand with tender sympathy, I thought it prudent to dissemble. I felt very much at their mercy, lying here weak and useless. Even though the nurses promised never to leave me waking or sleeping, they didn't know what real danger I was in, and I couldn't tell them, so the only thing—as I wished to live to fight another day"—she made a wan grimace—"was to sacrifice my memory!"

Blake said slowly, though his mind had been working fast enough: "You will need your memory and everything else if we are to defeat their finished villainy. I am pretty certain now that other dark things I've heard are true. They are experts at this game."

"Even experts are defeated sometimes. Have you ever heard the saying—'The dice of God are always loaded'?"

"No!" He was arrested by the phrase.

"Well—it's true, though crooks and murderers always forget it. When they throw the dice for the lives and honor of others, God takes a hand in the game and they never win, though sometimes—to serve the eternal justice which we don't understand—they seem to."

Her voice had grown very frail, and Blake realized suddenly how done in she was.

"My poor child, what you've gone through!"

"That doesn't matter, as long as it is of use—as long as it prevents them from victimizing



Paris sponsored the vogue for gleaming, tinted nails

## A ROSY GLEAM that lasts as long as your manicure

JUST a touch with the soft little brush and your nails are gleaming with rosy lights. And without a bit of attention, they stay that way all week long.

No wonder the clever Parisienne, and the discriminating women of fashion everywhere, choose this smart, effective finish. Perfect in every detail, Cutex Liquid Polish spreads smoother and more evenly, does not crack or peel. It has the brilliance and rosy tint of the nail itself!

*Try the world famous Cutex manicure.* First wash your hands in warm soapy water. File the nails and smooth with an emery board. Then with the magical Cutex Cuticle Remover gently remove the dead, dry skin. A tiny bit of Nail White smoothed under each nail tip. A light buffing with the delicate Powder Polish. A careful washing to remove particles of powder and paste. Now, brush Cutex Liquid Polish smoothly over each nail. It lasts until your next manicure.

Cutex Liquid Polish is 35¢—as are all individual Cutex preparations. Sets are 35¢ to \$5.00—wherever toilet goods are sold.

NORTHAM WARREN—NEW YORK, PARIS, LONDON

Mail coupon with 6c for Introductory Set

**S**END 6c with coupon for Introductory Set containing Cutex Liquid Polish, Cuticle Remover, brush, orange stick, emery board, cotton. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. C-3, 85 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Canada.

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. C-3  
114 West 17th St., New York City.  
I enclose 6c in stamps or coin for Introductory Set.



Ant—your friend Sir Anthony. And here is a thing that will help." She slid one hand under the pillow and brought out something she guarded there. "Here is what I tore from Anne's neck as I went over the side of the gorge."

She opened her hand and showed him what lay there—the little flat diamond monkey with ruby eyes that Anne Haviland used to wear always on her bosom. To each of the outstretched monkey claws there still adhered a few platinum links of chain, wrenched out of shape but obviously matching those tiny links Gundaan had found, and that Anthony Tulloch carried in his pocket.

"Proof tangible, unassailable!" almost shouted Blake. "Never part with it!"

"I know. That's why I hung on to it as long as I could, even while I was grasping at bushes and stones for a hold, but it slipped away as it was bound to, and I thought it had gone forever! However, it had only fallen into the big gaping pocket of my painting smock, and Nurse found it there and gave it to me. She doesn't know of course that it is not mine."

"Let me have it to show Tony," said Blake eagerly. "He already has some of the links—found by him at the edge of the gorge."

With quiet confidence she handed it over and he stowed it carefully away.

"The great thing is for you to get well," he said gently. "And don't worry any more. We'll fix 'em."

With that he went straight from her bedside to the post-office and sent off the following telegram to his brother-in-law:

With regard Calcutta lawsuit and tragedy want you to cable immediately for full details by return cable. Matter too vitally urgent to await mail.

Having sent off this wire as a first move, the next was to find Elephant James and encompass with him a long and highly informative *indaba*, after which there was a reasonable certitude of Narice Vanne's security against further "accidents." By evening he was speeding once more towards Kafue, being determined that no one else should get ahead of him in seeing Bad Luck on the latter's return from his shoot.

What he had not reckoned on, however, was one of those little countermoves that Fate makes when she thinks human beings are too cock-sure, and human plans for "poetic justice" running too smoothly. So while he sat complacent if not patient at Portulloch, the man he awaited was in fact heading in an opposite direction and getting farther away from him daily.

For when Anthony Tulloch took his groaning spirit into the wilderness, he had not left behind him the burden of his obligations, including that one fixed for November the second. He had also quite a lively recollection that certain documents in Bulawayo awaited his signature. Therefore from the first the direction of his trek had been southerly, with Bulawayo as its objective. Long since his party had crossed the river by canoe, plunged into that thickly bushed district known as the Sebungu, worked thence west to Wankie the great coal center, and at last, close to this ugliest, grimiest station in Rhodesia, he called a halt, and having struck a camp, left it in charge of Gundaan while he took train for Bulawayo.

The promise of a "shoot" to Morrison had not been forgotten either, and as that gentleman professed a hankering for lion, and there was plenty of lion on the march just made, Tulloch's idea was to get the legal business over first, collect Morrison for a jump-off again from Wankie, and make the return journey to Livingstone by veld, timing it to end on November the first. A license had already been secured for the marriage, but to any social side of that function he never gave a single thought, his one idea being to keep distance between himself and verbal intercourse with the world as long as possible.

What was going to happen after marriage did

not bear thinking of, either. Nothing bore thinking of, except one person—and that was living torment. To remember Narice Vanne and her kiss on his mouth was to be a man lost in the bush and dying of thirst. Yet there seemed no moment in the day in which he did not remember, and the nights gave him no peace.

"I shall remember while the light lasts yet, and in the darkness I shall not forget!"

He did not know where those words came from, whether they were prose or poetry, but only that they applied to the burning memory of Narice Vanne, branded on his desolate soul. To ask for release from his contract to marry Anne Haviland was an idea that sometimes entered his mind, but only to be dismissed instantly. He was so constituted that he could not break faith with a woman. The break, if there was to be one, must come from her side.

Had it occurred to him that money meant anything to her, he would gladly have handed over every penny he owned in return for freedom. But no such view of his future wife occurred to him. He thought of her as sweet and beautiful and good, and he thought of her with pity because he had nothing to give in return for the lovely gifts she offered.

As might be said of a good many other Rhodesians, most of Bad Luck's correspondence was done by wire, and his first act in Bulawayo was to telegraph Morrison outlining the plan for the shoot, and asking him, if this suited, to be at Wankie in two days' time. To Anne he sent a long wire full of apologies, a similar outline of plan, and a request that she would consent to it. Blake came next—he never left Blake long without a line on his whereabouts and intentions. The only person he did not wire to was the one who filled his heart, but towards whom invisible, silent messages were passing with every beat of his pulse.

As to the marriage settlements, he had seen Falkland, his lawyer, at the Bulawayo Club, and been told that everything was in order for signing. Rupert Morrison, it seemed, was a most efficient person when it came to instructions for the endowment of a bride, and Tulloch had practically given him *carte blanche* to arrange things with Falkland. But the latter would not be satisfied except to go through documents carefully with his client, and an appointment was made.

Arrived at Falkland's office he had it pointed out to him at great length that it was no act of a sane and level-headed Scotchman to hand over all possessions lock, stock and barrel to a lady who was not yet his wife.

"Only in case of my death—and"—Anthony Tulloch smiled grimly—"I seem to be in fair trim at present."

"I know all about that," retorted Falkland, "but I never like these premature arrangements. Time enough to endow a woman when she is your wife, and all settlements ought to be provisional on the marriage." Then he looked at the other narrowly. "I sometimes think you forget your nickname, Tony. Death or anything else might happen to a man dubbed Bad Luck."

But Anthony Tulloch only laughed, thinking to himself that death under some circumstances, swift, sudden and unsought, might not be such bad luck after all.

"Oh, all right, then," said Falkland, gruff but resigned. "Ask for trouble if you like. It's not my funeral! When will Miss Haviland be here to sign?"

"What!" exclaimed Anthony Tulloch, glaring.

"Well, of course you know the deeds have to be signed by her at the same time as you?"

His client, at first stupefied with surprise, became violently annoyed. "But of course I knew nothing of the sort!" he shouted. "It will mean a loss of two or three days, an impossibility of leaving here tonight, and no time for the shoot I'd arranged!"

"Can't help that," replied Falkland stolidly. "Deeds and settlements are serious things, and have serious procedure attached to them!"

"Curse!" said Anthony Tulloch, and proceeded to do so volubly. He hated plans to "gang agley" through negligence or oversight. This delay of waiting for Anne would entail such loss of time that either Morrison must go without his shoot, or the wedding date be postponed. He realized that it was his own fault.

It took time, patience and tact to compose an entirely fresh batch of telegrams, but to his surprise and relief after a five-hours' wait, there came an answer from Anne that she was quite willing to postpone the wedding for another two weeks in order that he and Rupert should not have to rush their shooting trip; meanwhile she was packing up and would be in Bulawayo in three days' time.

There came also a brief reply from Blake at Portulloch: "Don't do anything till I see you. Bill." As this facetious phrase was one which Blake was wont to use in bidding any friend good-bye, there seemed no reason for taking it very seriously, but in that it appeared to imply a probability of Blake's joining him at Bulawayo, the news was pleasing. Since he must have the company of Rupert Morrison, the burden of it would be considerably relieved by the presence of a tried friend, and Blake was a good man on the veld.

In three days' time the whole quartet met together at the Bulawayo station, though by a curious circumstance Anne Haviland and her cousin had no idea of Blake's presence on the train until he joined them on the platform. This, Blake explained, was due to his being confined to his *coupé* with a "go of fever." Illness had not dimmed his Rhodesian complexion (nor as the train attendants might have testified, interfered with his excellent appetite), but it seemed to have somewhat tempered his geniality. Not that Bad Luck noticed anything—a grip of the hand and the exchange of a cataleptic stare was the only measure of geniality required between those two—but the others were aware of some subtle change in Blake's manner, and perhaps they considered the fever story unconvincing.

At any rate, at the Grand Hotel, to which all adjourned, Anne remarked significantly upon it to Morrison. They were being shown to their rooms, the others having remained in the lounge; and as she took her jewel-case from his hands at her bedroom door, she murmured rapidly:

"Be careful. Blake has found out something."

"I know, confound him!" was the terse reply. "Hurry up and come down. We mustn't leave them together while those deeds are still unsigned."

Then he hurriedly returned to where Blake and Bad Luck were seated waiting at a small table. Anne had promised to come back and take tea with them as soon as she had got rid of a little travel dust. A number of other parties were scattered at similar tables, and people perpetually came and went in an atmosphere of chatter and laughter. The lounge of the Grand Hotel, Bulawayo, is one of the great meeting-places of South Africa, and this was eleven o'clock in the morning—always an hour for friendly gatherings.

What had passed between the two men Morrison could not guess, but evidently nothing very vital so far, for Anthony Tulloch sitting with his chair tilted slightly on its back legs seemed carelessly at ease, his gray-green gaze straying absentmindedly about the room. As a matter of fact he was musing on Tim Trafford, whose image Blake had just conjured up by a quiet statement:

"I've had a long wire from Tim on a most urgent and important matter, Tony, and as soon as you get away from the others I want you to go into it with me."

"Right!" Tony assented readily. He was fond of Tim Trafford and always ready to interest himself in the troubles of a friend. He now addressed himself civilly enough to Morrison: "Shall I order you something to drink? Bill and I have already breasted the bar."

"No, thanks, I'll wait for Anne and the tea." It was not long before she reappeared at the

## Must I tell you?

SHE really liked him tremendously. Still there was something that seemed like an invisible barrier between them—something she couldn't speak about.

One evening conversation drifted to advertising.

"I never read them," he said.

"But there's one campaign you ought to read," she spoke out boldly.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Must I tell you?" she answered naively.

\* \* \*

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infection.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1/4 ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*



### A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS



## BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

From Jason Weiler & Sons, Boston, Mass.  
America's Leading Diamond Importers

For over 50 years the house of Jason Weiler & Sons, of Boston, has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling direct by mail to customers and dealers alike all over the world at savings of from 20 to 40%. Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should interest every present or prospective diamond purchaser.



1 carat, \$145.00

This one carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and latest style cutting. Mounted in latest style 14-K solid gold setting. If this ring can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$200.00 send it back and your money will be returned at once without a quibble. Our price direct to you \$145.00

Fine, full cut blue-white diamond of rare brilliancy set in 18-K Solid White Gold ring beautifully carved and expertly pierced \$95.00  
A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:  
1/4 carat . . . . . \$31.00 1 carat . . . . . \$145.00  
1/2 carat . . . . . 56.00 2 carats . . . . . 290.00  
3/4 carat . . . . . 73.00 3 carats . . . . . 435.00  
If desired, rings will be sent to any bank you may name or any Express Co. with privilege of examination. Our diamond ring is a full value for all time goes with every purchase.

**WRITE TODAY FOR THIS FREE**

**CATALOG "HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"**

This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they are made, cut and marked diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes, prices and qualities, \$20.00 to \$20,000.00, is considered an authority.



Write for your copy today FREE

**Jason Weiler & Sons**  
369 Washington St., Boston, Mass.  
Corner of Washington and Franklin Streets  
Diamond Importers since 1876  
Foreign Agencies: Amsterdam and Paris

## THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS School and College Bureau

### Offers You Its Specialized Services in Choosing a School

Last year the School and College Bureau of The Chicago Daily News saved many busy parents and questioning boys and girls both time and worry by sending them prompt, reliable information about just the kind of school they wanted—personal requirements as to location and tuition charges being considered in each individual case.

Again this year many young people will be perplexed by the problem of finding the right school. Why not let us help you?

The Chicago Daily News maintains this service absolutely free of charge to you. No need to hurriedly select a school on mere hearsay when expert advice can be obtained by telephoning, writing, or calling for a personal interview at

**THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS**  
School and College Bureau  
DEPT. C 15 N. WELLS ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

head of a stairway leading directly into the lounge, and as Anthony Tulloch rose and went to meet her, the eyes of every beholder were upon them. They certainly made a remarkable pair. She, gold-haired, rose-tinted, radiant, against the great height, red-brownness, and tragic handsomeness of him, leaning on his stick and dragging his leg a little. He piloted her across the room to where Blake, red, squinting through an imaginary monocle, and Morrison, sleek, fair and bored-looking, awaited them.

An interesting group and a picturesque pair, as a good many people thought, and at least one man observed aloud, gazing at them with the critical eye of the artist: fine-looking man with a head like Rodin and a lion-like mane of gray hair flung back from his brow. He was a traveler arrived only that morning by the mail-train, and the men with him were fellow travelers, but they were Bulawayans as well, and at his words, one of them—Tottie Allen—jumped up with an exclamation:

"By Jove! It's Anthony Tulloch himself—the very man you must meet, sir."

The Rodin man jumped up too at those words, as if galvanized, and rushed across the room, arriving even ahead of his escort. Surprise writ itself large upon Anne Haviland and the faces of the men around her. But stranger things were to come. The lion-maned one had snatched Bad Luck's hand, was wringing it warmly, was stammering:

"God bless you, my dear fellow! Thank you—and God bless you!"

"But—what the—why?" Anthony Tulloch, astonished and puzzled, struggled hard to get his hand away, unable to make head or tail of the situation, and inclined to be indignant until Tottie Allen, giggling with glee, explained:

"Don't be alarmed—this is Mr. Vanne whose daughter you saved from the Batoka Gorge. He's only trying to thank you."

"Yes—only trying," repeated Mr. Vanne soberly. He had stopped wringing Tulloch's hand and now stood staring intently into those gray-green eyes, his own shining with tears. "Only trying. I shall never be able to find words really to express my gratitude to you, Sir Anthony, for saving the life of my beloved and only child."

It was as surprising to the others as embarrassing to Bad Luck. Blake's eyes were popping out of his head, and Morrison and Anne sat speechless, but the latter was swift to recover and graciously introduce herself as Narice's friend and collaborator. That seemed remarkable too—that she who had known Narice for "so many years" had yet never met Narice's father! However, Rafe Vanne, A. R. A., for it soon transpired that he was that famous painter of name familiar and revered in the world of art, was of course aware of Miss Haviland's literary association with his daughter, and eagerly inquired of her the latest news of Narice. Doctor James, he explained, had kept him well supplied with telegraphic bulletins, but this was his first meeting with anyone who had actually seen her since the accident. Anne's face at once became overcast, her mouth gravely sad, but before she could speak Blake broke in loudly:

"I was the last person of this party to see your daughter, Mr. Vanne, and am therefore in a position to tell you that she is coming along splendidly. Doctor James is perfectly satisfied with her in every way, and nothing you hear to the contrary need give you a moment's uneasiness."

His tone was so significant as to make them all stare; a tenseness came into the atmosphere, and Anne's eyes regarded him with an icy glitter.

"Yes—but is everyone satisfied with Doctor James?" queried Morrison sharply.

Blake's *riposte* was instant. "He's acknowledged to be the finest medical expert in this country, though a stranger like you can scarcely appreciate that fact."

Rafe Vanne, puzzled and worried by this unexpected and acrimonious controversy, turned from one to the other, then said courteously to

Blake: "At any rate I am most grateful for your news, and by this time tomorrow I hope to judge my daughter's condition for myself. Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile, let nothing you hear worry you," repeated Blake authoritatively. "I make a special point of this because for reasons of their own some people"—he looked pointedly at Anne and Morrison—"have been trying to make out that the shock of her accident has affected Miss Vanne's reason."

"This is the first I've heard of it," broke in Anthony Tulloch fiercely. "Her reason was sound as a bell when she came up from the gorge."

"And is now," asserted Blake. "The thing is a deliberate lie. James is furious about it."

"But why should anyone . . . ." Narice's father took out a handkerchief and passed it over his forehead.

Anne spoke to him sorrowfully: "Alas, you will find there is much to bear, Mr. Vanne." Then with a wounded air of appeal, she turned to her fiancé: "No doubt your friend Major Blake means well, Tony, but surely his manner is rather unnecessarily offensive and personal?" "So much so," interjected Rupert Morrison belligerently, "that if you don't demand an explanation, Sir Anthony, I shall."

This was carrying the war into the enemy's camp with diligence and possibly with success, or Bad Luck wore a dark and scowling aspect as he looked at his friend.

"I don't understand what all this is about," he began, but Blake was attacking Rupert Morrison with an answering truculence:

"You shall have all the explanations you like—and a whole lot more you don't like."

Anne rose, pale and strained.

"Please take me away, Tony," she pleaded in a faint voice, and there was nothing for him but to do so. Morrison sauntering moodily after them. They went up-stairs, possibly to the wide balcony that ran all round the building, and Blake was left with Rafe Vanne, A. R. A.; it was not what he had planned, but for the moment it served.

"Mr. Vanne," he said hurriedly, "let me assure you once more that there's nothing to worry about. Your daughter is in good hands and recovering as fast as she can. But she's been in great danger through her association with Miss Haviland, and I'd be glad if you wouldn't mind telling me how long they've been acquainted."

"They met only on the voyage out, some three months ago, were interested in each other's work, and it was decided that Narice should try to reduce some of her big pictures for use as illustrations to the Rhodesian book."

"Do you tell me that Miss Haviland has not known your daughter for years and been acquainted with her husband and unhappy married life?"

"What are you talking about, my dear sir?" Rafe Vanne wore a look of mingled amazement and impatience. "My daughter has never married—and I'd like to see the man who makes her unhappy when she does."

"Are you certain about this?" Blake persisted, but so earnestly, and with such entreaty, that the older man realized there was something here of greater import than mere curiosity, and could not be angry though he was extremely ruffled.

"Of course I am certain, my dear fellow! Narice and I, since she was left to me a little motherless child, have been more than ordinary father and daughter, and there is no important fact of her life I do not know about—above all, marriage! Good gracious, this is really an extraordinary country!" he burst out laughing.

Blake's wrought-up face looked more like crying, but he only seized the other's hand and gripped it hard.

"Thank God for what you have said," he mumbled huskily. "I can't tell you more now, but perhaps it will be explained soon. Possibly Tulloch and I may be returning with you to the Falls. What time does your train go?"

"In about two hours from now."

Hearst

"Well, I  
Blake to  
quarry was  
public draw  
able place in  
room that  
when stayin  
Sure eno  
cheerful as  
on his stick  
Anne wear  
and drooping  
sofa opposi  
a cigaret  
Morrison.  
blotter occ  
sense of co  
Luck look  
joyous wels  
"We're v  
foundedly b  
"Just as  
I mention  
dence of—  
Morrison.  
"Nothing c  
between Sir  
tired out an  
The entry  
to the disc  
been intro  
opening his  
and held ou  
"Just run  
before you  
Morrison.  
Anthony T  
to keep thi  
cern him?  
presence he  
But Bad  
away a fly  
"We'll ple  
"We'll ple  
lawyer who  
flimsy sheet  
Anne sud  
in her chair  
this was a  
more effor  
"I prote  
ruption."  
"Kindly s  
land rudely,

"Copy  
Quentin  
and some  
(Stop) T  
to in wh  
Rupert I  
place in t  
young En  
becoming  
settled up  
of £20,000  
(Stop) T  
it was M  
impossible  
(Stop) M  
Miss Hav  
and receiv

Falkland I  
ence. Anne  
with closed  
at her. He  
That gentl  
"Well?" h  
The case as  
won. What

For a mo  
effrontry, a  
the tip of a  
nose, said re

"Don't yo  
to have be  
affair befor  
his possessio  
you, as plan

"What do  
towards him

"Well, I'll see if I can find him at once." Blake took the stairs two at a time, but his quarry was not on the balcony nor yet in the public drawing-room. The only other reasonable place to seek him was in a private sitting-room that the partners sometimes engaged when staying at the Grand.

Sure enough, there they were, Bad Luck as cheerful as a man about to be executed, leaning on his stick with an elbow on the mantelpiece; Anne wearing traces of a few becoming tears and drooping beside him in a chair; while on a sofa opposite, lounging with nonchalant grace, a cigaret between his teeth, was Rupert Morrison. A writing-table with pens, ink and blotter occupied an important position, and a sense of constraint brooded over all. Bad Luck looked at his friend with anything but joyous welcome.

"We're waiting for Falkland, and he's confoundedly late," he said in a surly tone.

"Just as well, perhaps, Tony, for the matter I mentioned down-stairs ought to take precedence of—"

Morrison jumped up like a man stung. "Nothing can take precedence of the business between Sir Anthony and my cousin. She's tired out and I must insist—"

The entry of Falkland put a temporary stop to the discussion, but when the lawyer had been introduced and was seated at the table opening his folio, Blake stepped over to him and held out a fat red telegraph envelop.

"Just run your eye over that please, Falk, before you go any further."

Morrison, in furious exasperation, turned to Anthony Tulloch. "Haven't you the sand to keep this fellow out of what doesn't concern him? He's neither kith nor kin and his presence here is not only obnoxious—"

But Bad Luck made the gesture of brushing away a fly and a tsetse fly at that.

"We'll hear what it's all about, Falkland, please," he said with quiet command to the lawyer who had been running rapidly through flimsy sheet after sheet.

Anne suddenly closed her eyes and flopped in her chair as if in a fainting condition, and this was a signal for Morrison to make one more effort.

"I protest against this monstrous interruption."

"Kindly shut up and sit down," said Falkland rudely, and began to read aloud:

"Copy of cable received from John Quentin R. M. of Goonah Central India and sometime of the Calcutta Courts (Stop) The tragedy and lawsuit referred to in which Miss Anne Haviland and Rupert Morrison were involved took place in this country in 1914. (Stop) A young Englishman named Wilfred Rokey became engaged to Anne Haviland settled upon her by deed his life policy of £20,000 (Stop) A week later while on a tiger shoot in the Terai he was shot dead (Stop) The *shikarees* gave evidence that it was Morrison's gun that killed him but impossible to prove shot was not accidental (Stop) Insurance company contested Miss Haviland's claim but she won case and received money . . ."

Falkland paused and took stock of his audience. Anne, appreciably paler, still lay back with closed eyes, but Bad Luck did not look at her. He was stonily regarding Morrison. That gentleman produced a bleak smile.

"Well?" he inquired coolly. "What of it? The case as you hear was fought out, and Anne won. What about it?"

For a moment, taken aback by this superb effrontery, all were silent. Then Falkland, the tip of a legal finger to the tip of his legal nose, said reflectively:

"Don't you think Sir Anthony Tulloch ought to have been told something about this nasty affair before making a similar endowment of his possessions and then going on a shoot with you, as planned?"

"What do you mean?" Morrison came towards him menacingly.

*another pleasant day*

**The Happiest Girl  
is the Remington Girl**

HAPPY because she is always proud of her speed, accuracy and neatness. Her machine is a nimble partner in swiftly handling the day's work. There is real satisfaction in Remington results!

And the Remington operator is wise, too, as well as happy. For the Remington line alone meets all modern requirements, with a machine for every purpose. There is real opportunity in Remington standardization!

Have you used a new No. 12 Remington with the "natural touch"? It is typical of the improvements constantly being made in all Remington products. Why not ask your employer to let you try it? It's to your real interest—and his!

Easy payment terms if desired.

**REMINGTON TYPEWRITER CO.**  
374 Broadway      New York  
Branches Everywhere  
Remington Typewriter Company of Canada, Ltd.  
68 King Street, West, Toronto

# Remington



Remington-made  
Paragon Ribbons  
and  
Red Seal Carbon  
Papers always make  
good  
impressions



"The 'Opal Hues' in PETER PAN Opal Hues Beauty Powder seem to possess a strange power that imparts opalescent beauty to the features in any light—day or night."

Betty Blythe  
now starring in "The Breath of Scandal"  
A Gaxner Production

If one is clever one dispenses entirely with the use of ordinary face powders that give only a dull, lifeless effect to the features. For a new beauty powder, rare, precious, impregnated with myriads of soft, tiny, gleaming OPAL HUES, is now in vogue, giving to the features a new beauty—a vivacious beauty—that is unaffected by even the sunlight at high noon.

The mysterious combination of cleverly blended OPAL HUES in this new powder actually gives to the complexion a new, prismatic beauty that reveals utmost loveliness under any kind of light—day or night. Quite naturally then, one feels the assurance of perfect appearance at all times whether one is dining, dancing, motoring—whether at the theatre, on the boulevard or wherever one might be.

Of course such an exquisite creation must be more than a face powder. It is really a beauty treatment—every time one powders. Of purest ingredients—stays on for hours. Comes in four new shades—sealed in silk—at \$3.00 the box.

NATURAL OPAL HUE  
RACHEL OPAL HUE  
ROSE OPAL HUE  
WHITE OPAL HUE

No other powder like it. Imparts brilliant beauty—instantly. Read the amazing story that comes with each box. At finest Beauty Shops and Toilet Counters everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, use coupon for generous trial box—TODAY!

Created by Fallis, Inc., Perfumer  
CINCINNATI  
Copyrighted 1925, Fallis, Inc.

## Peter Pan OPAL HUE BEAUTY powder

Sealed in Silk—\$3.00 the Box  
In a box of glistening black and gold.

### Generous Trial

If your dealer cannot supply you send \$1.00 for a generous size box of this exquisite powder and the amazing story of its creation. (Trial size not sold in stores). Mail coupon at once.

(COSMO 3-26)

FALLIS, Inc., Perfumer  
1605 Riverside Drive, Cincinnati, O.  
Enclosed is \$1.00 for generous Trial Box of Peter Pan OPAL HUE Beauty Powder and the amazing story of its creation.

Give shade wanted.....

"Gently, gently." Falkland wagged a legal finger admonishingly.

It was now Anne's turn to spring up and turn, but it was to Anthony Tulloch she turned, full of proud indignation. "Tony, this is shameful! If you wish to be released from our engagement you have only to say so, but please don't allow my cousin to be insulted in this odious way."

"Your husband, you mean," said Falkland quietly.

Then indeed fell a deadly stillness. Both man and woman seemed veritably struck dumb. As for Anthony Tulloch, whatever he had begun to expect or fear it had not been this. In the silence that prevailed Falkland read the rest of the telegram.

"Insurance Company about to reopen case charging Morrison and Haviland with fraudulent conspiracy further details having come to light including fact that within three weeks of obtaining judgment and money Anne Haviland was married to Rupert Morrison."

Anne sank down as if struck. Rupert Morrison's complexion had taken a greenish tinge, but without a tremor he lighted a cigarette and looked with incredible impudence at Anthony Tulloch.

"If you choose to believe everything written on a telegram form you are at liberty to do so. It's all a mass of lies, but it has served at any rate to show up what a rotten lot you fellows are—and I'm very glad Anne need have nothing more to do with any of you. Come on, Anne!"

But Blake, blocking their way to the door, had one more thing to say: "I suppose you'll say it's a lie too that you and your wife attempted to murder Miss Vanne by pushing her over the gorge?"

There was not much kick left in Anne, but she managed to work up a cry of well-assumed horror at this; the man, on the contrary, blenched for the first time, and Anthony Tulloch's stony impassivity was broken at last.

"By the Lord!" he exclaimed. "If that is true I'll spend my last bean in getting you both convicted."

"Of course it's true," said Blake. "She told me with her own lips. That's why they've been trying to make out she's mad." He addressed himself to Anne. "What about your diamond monkey that she tore from your neck as you helped push her over the side?" He advanced upon her, holding out the little jewel, and she stared at it like a woman hypnotized. "Tony found some of the links at the spot where the struggle took place. No doubt you have the rest?" He paused, and then said with a strange impressiveness: "The dice of God!"

"You are mad—she is mad—everyone is mad!" screamed Anne, and striking at his hand fell to the floor in a frenzied fit of hysteria which if not real was at least extremely well acted. They left her to her husband's tender ministrations.

Outside the door Blake turned to the man he cared for more than a brother, and gave one further proof of his affection:

"What's more, Tony, she lied about Miss Vanne's marriage, and I passed on the lie to you. If it means anything to you to know it, Miss Vanne is not married and never has been."

They traveled back to Victoria Falls in the same train with Narice Vanne's father, and the beginning of a firm friendship was established between the three men. The artist, a courtly, cultivated man of the world, yet possessed that gentleness and simplicity of character so often found in men of genius.

For that reason he found the ugly account of the Morrison treachery incredible and almost beyond discussion. To explain his own mysterious behavior in the lounge, Blake had to go fully into the story, but the old man having heard, brushed it aside with a fine gesture of

disdain. It was enough for him that his daughter had escaped whole from these machinations and was now safe and sound.

To Anthony Tulloch he took with a whole-hearted pleasure, refreshing to witness and not altogether strange, for Bad Luck was no longer the dark, moody man of many yesterdays, but had unaccountably turned into a gay, light-hearted boy. He would even talk for the first time, though shyly, about the rescue from the gorge—since the old man required it. There was nothing he could refuse to the father of Narice Vanne! Only when it was a question of letting the miscreants escape did he turn sour again, repeating with violence that they should be pursued and punished if it cost him his last penny. This perhaps naturally astonished Mr. Vanne, considering the circumstance of the recent engagement to Anne Haviland.

He looked searching at the speaker but only said, mildly:

"That would be a family matter, Sir Anthony. If they are to be prosecuted for attempting to murder my daughter, I wouldn't dream of letting you be bothered with the disagreeable business."

Blake at least got a lot of fun out of Bad Luck's discomfiture at this unconscious reproach, and proceeded to wriggle and wink with a ghoulish glee not lost upon his partner.

"I know very well how good you have been, and how much Narice thinks of you. Long before you saved her life she wrote me an attractive description of you, and of your kind, successful hunt for the ring I gave her when she was eighteen," said Rafe Vanne.

He little guessed how those words dismissed the last tinge of Anthony Tulloch's torment even while inflicting one more pang on his conscience. It was pleasant, however, to be invited with such ardor by the owner of Portaloach to visit that famous ranch and stay as long as possible, and Mr. Vanne accepted gratefully but provisionally upon the state of his daughter's convalescence.

"I suppose you are both going straight there now?" he inquired, for by that time they were nearing their destination, and the boom of the Falls could be plainly heard.

"Only Blake," said Bad Luck with vindictiveness. "I have something to do here, but urgent matters need Blake's attention at the farm."

He desired no attaché to his embassage at the Victoria Falls Hotel. And no witnesses either, as he made tactfully clear to Rafe Vanne, when on the day after arrival the father brought from his daughter a message in answer to a note from Bad Luck to say she was in her sitting-room and would see him.

He went in a spirit humble enough, for he knew that he was in the wrong from the first, and that for his outrageous act committed against her sweetness in this very room his rightful portion was to bite the dust at her feet; and he meant to do it too, without justifying himself one little bit in the process, even though a nightingale within him sang a wild sweet song of triumph. But when he saw her leaning there against her cushions, proud and defiant as a slender boy broken in the wars, yet with the soft hair ringed about her delicately hollowed face, the misty, tender violets of her eyes, the curving allure of her lips, so essentially a woman, the woman desired, the vast that held both crystal water and heady wine—he found no words to say. Nor was there need of words. Their hearts sprang together as they had sprung on that night in the Rain Forest, their lips met with the exquisite perilous sweetness they had known in the gorge. He could only, brokenly, repeat himself:

"Narice, you are my life." And she murmur back: "I love you, Anthony. There has never been any man for me but you!" While in her heart she added one last couplet to her ballad:

Life's a red rose: give it.  
Life's a poem: live it!  
THE END

Hearst'

Roman's hole  
the bright  
and damne

Suddenly  
saw him wi  
the men ha  
life be but  
those he ha  
deity for  
political cri  
whose serv  
gifts and w  
wallow in t  
? The  
made her h  
poor Perdit  
came a typ  
the two be  
husband.

She went  
out at the  
houses, and  
the patient  
box. They  
she coul  
tercation wi  
soothing, a  
a tray over  
cottage at  
silvered with  
gale singing  
scent of rose  
Chéri wande  
verse-making  
again. How

There was  
house-tops b  
flung open a  
stair, and st  
Fox lurchin  
the Prince w  
royal head. E  
man took th  
tween them  
riage, and t  
the horses an  
over the pav

At that m  
pity for the  
self to that!

But was he

He did not  
on her little c  
dress about it  
The wax can  
the candle s  
fallen on her  
luckily had  
broken glass  
stank of wine  
of the utter i  
men's pleasa  
vile, brutal!

Her eye fel  
almost too d  
obfuscated in  
She ran to h  
to shut out th  
of repulsion t  
"My dear,  
been waiting,  
would go. O

"My dear p  
shouldn't ha  
slept. Your fa  
burnt-out lam  
beth, s-such a  
serve him. I  
Money—glory  
i-feet are like l

She could n  
under his feet  
and left him i

Was it any  
the stair if t  
her mind—Ed  
rous, self-cont  
ate flame of lo

## The Exquisite Perdita

(Continued from page 63)

Roman holiday? If a child went motherless, if the brightest brain in England were drugged and damned with wine, what was it to him?

Suddenly he became terrible to her. She saw him with the women he would ruin, among the men he would betray. What could his life be but an irony destructive as vitriol to those he had to do with—pasteboard tinsel deity for whom nevertheless the bravo of political crime would stab in dark places, in whose service men would prostitute their great gifts and women their purity, and art would wallow in the mire of his dulled comprehension? The vision was so real to her that it made her heart beat violently. Perdita—the poor Perdita, a harmless butterfly hitherto, became a type, the man himself a symbol, and the two between them terrified her for her husband.

She went to the window and stood looking out at the moon-blanch'd street and dark houses, and the Prince's carriage waiting with the patient horses and the man asleep on the box. They had opened the window below and she could hear the Prince's voice loud in altercation with Fox, and Sheridan's dulcet notes soothing, agreeing, blandishing—then a crash, a tray overturned, an oath. Oh, for their cottage at Burnham, and the great beeches silvered with moonlight, and a lonely nightingale singing outside her window, and the dewy scent of roses—roses, and the child asleep, and Chéri wandering down the garden paths, verse-making, dreaming, her young lover again. How could she sleep?

There was a dim gray line over the eastern house-tops before the drawing-room door was flung open and stumbling steps went down the stair, and still at the window, she could see Fox lurching down the steps, supporting the Prince with the footman's assistance. The royal head hung back over his shoulder; the man took the royal legs in his arms and between them they bundled him into the carriage, and the half-awake coachman lashed the horses and they rattled and clattered away over the pavements to—Perdita.

At that moment Elizabeth was sick with pity for the woman who had committed herself to that!

But was her own case much better?

He did not come up-stairs. She put slippers on her little cold feet, and clutching her night-dress about her went gliding down the stair. The wax candles were guttering, dripping in the candle sockets; one, knocked over, had fallen on her papers and scorched them, but luckily had gone out. A silver salver and broken glass were on the carpet, and the room stank of wine and brandy. Her mind was full of the utter incomprehension of a woman for men's pleasure. How could they? Stupid, vile, brutal!

Her eye fell on Sheridan huddled in a chair, almost too drunk to move yet not entirely obfuscated in brain.

She ran to him and flung her arms about him to shut out the horrid sight, the horrid thoughts of repulsion that arose in her.

"My dear, dear Chéri! I'm so tired! I've been waiting, waiting and thought they never would go. Oh, come with me!"

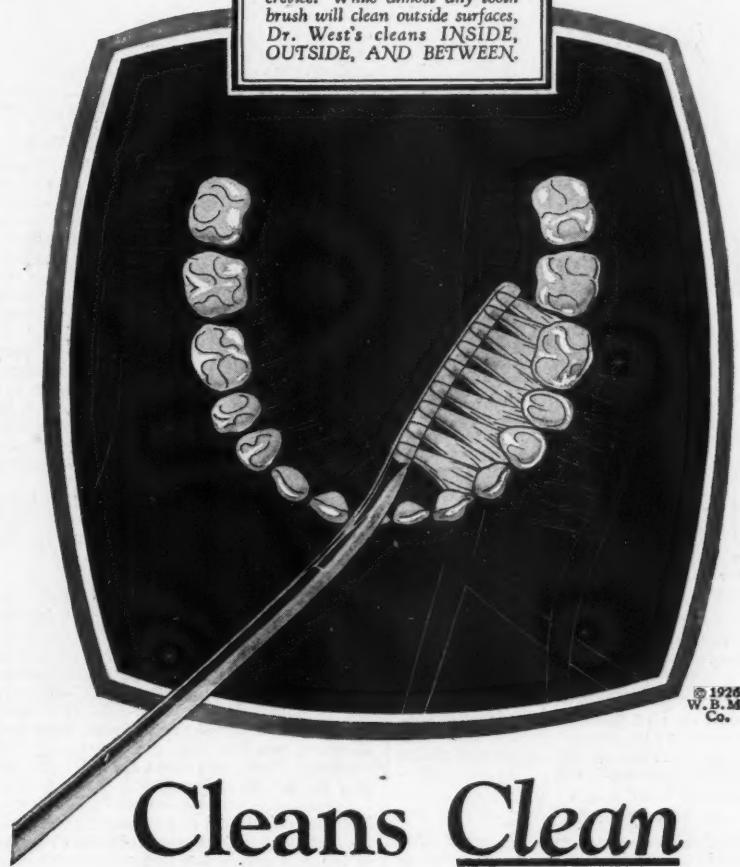
"My dear pretty creature!" he said. "You shouldn't have w-waited. You sh-should have slept. Your face is all white and your eyes like burn-out lamps. Such a good f-fellow, Elizabeth, s-such a charming p-prince. Honor to serve him. I'm to b-be his p-prime minister. Money—glory. No—no. I'll sleep here. My f-feet are like lead."

She could not get him up, and pushed a chair under his feet and propped him with cushions and left him in a drunken sleep.

Was it any wonder as she went slowly up the stair if the image of another man rose in her mind—Edward Fitzgerald, proud, chivalrous, self-controlled even in the more passionate flame of love for her? No temptation of the

### It fits!

Built to the pattern of the human mouth, Dr. West's Tooth Brush contacts every curve and angle and crevice. While almost any tooth brush will clean outside surfaces, Dr. West's cleans INSIDE, OUTSIDE, AND BETWEEN.



© 1926  
W.B.M.  
Co.

## Cleans Clean

### WHY? Because it Fits!

There's a difference between brushing your teeth—and cleaning them. To clean them you must use a brush that fits the curves and angles—one whose bristles seek out the crevices and sweep them clean.

The true diagram above shows clearly the *fitness* of Dr. West's. Its use and effect in your own mouth is self-demonstrated proof that this one brush cleans every part of all your teeth—and cleans them clean, inside-outside—and between.

# Dr. West's TOOTH BRUSH



There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. Prices: Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Special Gum Massage, 75c. At all good dealers.



## If your Jim got sick— could you "carry on"?

Train yourself now  
by Spare-Time-  
Work at good pay!

**J**IM was coming home from work when it happened. The car wasn't going very fast, but when they brought him to me his arm hung helpless at his side. It was broken in two places.

"Of course Jim's salary stopped—but the bills didn't! Our modest savings disappeared in no time, and besides the rent and food there was a payment coming due on our new piano, and a premium on Jim's life insurance, and—oh, so many other things.

### "It Was Up to Me"

"I just knew it was up to me to 'carry on'—and I did. Some time before, I had taken up the IMC plan for making money by spare-time work, earning enough for some little luxuries I had wanted. Now, with our health and happiness at stake, the IMC plan seemed like a godsend. I doubled my efforts and in a little while my commissions and bonus checks were coming in fast enough to cover the most pressing current expenses of Jim and the babies and myself, and we avoided piling up a load of debts that would have kept us 'strapped' for a year."

### Be Prepared!

That is the story of one typical wife and mother. **WILL IT BE YOUR STORY, TOO?** A broken arm—a shattered ankle—a lingering illness—you cannot tell how soon the thousand hazards of modern life will bring one of these misfortunes to your husband, brother, son, or father. *Don't let it find you unprepared!*

Start making money now through the IMC plan. Then you won't have to worry when some unforeseen emergency makes you the sole family support.

Thousands are earning money, without capital and without interfering with their regular duties, by this pleasant spare-time work. Our instructions by mail will make it easy for you. If an addition to the monthly income and security in an emergency will be welcome, let us explain, without obligation, our money-making plan.

### Mail Coupon Today!

Dept. C-S326  
International Magazine Co., Inc.  
118 West 40th Street, N. Y. C.

YES, I would like to earn some extra money in my spare-time. Without obligation to me, please send the details of your money-making plan.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street and Number \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

vulgar sort assailed her, but noble souls are drawn with noble baits, and some mute nameless happiness possessed her in remembering that such a man loved, understood her with passionate sympathy, that he was there—there in the same world, though so far away. A strong soul—a patient. And in the dead night and chilly dawn it seemed to her that this was the only thing that could matter. To be strong, to be patient, to be of that company—not this, oh, not this! For her mind went again to her young husband, huddled in the chair, to Fox with the subtle look that wooed her as he wooed many women, to the reeling Prince.

Well—she had her post, her duty. To safeguard what she could of her treasure from the pickpockets of *Vanity Fair*. To guard her husband with a mother's love if a wife's must fade. To carry her own soul in clean hands through a world growing daily more difficult.

From that night there was a new sweetness in her tone for *Chéri*—a change soft and indescribable which only a woman could have understood, and one woman, her sister Mary, read with wordless compassion.

And from that night the Sheridans were launched in the greatest society of London. Sheridan, the Prince's intimate, Elizabeth, the lovely link between angel and woman both in voice and face, as the enraptured men described her who had hopes of hearing that delicious voice tremble for them, and of seeing the sweet eyes languish coquettish lures.

The earthenware pots were swimming gaily down the stream beside the clashing brass ones. Sheridan had warned Perdita. He took no warning himself.

Two years had gone by since the town became aware that a new and brilliant star illumined its dingy heavens. The Prince, himself the most dazzling apparition of youth, gaiety and extravagance, had acquired a satellite whose radiance almost matched his own, and the humdrum elder court dividing its slow days between Buckingham House, Kew and Windsor, was left doubly humdrum by the contrast. It set the spring a-dancing down the gray old streets of London.

Perdita—the world called her Perdita now—had been established in luxury in Cork Street, the Prince buying the house from the Countess of Derby, who had lately been separated from her lord, and fitting it up with all the good taste of its new occupant. She too was separated from her lord, Mr. Robinson having receded into the past along with the theater, and not only the theater but something of rather more consequence, his child. She was taken into the care of her good grandmother, and though Perdita felt the parting bitterly and remorsefully, she would not listen to any inner voice which forbade it.

A vertigo had seized her, the intoxication of the new life, the adoration which all envied, the splendor, the opportunities she promised herself of influencing her lover to higher, better things which should make his reign memorable for its virtues—all seemed to prove her in the right, nay more, romantically, heroically in the right in sacrificing her reputation to such great ends. No one but her Perdita was listened to for a moment. What she wished was his law. Then who was she to dare to neglect such an opportunity for good and must there not be unusual qualities in herself which had induced Providence to choose her for this post of great responsibility?

An incurable sentimentalist, yet with a dash of high idealism also, she saw very clearly the paladin she desired her Prince to be. She believed he had all the gifts necessary. He wanted the inspiring touch which the woman he loved alone could give him, and she who was to be that woman had the art, she believed also, to be firm as a pine and pliant as a willow in her dealings with him. Hers was to be the perfect tact which would gauge the currents of public opinion and convey them so delicately that they would influence him without wounding the royal pride she loved. Hers the task

to hold a high and knightly idealism before young eyes so easily and naturally dazzled with the glories of his great position.

If it wounded her when he spoke with coarse intolerance of the King and Queen, which he did with a most alarming freedom—though surely to no one else?—that would be a matter to be dealt with later, and she had glowing and secret dreams of a moment when the Queen herself would fling her arms about her neck and bless her with grateful tears for her George's regeneration and fixed filial duty.

These were hopes and feelings which transcended all the conventions and though there were moments when the doubt occurred to her whether a woman who had deserted her husband and child to seek other duties were precisely the right person to be successful in filling them and to attract the respect which would insure success, she could always stifle that doubt with the strong conviction of her good intentions and the powers which would enable her to carry them out. Beauty and intellect, she reflected, have ruled the world from time immemorial, and a combination of the two, furthered by the love of the first of men . . .

Yet she was not more vain than other pretty women. She was only under a great strain of feeling and almost entirely ignorant of the brutal cruelty of things as they are, which have no tenderness for either beauty or high intention. She had recognized a disposition in life to treat her as an unusual person, one to be highly considered, and there certainly seemed reasons in herself why it must always be so, why she and her actions must never be confused with the common herd who might have seemed to act in the same way but could never have the same justifications; conventions were respectable but must stand aside for such aims as hers. It is very easy to attack the conventions with disdain, but they are an essential part of every woman's creed, deny it how she will, and they avenge themselves sooner or later with the persistency of a returning hornet.

The first clash concerned the furnishing of the house in Cork Street. Perdita's naturally good taste in things inward and outward represented the stigma of the courtesan's luxury. The last thing she wished was that scandal should be full fed with the tale of her rise from poverty to splendor, and that the inevitable impression should be that she had sold herself for what would buy the common type of adventuress with whom none must dare to confront her. She wished a dignified and beautiful simplicity, to which indeed the house would have lent itself well, and had made her plans accordingly.

The town might talk of it; yes, but as a marvel of elegantly restrained taste and expense. Her bedroom and dressing-room were to be hung with gray watered tabby, touched here and there with faint rose and silver. The powdering closet was to be in gray marble veined with pink, and she had sketched out a bath closet—which would be noted as a rarity—in pure white marble, with a sunk bath copied from some picture of a Roman building which had caught her eye in a portfolio at the Sheridans'.

It may be reasonably doubted whether her plans would have worked out at much less cost than the Prince's, but they had the advantage in taste and she was sharply disappointed when he declared with fond emotion that he would never, no, never, consent to have his angel so beggarly housed. Of what use the advances of modern art and luxury if the first woman in England, for so he considered her, were not to have the richest, most desirable appointments that money could buy? No, she must leave it to him. She must not go near the place until his own adoring hand led her there, and then indeed she should realize what love could do in the nest it built for its idol.

She veiled her dismay in smiles and gratitude when the vistas of gold and crimson burst upon her dazzled sight. Velvet, damask, stucco columns, vast mirrors, gilded candelabra, ormolu clocks—money had indeed been spent like water. A golden coronet gathering the

before  
coarse  
which he  
though  
matter  
ing and  
Queen  
and  
George's  
trans-  
ther  
to her  
hus-  
e pre-  
filling  
would  
that  
good  
enable  
elect,  
time  
two,  
pretty  
ain of  
the  
have  
high  
in-  
on to  
be  
so,  
the  
con-  
have  
never  
were  
aims  
inven-  
tional  
now she  
er or  
cornet.  
ing of  
naturally  
ard re-  
xury.  
andal  
from  
itable  
herself  
of ad-  
con-  
beauti-  
would  
plans  
as a  
d ex-  
were  
reached.  
The  
marble  
out a  
rarity  
bath  
ilding  
at the  
er her  
in less  
the ad-  
dis-  
otion  
have  
the  
first  
her,  
irable  
o, she  
near  
d her  
what  
dol.  
titude  
upon  
tucco  
labra,  
spent  
g

crimson velvet curtains crowned her bed, and an interlaced *G* and *P* decorated every article which possessed a decorable surface. He explained with delight that it had been a sovereign whim of Tudor ancestors to unite the initials of the beloved with the royal one, and that consideration went far to reconcile her to the expenditure of gold-leaf. It was something to be swept up into the majesties of history even if one could wish that history had had a little better taste.

She said no more and hoped that when time had mellowed the glitter of crimson and gilding she should be so far enthroned as to be certain of having her own way in this as well as in matters of more importance. She gently hinted that a promised library had been forgotten and that she had promised herself the pleasure of reading to him sometimes in quiet evenings, but when he explained eagerly that this must have meant the sacrifice of the card-room, there was no more to be said, and sighing she folded up the little list of historical romances, fictional and serious, which were to have taught him his duty to the country and posterity.

Posterity was not at all considered in Cork Street, nor had the country any influence in the arrangements. The Prince had preferred the inspiration of Child, the great banker, in his enormous house of Osterley, to the simplicity of the ancient Roman, and the effect of gold filigree, China and Japan cabinets, painted ceilings and crimson and gold friezes all reduced into the minimum of space to fit a medium-sized London mansion was overwhelming.

Into this gorgeous Fair Rosamund's Bower, Perdita had now the task of fitting herself and retaining what personality she could. Here again she had her ideals. There was to be amusement and plenty of it. She was already assured by the little she knew of the Prince that this must be in the forefront of her battle. But it must be discreet, refined, with no exaggerations to be laid hold of by enemies to domestic peace and concord. The arts must be encouraged. The younger intellect of the country would look to the Prince and his brilliant companion for that. She would set herself to ga'her Intelligence about them if accompanied by blamelessness of life, not otherwise.

The tone of her house was to be that of an august and happily married young couple who recognized their heavy duties and responsibilities and tempered them with a graceful ease and relaxation. The married note was what she would insist upon, unfailing respect for her position as the chosen of the Prince, who regarded himself as her husband in all but name, unfailing respect for the manner in which her great duties were performed.

She took unconsciously an almost royal tone about this time, a gentle, reserved condescension, expressing the knowledge that those who walk upon the altitudes must do so with a circumspection quite unnecessary for the dwellers in the plains. It sat upon her very well, she thought.

Yet things refused to be molded to her wish. Let her describe the difficulties.

The daily prints now indulged the malice of my enemies by the most scandalous paragraphs respecting the Prince and myself. It was too late to stop the torrent of abuse poured on me from all quarters. Whenever I appeared in public I was overwhelmed by the gazing of the multitude. I was frequently obliged to quit Ranelagh, owing to the crowd assembled round my box, and scarcely dared to enter a shop. Many hours have I waited until the waiting crowd dispersed. I cannot suppress a smile at the absurdity of such proceedings.

The abuse was disconcerting though we may guess from this telltale smile she found these attentions more or less of a flattery at the time, however inconvenient. Flattery indeed of all sorts was at the disposal of the lady whom the Prince delighted to honor. Gainsborough

**Oh Henry!** has broken that old, old tradition . . . the belief that fine candies come only in fine boxes.

For America's women have discovered that under Oh Henry!'s simple, homely garb lies a truly fine candy . . . a "personal portion" that brings a new convenience into the eating of fine candy . . . and a luscious, lingering, nut-accented taste that marks Oh Henry! one of the finer things of life!

*See for yourself . . . in the bar . . . or sliced!*

## Don't Fear Coffee

Just omit caffeine

Many people have a fear of coffee. It affects the heart, the nerves, the kidneys. Or it keeps one awake at night. Millions of such people have been forced to drink some coffee substitute.

Now that is unnecessary. A way has been found to remove the caffeine from coffee without affecting the flavor or aroma in the least.

The result is Kaffee Hag. It is pure coffee—a rare, delightful blend. So good that discriminating coffee lovers count it their favorite brand. The finest hotels now serve it.

Caffeine is tasteless, so it is never missed. It does nothing but harm. Even the quick bracing effects of coffee come without it. Every coffee joy remains intact.

Someone at your table wants Kaffee Hag—a coffee one may drink without stint. A coffee one may drink and sleep. Send the coupon with a dime for a 10-cup package. Clip the coupon now.

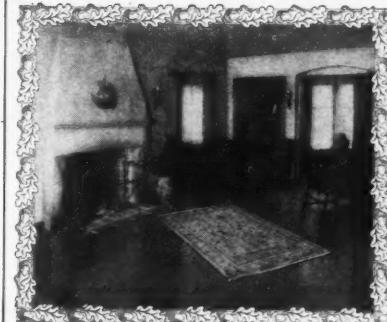
Mail This Today for 10-Cup Sample; 10 cts.!

**KAFFEE  
HAG**

1526 Davenport Ave.  
Cleveland, Ohio

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .



## Remodel with Oak Floors

Right over your old worn floors, lay Oak Flooring, at small cost. Will modernize and beautify your home. Enjoy the comforts of Nature's oak floors—sanitary, permanent, adding value to the home, growing more mellow and beautiful with time. They save housework. No dirt can accumulate on its lustrous surface.

Easily laid. No woodwork need be disturbed. Complete one room at a time, if more convenient.

**Send coupon for these free books**

Put your flooring problems up to our experts, without obligation.

**CONSULT AN ARCHITECT  
BEFORE BUILDING.**

OAK FLOORING BUREAU  
886 Hearst Bldg., Chicago  
Please send me the free 24-page  
book "The Story of Oak Floors,"  
and "How and Where to Use  
Oak Floors."

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . .



## Nothing else can do this work



Use Sani-Flush to clean the toilet bowl. It is the only safe method. Does all the hard work for you—saves you time—does away with the need for disinfectants. Cannot injure plumbing connections. Sani-Flush is scientifically planned to do one job perfectly.

Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush in the bowl. Follow directions on the can. Flush. See how all stains, marks and incrustations disappear! The bowl becomes glistening white. Sani-Flush removes hidden sediment in the trap unreachable to any brush. Keep a can handy in the bathroom.

*Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can. 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.*

### Sani-Flush

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring  
THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.  
Canton, Ohio

## X-BAZIN

Famous French Way of Removing Hair

As easy to use as Cold Cream

THE new X-Bazin cream is safe, efficient, convenient. It is daintily perfumed and removes unwanted hair in five minutes, leaving the skin soft, smooth and white. Does not increase later growth. Guaranteed by the manufacturers,

HALL & RUCKEL, INC.  
241-37th St. Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Send 10c for sample

Sold at all drug and toilette counters.

50¢

painted the lovely portrait of her known to all connoisseurs, where, seated on a grassy eminence, a fashionable Daphne strayed under the green trees, she sits gazing with thoughtful eyes into the distance, a faithful dog her only companion. It was adjudged an excellent likeness.

But certainly as time went by it was not all triumph. She felt herself thwarted.

The Prince, seen at close quarters and in frequent companionship, was not the young Florizel of the bowering walks of Kew—far from it! Released suddenly from surveillance as he was, all the King's forebodings were in a fair way of fulfilment. He rushed passionately into pleasure and there was no wild gaiety in which he did not shine. Politically, his friends were the enemies of the Crown, privately, the wildest and most dissipated, and she herself must become a part of this frantic dissipation. The whirl caught her finally. The excitement captured her.

She was his companion openly at all public places of amusement, shining like a summer butterfly in every attire that could be judged most tasteful and costly. Her horses and carriages had cost the Prince a fortune; money was spent on her without any sense of its value. She set the fashion—sometimes a lovely peasant with gipsy hat tied at the back of her head with streaming ribbons, sometimes a beauty of the highest *ton*, patched, rouged and powdered, with a hoop that outshone extravagance; sometimes a slim Amazon, riding gauntleted and fearless; but always the very arbitress of the mode.

Great victories crowned her. The exquisite Duchess of Devonshire, once her patroness, appeared at the Pantheon in a satin of the faintest shade of rose announced as "*soleil couchant*," her head dressed prodigiously high and powdered, with floating pink ostrich plumes to match. She passed Perdita, who had half begun a curtsey, with calmly leveled eyes which saw through her to the Prince and allured him with the smile that none else could rival, and so passed on her triumphant way, the Prince whispering at her ear. Well and good. Brilliant Duchesses do not smile on ladies of the half-world.

Perdita turned pale as death, as the great young lady undulated off with her royal prey beside her. All round her were whispers and commendations of the "*soleil couchant*." No woman who valued fashion and the world's opinion would be seen in any other color for a month. It stung Perdita like fire. She knew very well it was a part of her business to be the very leader of the fashion, and near that throne is no room for a pretender.

She went home almost sobbing and tore off her laces, to the surprise of Mrs. Armstead, who had followed her new fortunes without comment and as calmly as she did all else.

"You are unwell, madam?" says she. "I'll fetch the red lavender drops."

"No—no. 'Tis this hateful dress. What possessed you advise me wear yellow?—me that's as pale tonight as a candle. Sure any woman that is a woman could see it turned me sallow! I'll never trust your judgment more. Bundle the thing up and throw it out of the window."

Without turning an eyelash Mrs. Armstead disengaged the story from the sobs. Her eyes sparkled with feminine fire. She felt herself assaulted in her art. She picked up the satin and surveyed it as a general *carte du pays*.

"Why, indeed, madam, I own it something less than a triumph though still a beautiful gown. But you'll recall it came from Madame Duboyer so late that I could not correct the garniture as I would. My taste is all for damask roses with that peculiar yellow—an emphasis is needed to correct the insipidity. But leave it to me. It shall be a triumph next time you honor it. And see here—as I walked this evening through the Mall I saw an orange wench with a handkerchief tied about her mop of black hair. It had been a full purple, but was faded by weather in parts into the most delicate delightful hue your eyes ever lit on. She was

something of your complexion and it made her cheeks like pink hawthorn and her eyes like pools of ink. Didn't I see at once I had a novelty? I bought it from her for a shilling and washed it, for—faugh! See here!" She held out a silken rag, perfumed with essence, and laid it to Perdita's cheek—as she sank sighing into a chair, and looked at it with faintly reviving interest.

"I'll have a length of satin dyed at once, and you shall see. We'll down the Duchess yet! Cheer up, madam! Mix your dress with brains—and you'll shine like the moon among the stars. A thousand women must have passed the lass, but 'twas only I saw her handkerchief."

She towered above Perdita, extraordinarily glowing and handsome in her pride. Yes, Mrs. Armstead had brains. Not all, however, for her mistress's advancement. She did not mention that it was not in the Mall she had seen the girl of the handkerchief, but in a quiet back street not far from Cork Street and that she herself had worn a thick lace veil to her hat and had been in earnest discourse with a gentleman to whom she narrated all she could gather and observe, which was not a little, of the Prince's waywardness with his Perdita.

"'Twill never last!" said she. "I give it a year to flame, three months to dwindle and another three to burn itself out into ash. She's too sentimental for him, cries too easily, is too easily wounded. Loads him with mawkish verse when she should be all shine and sparkle. If she could whip him with a suspicion of jealousy— Shall I advise her, sir?"

"No—by no means. Let the affair take its course. There are influences far more valuable than hers which I could wish to see in play later. Not that I wish any harm to the *voce* handsome creature—nor, I am sure, do you, Mrs. Armstead. But she must take her chance."

"We women must all do that!" says the lady, sighing delicately. "But indeed Mrs. Robinson, though a charming woman, has not the art to hold a man forever. Her sentiment wears thin into little tempers, and she is too occupied with her beauty to remember that habit makes all beauty dull, and 'tis only the mind that lasts. She can be no support to a man, but is creeping and clinging all over him and bedewing him with tears. And forever writing poetry."

"One could indeed weary of that!" said the gentleman, laughing. "Even in such a beauty. But you are a close observer of human nature, Mrs. Armstead, and any observation you may make in Cork Street will be of interest in important matters. I need not tell a woman of your abilities that everything concerning the Prince must be important. And if a little gift—"

She drew back haughtily. "I think, sir, I mentioned before that I don't accept presents. I have my own aims in life and—may I wish you a good evening?"

She sank low in an elegant curtsey, and Mr. Charles James Fox was surprised into a bow quite as polite as that he accorded to the great ladies who fluttered about his rising political power as moths to a candle.

But at the next great night, Perdita appeared at the Pantheon in a dress of satin announced as "*soupir étouffé*," the palest lilac that ever greeted the eye, her dark hair outtowering the fair Devonshire's and dressed with pearls and lilac blossoms. Not an eye turned on the Duchess and her "*soleil couchant*." The sun of that particular toilette was indeed set, and the world hummed and buzzed about the victress, and not a woman there, the Duchess herself included, but went home to plan a dress of "*soupir étouffé*."

Need it be said it was Sheridan who had suggested the name—the conquering name of the new color? He was often in Cork Street, being now a necessary part of the Prince's circle, and though he never met Perdita alone, never exchanged a confidence with her, he saw her much, and led the jest and rattle which she was obliged to provide for the Prince as regularly as her kisses.

"So even I pealed what his po—  
"Why—  
sigh b—  
only he—  
And cepted talia—  
were i—  
procure—  
The grew  
passed—  
Per—  
was ha—  
likened  
who ca—  
drop—  
Her fir—  
if poss—  
that fa—  
yawnin—  
brighte—  
Fortun—  
tails o—  
"Up—  
star—  
And th—  
with he—  
when si—  
outlast—  
Dazz—  
scarcely  
amuse—  
Prince—  
fear, fo—  
of disil—  
ground—  
which s—  
more—  
He w—  
read so—  
and An—  
pathos—  
mental—  
any ma—  
taste—  
eyes an—  
until, t—  
with so—  
footmar—  
He wo—  
had set—  
His for—  
had co—  
weak na—  
Prince a—  
or with—  
Armstea—  
"Why—  
man wh—  
Believe—  
do but k—  
an equa—  
charms—  
have ne—  
"I kn—  
of your—  
but lea—  
in vain—  
"Pity—  
tor, lay—  
Perdita—  
hearts—  
wise wor—  
as a lac—  
thing, m—  
even on—  
woman—  
cruelty i—  
lover o—  
"You—  
Perdit—  
After al—  
have so—

"*Soupir étouffé*" was the rage of the season, even the mocking Mrs. Thrake wore it, and appealed to the learned Doctor Johnson as to what on earth the name could mean. He shook his ponderous head over the puzzle.

"Why, madam, I know not. Unless indeed—why yes! This pale lilac is called a stifled sigh because it is checked in its progress and only half a color!"

And this flying round London, the ladies accepted it, and the Duchess's only effort at retaliation was that her feathers in the new hue were four inches beyond what Perdita could procure.

Their unspoken rivalry indeed mounted and grew more intense with every month that passed. It went deeper than dress.

Perdita could never assure herself that she was happy. It was more of a vertigo. She likened herself sometimes to a whirling dervish who cannot pause in his giddy round lest he drop. The Prince was insatiable of amusement. Her first and most eager care was daily to plot, if possible, some new folly to wile the time. If that failed he was at once sullen, disconsolate, yawning, devoid of any resource, eager to brighten the tedium with drink and cards. Fortunately, trifles amused him. Even the details of her toilette gave him pleasure; the rivalry with the Duchess delighted him.

"Up and at her, Perdita! You are a rising star—she has had her season. Down with her!" And this, though he was more than half in love with her Grace and Perdita knew very well that the fair Duchess would be swaying the fashion when she herself was not even a memory. Rank outlasts beauty.

Dazzled, giddy as she was, for indeed she had scarcely time to think of anything but the amusements which were vital to her hold on the Prince, her pleasures began to be seasoned with fear, for it dawned on her with the chilly gray of disillusionment that there was no holding ground in the Prince. His sentiment, that on which she had counted most, was lip-deep, no more.

He would listen with moist eyes while she read some ballad of Shenstone's in the Edwin and Angelina style, or sing with languishing pathos a song of sugar sweets. It was a sentimental age, and men of sentiment wept over any maudlin platitude which caught their taste. Perdita would watch those brimming eyes and glory in the tender heart they bespoke until, the next moment, he would come out with some callous comment on the dog, the footman, some woman of their acquaintance. He would forget an engagement on which she had set her heart and laugh at her dismay at his forgetfulness.

Her only confidante was Mrs. Armstead. It had come to that—Perdita relied on her as a weak nature does on a strong one. When the Prince affronted her either through carelessness or with design to see how she took it, Mrs. Armstead was her counselor.

"Why, madam, it must be so with a young man whom all the world conspires to spoil. Believe me, your beauty will hold him if you do but keep it unspoilt by these passions. And an equal temper and sunny smile are as great charms as even your lovely fair skin, which I have never seen equaled, and great eyes."

"I know it—I know it. Oh, if I had the half of your wisdom!" sighs Perdita. "If I could but learn that pity never moves him! I plead in vain."

"Pity never moves any man!" says the mentor, laying a dark curl with exquisite effect over Perdita's snow-drift brow. "They have no hearts. They have but propensities, and the wise woman masters those, and plays on them as a lady on the harpsichord. 'Tis an odd thing, madam. They can pity a child, a dog—even on occasion a sister or a parent. But the woman they have loved—never. I think cruelty is a part of their inclination. I am no lover of that sex."

"You have perhaps had sorrows from them." Perdita looked up with languid curiosity. After all, this handsome, reticent creature must have some story of her own that halted quick

# HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM



## He took her to dinner—just once!

He never invited her again.

"Great Scott!" he growled disgustedly to himself. "She's powdered her face before every course." For men don't like to see women powder in public.

It's quite evident this young lady didn't know about Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. A little patted on your face after washing makes the powder cling

—for hours. No need to bring out a powder puff every few minutes. Your powder has a real base.

Then, too, if you use Hinds Cream faithfully every time you wash your face, it will keep your skin youthfully soft and smooth.

Suppose we send you a sample bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Just write to the address below.

Made and distributed by A. S. HINDS CO., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. 17  
A Division of  
LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS COMPANY

## Avoid Gray Hair as these women do



No need now to grow old before your time—to allow gray, faded or unbecoming bleached hair to age you. For Brownatone, used so successfully for years by thousands of women throughout the United States and Canada, brightens and beautifies—tints any shade. Mrs. A. B. Jordan of Woodland, W. Va., who has used Brownatone satisfactorily for several years, remarks that "No gray-haired woman can afford to let such a golden opportunity go as Brownatone offers. I recommend it to any one."



The antiseptic qualities of Brownatone are assurance of its perfect safety. So there's no need to fear results. Brownatone is guaranteed to be absolutely harmless to hair growth or skin. Mrs. Marie James of 339 Nixon Street, Biloxi, Miss., even remarks that "When I started using Brownatone, six years ago, my hair was thin and short. But now it is beautifully long and heavy. I like my hair a chestnut brown, and have had no difficulty in getting it the right shade, since using Brownatone. I must say it is a wonderful tint for gray and faded hair."



As Brownatone permeates each entire hair itself, it cannot rub off or wash out. There's no interference whatsoever with shampooing—or even with permanent waving, marcelling or scalp treatments. For the color is lasting. You need apply it again only as the hair grows. And it is so simple to use that you can apply it yourself at home. Merely brush the color through. Which is, of course, one reason why Dora Paserk of 8811 St. Catherine Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, says, "I prefer Brownatone to any other hair tint I have ever used."



There are two colors in Brownatone from which any shade may be obtained—one from Blonde to Medium Brown; the other Dark Brown to Black. Sold at drug and toilet counters everywhere, 50 cents and \$1.50. Use Brownatone and you will say as does Mrs. R. H. Staebli, 836 North Lafayette Park Place, Los Angeles, Cal. "It is the best hair tint I ever used."

Test the merits of Brownatone. Mail the coupon with 10c for a trial bottle.

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.  
Dept. D, Covington, Ky., U.S.A.  
(Canada Address: Windsor, Ont.)  
Enclosed is 10c for test bottle of  
Brownatone. ( ) Blonde to Med.  
Brown. ( ) Dk. Brown to Jet Black

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

GUARANTEED HARMLESS

# BROWNATONE

TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

tongue and drew a veil over sparkling eyes. That a woman should speak so little of herself was out of nature. She tossed the subject off now with a hard smile.

"Why no, madam. I don't complain. I do but pretend to a little observation. Will you wear your rose satin sacque tomorrow? and what at Vauxhall tonight?"

"The Prince has not told me his wishes. Give me a negligee and I'll wait until he comes in. Oh, Mrs. Armstead, I'm so fatigued I can scarce keep my head off the pillow, and these late hours give me the appearance of a woman of thirty! If I could but have one quiet month in the country! Quiet and fresh air and—peace."

The strange woman looked at her mistress with compassion.

"I feel for all women" she said. "I never yet knew one that life spared. It comes sooner or later. But when you smile, madam, none but herself knew how impossible was the task of interesting him in anything higher than the pleasures of the moment, though many began to guess.

"A soul may be weary enough behind the cover of a smile," Perdita said sadly. But the moment she touched on sensibility the other was marble.

"Lord! Look at your jewels, madam. I know no better cure!" says she, and going to the strong cupboard, pulled out tray after tray of sparklers. "What shall we choose for the rose-color sacque you wear tomorrow? Pearls to match your skin, or diamonds to match your eyes when you laugh? Ah, I thought so!"—as Perdita smiled faintly over her treasures. "Look at that brooch with hanging loops of diamonds! The sacque is cut almost dangerously low, and that at your breast—and a knot of black velvet for your throat—and one black patch just there in the very center of your bosom to rise and fall when you breathe, with a powdered curl to drop on your shoulder—"

Mrs. Armstead's fine upper lip took on an ironic curl, unseen as she stooped over the trays. If she disliked men she certainly did not honor her own sex. "Toys for children!" she said in her own mind, as she noted the half-worn pleasure dawning in Perdita's eyes over the jewels. For herself they had no faintest attraction except as means to an end.

"Pearls," said Perdita. "How lovely—how they become a woman! Sure heaven must have foreseen beautiful women when it gave such a treasure to the oyster. I'll wear them, although since I have heard nothing of the Prince by this time, he must have made some other engagement. Still, I'll wear the pearls tonight for my own pleasure."

But in spite of herself she sighed as she clasped them about her throat.

Mrs. Armstead put the treasures away with due care when her lady left the room. "The world's mine oyster which I with—" She smiled and changed the word "sword" for "skill" in the quotation. Then went to her own room and sat down to write to Mr. Fox.

Perdita in her rose-colored ribbons was reading by a silver lamp half an hour later, alone for a marvel.

A strange life. But it had another aspect besides frivolous gaiety—the company of the distinguished men who paid court to the Prince at the house in Cork Street; and that had developed her intellectually almost in spite of herself. All the talents did homage to that rising sun and therefore to his satellite. Burke, Henderson, Wilkes among the politicians, Sir Joshua Reynolds—but indeed to continue the list would be to include nearly all that was most celebrated in England at the time.

Sheridan, eminent now as a politician and no less as the man of intellect, came often, the gayest of the gay, the delight of the Prince as a *convive*, the very epitome of his own Charles Surface at extravagant feast and drinking-bout. Indeed, the last years had made a more reckless man of him, and no company suited the Prince's wild humor better. Perdita never saw Sheridan alone, never exchanged a word of reminiscence with him, but sometimes would catch "the finest eyes in the world," as they

were called, fixed on her and as quickly averted. His presence dulled that of other men by the sheer effulgence of his gaiety. A difference, a something that spoke of intelligence piercing as the diamond, made him brilliant among the brilliant. She observed it more keenly now than ever she had done before. Possibly he exerted himself more strenuously to shine in such distinguished company, and might hope even to dim royalty by his radiance. She did not know, but thought much of him at times, and with a kind of fear. Their worlds were so near and yet so far.

She was reading a book of flattering turgid verses, for many poets far from being admitted to that shining solar system sent her their slender volumes laden with hopes as slender, for their aim was that she should interest the coming king in their muse, and none but herself knew how impossible was the task of interesting him in anything higher than the pleasures of the moment, though many began to guess.

It was natural that she should be publicly blamed as chief misleader amongst the Prince's intimates and as such she was cruelly lampooned and coarsely satirized in the prints and pamphlets of the day. And yet, the truth is, no one deserved it less. She grew graver as he grew wilder. She ventured nothing in words—who could?—but her looks were more eloquent than wise when he would come reciting in, stuttering out the wild stories he heard from Fox and others to be noted later. Grossnesses which Sheridan's finer instincts despised, for though he could do a gross thing, in gross words he could not face it. And Perdita's tear-clouded silence was a mute reproach the Prince flung off angrily until, all melting tenderness, she clasped him once more in her arms.

This book on her lap had an elegant dedication to the English Sappho, but it must be owned that Sappho sighed rather than throbbed over it. As she laid it aside, the door-handle turned and the Prince came lounging in.

He was splendidly dressed in a violet satin coat and breeches laced with silver and as handsome a young man as could be wished even in his exalted position. But, studying the face more closely, it might be imagined a little damaged by the years of free living, as a fine picture exposed to too warm a sunlight suffers a little in tint and fineness of outline—indefinable at first, but later too plain in its defective progress.

She rose to receive him as he flung himself into a chair.

"Anybody expected tonight?"

"Why no, sir. I had not your pleasure about Vauxhall and scarcely expected though I hoped for yourself, so I set an evening for rest if you did not wish to go out, having been out of bed until near dawn all the week. Are you not tired?"

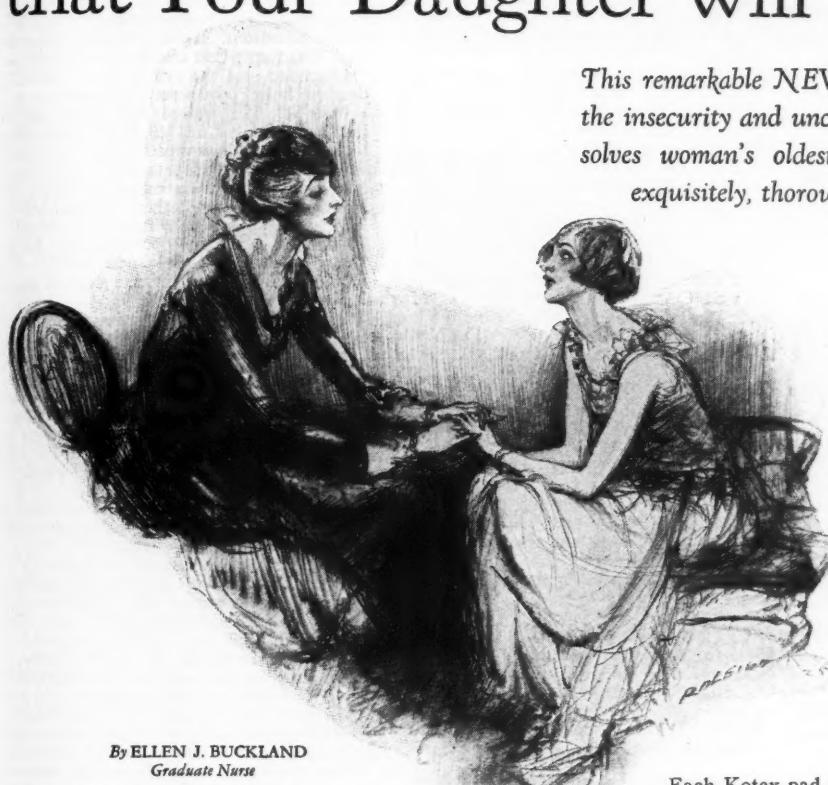
"My head aches damnable," he said, closing his eyes and leaning his head back. "What a cursed fetter is the body! A man wants to be amusing himself—can't stand these dull evenings! and instead of cards and pleasures, a contemptible pain in the temples pins one to a chair. What's life when all's said and done, with so little to be got out of it?"

She said nothing but beatirself with a laced handkerchief and scented waters to cool his brow, which was burning hot under her cool hands. The service pleased her. A woman of any delicacy becomes more domestic, more conubial in her yearnings as time goes by, even in an illicit union. She seeks to regularize her position with a hundred delicate attachments and is a wife in soul, let the world regard her how it will. Each evening he spent alone with her, few indeed and difficult, was a gift she treasured. She could imagine that thus husband and wife might sit, she attending him and soothing his pains and anxieties.

He endured it for a moment, then flung the handkerchief aside and called for claret.

"I have a thirst on me like the great desert. Do for heaven's sake, Perdita, beatirself and recover me sufficiently to go where I am promised."

# A Great Hygienic Handicap that Your Daughter will be Spared



This remarkable NEW way, by banishing the insecurity and uncertainty of old ways, solves woman's oldest hygienic problem, exquisitely, thoroughly, amazingly

You'll appreciate  
these 3 factors



1 Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



2 No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



3 Easy to buy anywhere.\* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND  
Graduate Nurse

LIKE most other things, woman's greatest hygienic handicap has yielded to modern scientific attainment.

There is a new way in personal hygiene. A way scientific, immaculate and positive that ends the doubts and uncertainties of the now discarded sanitary pad. Under former conditions, the average woman spent almost one-sixth of her time in embarrassment . . . often in fear. Today the gayest of sheer frocks, the most exacting of social urgencies hold no terror for the modern woman.

Almost 80% of all women in the better walks of life have adopted this scientific way. The women of tomorrow will never know that the most trying of hygienic conditions is other than an incident in their lives.

### 3 factors that changed the hygienic habits of the world

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton, covered with specially processed, soft-finished gauze.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

**KOTEX**  
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES



Kotex Regular:  
65c per dozen

Kotex-Super:  
90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue.

\*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in women's rest-rooms by The West Disinfecting Co.

## 200 Sheets \$1.00 100 Envelopes POST PAID



Makes a personal stationery set with 200 sheets of high grade, clear white bond paper and 100 white envelopes. Addressed 5 letter sets. Just send \$1.00 (west of Denver and outside U.S., \$1.10) and this generous supply of stationery will come by return mail, postage prepaid. Securely packed in a sturdy blue box. Please write or print clearly. Prompt service and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. National Stationery Co., 1203, Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois



"She must be 40,  
for she has

## Gray Hair

YOU may be prematurely gray at 30, be fresh in face and slim in figure, but this the world won't notice. Most people call you old when your hair is gray.

That's why pretty actresses, society women and business girls won't have gray hair. They restore original color in a scientific way which gives perfect results, quickly.

Mail coupon for a free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer—it tells their secret. You learn that a dainty hair cosmetic (clean, colorless) works this miracle. No streaking, discoloration, dyed appearance, no interference with shampooing. Application easy—just combed through the hair does it.

### Mail Coupon—Today

By return mail you'll receive Special Patented Free Trial Kit, which explains all. Test on a single lock of hair, watch the gray go, natural, youthful color return! Then when you know you never need have gray hair, get full-size bottle from druggists. Or, order direct.

Please print your name and address

MARY T. GOLDMAN,

949-C Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

"And where is that? Vauxhall?" She was filling a great frosted goblet with wine in which it glowed rubied and be-diamonded.

"My uncle Cumberland's!" says he, draining it. "Fill it again! The Duchess is a very much maligned woman and one of the prettiest ever I saw. She has a way with her—you haven't that way, Perdita! She sparkles. You can't sparkle except the words are given you on the stage. I've seen you sparkle there. I wish to heaven you would do so here!"

"Do you like the wine best?" she said tenderly, renewing the wet handkerchief when she had filled his glass again. She knew well he had had as full a cargo already as was good for him, but dared not remonstrance, which would have been useless and worse. Her experience had not commenced with the Prince in this particular. The symptoms had been common with Mr. Robinson also. Besides, she was eager to sound this new information and must avoid to irritate him.

"I did not know you would allow yourself to visit Cumberland House, beloved. May your Perdita ask might it not make difficulties between my Prince and his Majesty? I know their Royal Highnesses are forbidding to approach the Court."

"So much the better for them! Picture any woman of sense or spirit condescending to show herself at that frosty musty abode of all the horrors. What do I care what the King thinks! You had not been here, Perdita, if I had cared for that."

True, and it closed her lips. A moment of soft appliance of her hand and handkerchief on his brow followed, and then she ventured timidly again.

"Do you often go to Cumberland House, my Prince?"

"When I please. What concern is it of yours? I go where I please and won't be questioned. Sure a man may seek his aunt's society without jealousy." He pointed this with a laugh. "The prettiest aunt in the world!"

Others undoubtedly agreed with this verdict. Let Mr. Horace Walpole, who should be a judge, describe her Luttrell Highness:

She was rather pretty than handsome and had more the air of a woman of pleasure than a woman of quality. But there was something so bewitching in her languishing eyes which she could animate to enchantment, and her coquetry was so habitual that it was difficult not to see through it and as difficult to resist it. She danced divinely and had a good deal of wit of the satiric kind.

So far the sage of Strawberry Hill, and it will be allowed a charming portrait of an aunt!

The Prince now favored Perdita with his own description, which accorded with the above, though less polished and terse.

"She has a kind of—*je ne sais quoi*—that goes to a man's head as good as wine and raises his spirits. I vow she never stops laughing at some one or somebody—mostly somebody, for she has a gift to make everyone appear ridiculous that she will. You should see her, Perdita. She has the longest eyelashes in England, and they lie down on her cheek like a sleeping child's, and up they flash and the wickedest light under them and out pops some wicked little saying from her pretty mouth and the whole room's in a roar. That's what pleases me—a laughing beauty! Pity I can't take you there. You might learn a lesson or two from her."

"Of what?" says Perdita, constraining herself, and touching the luxuriously closed eyelids with fingers light as thistledown.

"Of what? Why, to be gay and keep a man's spirits up."

"And say wicked nothing?"

"Why not? They don't come amiss from a charming mouth, and make people laugh. Your

fault's gravity, Perdita. You're a weeping willow. She's—damme if I know what—a rose hot in the sun, all invitation. You'd as soon listen to an old man prosing twattle as to a young man making love."

"I had sooner listen to one young man making love than to all the wisdom of the world," says she fondly.

"Don't I know my angel's heart? But yet—you're too serious. A young man wants amusing. You forget that sometimes. If I was an old bachelor—if I was over thirty—I wouldn't desire a sweater companion for my idle hours."

"Idle hours!" Indeed that phrase pained her. It sank what was left of her hopes. She inwardly felt herself worth more than that light estimate—a companion for better than idle hours. Yet again conscience struck its blow. Had she not rather condescended to his tastes than striven to raise him to hers?

"But as it is, you do!" she says softly. "Well, do the poor temples ache less?"

"Yes—'tis the wine does me good. I knew it would. Give me more."

"Does his Royal Highness improve on you too?" she asked, sifting him delicately as the wine went down.

"Why, yes—I never heard him anything but abused at Kew and Buckingham House, but he's a roistering, merry, good-hearted fellow. No one who isn't as full of moral precepts as Joseph Surface is acceptable in those two prisons, for I call 'em no less. I've no fault to find with the Duke!"

He ranted on, working himself into a kind of fuddled anger, and presently went off as she supposed to Cumberland House.

"She has a name for you," he flung back at the door. "Miss Propriety Prue she calls you and says it's the whitest thing in the world to see such a long-faced prude a man's plaything. You couldn't but laugh yourself if you heard her. You are a prude, you know, my love, at heart, in spite of—well, of me. You should have been one of her Majesty's ladies in waiting by rights. Lord! where's my hat?"

He began searching for his hat, and she got up and gave it to him with such kisses and smiles as she could summon up at the moment. He was not particular. They served well enough.

The door shut and she sat with much to consider. What bulked largest was the first word of criticism. Not much, true—the light humor of a spoiled boy, but—the first! For a while it dwarfed even Cumberland House to her mind, and then slowly her reason connected the two and she beheld the danger, and gathered her wits to fight it.

A prude! and she had exerted herself night and day in a freedom and gaiety she often had to affect, for, taken on a grander stage, there were unhappy points of resemblance between her present life and the former. There were luxury and lavish expense and no menace of a debtor's prison, but there was the Prince coming in drunk instead of Mr. Robinson, and the rattle of dice and cards that she hated, and to be more stared at at Ranelagh and Vauxhall was not the salve to the tedium of frequenting them that she felt it at first. Certainly the jewels, the pearls, her milliner's victories, were not always consolatory though she made the most of them to the world and herself. They drugged a fear which would not sleep, but lifted its head and looked her in the face with snaky eyes, as it did now. She began to know herself wearied, body and soul.

The truth was, setting aside the gulf in rank, the Prince and Mr. Robinson had so many tastes in common that she may be excused for questioning in some bitter moments whether 'twas worth while to change the one for the other. Those brief years had taught her a bitter wisdom.

You will figure a sleepless night with such thoughts as companions.

*With the Prince under the sinister influence of my Lord Cumberland, there is unexpected drama in store for Perdita that threatens to bring her tinsel world tragically clattering about her ears—as E. Barrington relates in April*

## The Plains of Turkestan

(Continued from page 87)

*umasha*—an entertainment. In preparation for this affair, we went down to the rushing yellow river that ran near the garden in which we were camped. A large and intent audience of both sexes watched us bathe. Three of us in our modesty kept on our clothes—they badly needed a wash—but one paid no more attention to the audience than if it had not existed, and has probably joined the galaxy of country deities. Thoroughly washed, we proceeded to dig out tuxedos and opera hats, much to the delight of our men, for in Leh, they had felt crestfallen at our wearing only workaday clothes.

The *amban* arrived early to call for us. We were not ready, so he, his two sons and entire retinue joined our men in watching us dress. They were all greatly impressed. So much so that next morning the *amban* sent his tailor armed with bundles of black and white striped silk. He squatted under a big tree near-by busily copying the tuxedos, while the *amban*'s carpenter tried to duplicate our Rookhie chairs. The collapsible opera hats were, alas, quite beyond emulation.

The *amban*'s dinner was a great success—his two sons were there, pleasant fellows both. In spite of the lack of a common language, everything went off smoothly and the *amban* seemed particularly to enjoy Cutting's songs. They spoke an international language.

We had decided that we could make better time by traveling at night, so we arranged for several *mapas* and *arabas* to be ready after dinner. A *mapa* is what is known in northern China as a Peking cart. It is a two-wheeled covered vehicle. A sort of tent stretches out in front to protect the horse. An *araba* is larger and more primitive. If there is a cover at all, it is only a length of reed matting arched across the top. We each crawled into a *mapa* and stretched out as nearly at full length as possible. A swarm of bobbing Chinese lanterns accompanied us through the darkened bazaar. They never fail to remind me of a Japanese print, as they flit along in the dark.

Just outside of town we found the *amban*. He had his rugs spread out in the courtyard of a little house at the roadside, and here we alighted for a parting cup of tea with the inevitable accompanying dish of nuts, raisins, watermelons and variegated colored candies. It is a pretty Chinese custom to speed the parting guest by installing oneself at the wayside where his road leaves town and bidding him there alight for a farewell cup of tea.

To sleep soundly in a *mapa* calls for more than an easy conscience. The ponies are festooned with bells, the ill-fitting wooden joints creak and groan, there is no semblance of a spring, and to add to all, the driver sings or rather shouts out endless monotonous epics. These he checks from time to time to warn his ponies of some peculiarly bad spot in the road. This warning soon assumed a fatal ring in our ears, and we would grab at any available portion of the wagon's anatomy to mitigate the force of the shocks which inevitably followed.

Up to now, there had been but little travel on the roads we traversed. Occasionally a small caravan had passed us on its way to Ayalik where the traders were massing preparatory to the first push across the passes. We had come over far in advance of the legitimately open season and the only caravan which we met en route was the small and sadly decimated one which we passed on the Shyok River. Now, however, we constantly met little groups of men trudging along with laden donkeys or well-fed pack ponies in tow. From Kargali on, we never passed out of sight of cultivation of some sort.

We reached Yarkand after marching two nights and part of one day. We were met



## Steady—through ups and downs

A reserve fund of well-secured bonds will yield a steady secondary income free from the up and down fluctuations of business. The man who owns a diversified list of sound bonds has, in effect, income insurance against emergencies.

That's why forward-looking business men, professional men, salaried men, consistently invest a portion of each year's income in good bonds.

Our offices in more than fifty leading cities are ready to recommend attractive issues which will fit your needs.

## The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

BONDS ACCEPTANCES



SHORT TERM NOTES

## \$1800 FOR A STORY

RECENTLY a writer was paid \$1800 for a single Short Story! By learning to write the stories of her dreams this woman has found her way to fame and fortune. You too can learn at home during spare time WITH OUR COURSE.

### Writers are Needed

There are 24,868 publications, the majority of which buy short stories. High prices are paid for good stories and the demand for stories and photoplays is tremendous. We give **Unlimited Personal Criticism and Manuscript Sales Service**—and help you to sell.

**Students Earn Thousands**  
of dollars—one student alone has earned over \$5000 with her pen since taking our personal training—others earning Big Money Every Day. You can too. Send coupon for **Free Book** and details of our wonderful offer.

HOOSIER INSTITUTE, Dept. 1203, Fort Wayne, Ind.

### Jack London Said:

"I like your simple, direct, straight-from-the-shoulder method of presenting the material. As you have the Short Story Game I feel justified in giving my judgment that your course is excellently comprehensive and practical." He endorsed NO OTHER.

### SPECIAL OFFER NOW ON

HOOSIER INSTITUTE, Short Story Dept. 1203.  
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation kindly send me your book "The Art of Story Writing" and details of your **Special Offer**.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....



TEST FREE



## A Joy Glass

To start the day right  
To eliminate the waste

When you rise in the morning feeling dull, it is probably because the system is clogged with poison and waste.

Eliminate that poison as quickly as you can. This is the easy, pleasant way.

Drink a glass of water, hot or cold. Add a little Jad Salts. That will make a sparkling drink. The result is to flush the intestines.

Don't wait. Don't say, "Tonight I will correct the conditions." A day will be lost. Correct them in an hour.

Then remember that the same results can come any hour of the day. Any hour you need them. They come in a quick, pleasant, gentle way. They come from acids of lemon and grape, combined with lithia, etc.

Let a test show you what Jad Salts mean. It will be a revelation. Send the coupon for a trial—now.

Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc.  
598 Madison Avenue  
New York, Dept. L 2 L  
Mail me a Free Sample of Jad Salts.

## A PERFECT LOOKING NOSE CAN EASILY BE YOURS



M. TRIETY, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist  
Dept. 2597 Binghamton, N. Y.

## Reduce

### A Pound Every Day Nature's Way

EUROPEAN discovery makes it possible to reduce by Nature's most natural method. No diet, no exercise, no drugs. FLORAZONA actually washes away excess flesh through the pores. Simply dip a sponge in the water and apply in your bath; stay in for 15 minutes and one-half pound to one pound of weight melts away!

**FLORAZONA**  
Absolutely Harmless—Nothing Internal  
Physicians, nurses and thousands of users recommend this natural way to reduce. Contains no soap salts, no acids, no drugs. Powerful natural treatments postpaid, including free booklet, only \$1.50. Money back guarantee, at Beauty Parlor, Drug & Department Stores, or send direct to FLORAZONA Corp., Suite HC, 100 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

not only by the present but also by two former *ambans* and the Chinese general in command of the troops. All showed us every courtesy. We made our formal calls upon them that afternoon, riding from residence to residence dressed in our state uniform of tuxedo and opera hat, which always lent a cheerful note. The Aksakal we knew well by name, for he was Abdul Hamid, brother of our friend Abdullah Shah at Leh.

We were quartered a couple of miles from town in a large house set in the midst of a most attractive garden. Here we saw our first goitered gazelle, a handsome buck. In his neck he had a swelling which pulsated as he breathed, reminding one of a well developed Adam's apple. He was bad-tempered and when Cherrie in his anxiety to get a good picture motioned the man who was holding him to loose him, he charged straight at the camera with a savage grunt. Later we came on another pet gazelle at a village named Ak-Dong on the Yarkand-Maral-bashi road, but this second one had a most pleasant and friendly disposition.

A little while before reaching Kargilik we had begun to notice cases of goiter, and these increased steadily in frequency until in Yarkand it seemed as if every other person was afflicted. Even small children of four and five had pronounced goiters, and some of their elders had them fearfully developed. It is said to come from the filthy water that the townfolk drink. A few days out on the Maral-bashi road put us beyond the goiter belt, and at Maral-bashi I only saw one case. Anyone wishing to study the disease would find an unsurpassed field in Yarkand.

We spent three days in Yarkand, making the *bundobust* for the next leg of our journey—that to Aksu. I wandered all through the bazaars. There were three separate ones, all extensive. I saw little of European manufacture. Matches and cigarettes were of Chinese make, the cutlery was mostly made upon the spot. I picked up an old pair of Chinese glasses for a friend, and a plate and some other small objects of jade from Khotan, which is a great jade market. Bazaar life is always interesting and I could watch indefinitely the silversmith, the blacksmith or the shoemaker at work—or the activities of the bake shop. In one of the bazaars there was a shrine to some very holy man, with a centerpiece composed of the largest pair of Ovis Poli horns that I have ever seen. I had no measuring-tape with me, but they must have been well over sixty inches in length measured round the curves.

At Yarkand the expedition split. Cutting went with Feroze to Kashgar to look after our arrangements there, while Cherrie planned to come slowly on to Maral-bashi, stopping a week or more whenever he found a locality where the opportunity for collecting seemed good. Cutting was to join him when he finished at Kashgar, and both were to meet us in the Tekke around the middle of September.

Ted and I hired six arabs and shortly after midnight on the fourteenth of July we piled ourselves and our belongings in them and set out with all the speed feasible for Aksu. We loaded the carts lightly, and hoped to make long marches. Besides Rahima Loon and Khalil we took with us the second cook, Roosala, with Loosie and Sultana. Sultana had received sad news at Yarkand. In a letter to Rahima from Bandipur he heard of the death of one of his children, boy of fourteen. The ravages of cholera had been frightful—more than seven hundred of the villagers had died. Our Kashmiris reminded me of the crew of a New Bedford whaler in the old days, when almost every member was related by marriage or blood. This of course made it sadder still for the Kashmiris, as each one had a relative or close friend to mourn.

We had become much attached to our followers. Ahmad Shah, who was to take charge of Cherrie's caravan, had proved himself a tower of strength. Always efficient, he never complained no matter how long the march

or how difficult the trail. We felt entirely content leaving Cherrie in his capable hands.

Feroze was an undoubted thruster. He could be counted on to go through anywhere. With it all, he had a keen sense of humor and was a merry companion.

The Kashmiris were a patriarchal group, well led by Rahima Loon. A born diplomat, he managed to be ever smoothing our way and yet getting us along with amazing speed, for which he fully realized the necessity. He watched over the finances of the trip with an eagle eye, and saved us many rupees.

Jemal Shah, the veteran cook, we left with Cherrie. He had come through everything smiling and had conjured up most magnificent meals from nowhere, when confronted by what seemed a hopeless insufficiency of time and materials. Just as the arabs were about to start into the black night he ran up and presented us each with a box of matches as a final precaution for our comfort.

Kashmiris are adepts in the art of massage. All Asiatics are firm believers in it. I was once much indebted to this massage. On the way across the passes, while running to adjust a load, I slipped on a stone and threw my knee out so severely that I was for some time unable to put the slightest weight on it. Rahima massaged it for several days, both night and morning, rubbing it with *ghee*—rancid butter—and I was in walking trim again much sooner than I had believed possible. All our followers were most concerned and considerate, and at odd moments would take a turn at massaging the knee. Kadi, the Yarkandi, also tried his hand. They practised both massage and osteopathy upon each other for every ailment from a headache to a stomach-ache.

At Yarkand, we parted with Kadi and his two partners, who had come with us from Leh. All three wished to continue on to the Tian Shan, but Rahima felt that they would be out of their bailiwick and of little use. We had become genuinely attached to Kadi, he was so everlastingly cheerful and hard-working. Short but beautifully proportioned, he had in his movements that resiliency so often seen in a well-conditioned hunting-dog. All day long he would be hurrying from one end of the column to the other, adjusting the loads here and there, helping a fallen pony to regain his footing, and yet, coming into camp at night after the longest day's march, his walk would be as springy as if he were but setting out.

The stretch from Yarkand to Maral-bashi we made in six days, averaging better than twenty-two miles. At the start we had tried night marching, but there was no moon, and the combination of bad roads and evening rainstorms made us feel even the heat of the sun preferable. The *amban* of Yarkand had been most efficient in sending ahead word to the villagers to help us along. He was a keen-faced, slightly built man, evidently accustomed to acting quickly and being obeyed. He warned us that much of the road was under water and that we might find ourselves in difficulties, but promised to give us all assistance possible.

We crossed to the right bank of the river, at Togharghe, fifteen or sixteen miles from Yarkand. Next day we began to get out of the cultivated districts, and passed through a jungle of dwarfed poplar-trees. It looked as if there should be game about, but the natives insisted there was none. It had rained as usual during the night and at sunup the air was delightfully clear. We had a brief glimpse of the Kuru Lurs mountains behind us, their glorious snowy peaks marking the southern horizon. It is only on rare occasions that there is a distant view, for the fine desert sand that has been whirled about by the wind remains suspended in the air and effectively restricts one's vision.

On the third day after starting from Merket Bazaar we crossed back to the left bank of the river, following a jungle trail which had been widened and vastly improved for us at the command of the *amban*. We had with us

two Yarkandi soldiers, one of them an efficient, picturesque fellow, a local prototype of Dugald Dalgetty. Somewhere he had acquired a black slouch hat, and in a bickering had lost a good part of one ear. He was death on straggling and after various fruitless attempts at apathetic resistance on the part of our araba drivers they spruced up and kept in close formation.

We had with us both Cumberland's and Church's accounts of their hunting trips in Turkestan. We found Major Cumberland's the best reading of any of the books on the country. There is no question but that there is far less game now along the trail from Yarkand to Aksu than there was when he was here in 1880; less too than when Church was through, ten years later. Where Cumberland mentioned not once but many times running across the fresh trail of tiger, we could not even hear from the natives that there were tigers in the neighborhood. They would have been only too glad to enlarge upon any such information had there been the slightest foundation on which to build. The local *shikaries* told us that it was too hot and dry at this season—July—but that in another two months the game would return, and such is without a doubt the case.

We were going through with all possible speed, but whenever the local oracles gave us the slightest encouragement we took ponies and got in an early morning's hunt, catching the arabas at noon. We separated, one taking Rahima and the other Khalil. Each time we went out, either one or both of us caught a fleeting glimpse of gazelles. There was never a chance for a shot, for they were as wild as hawks. We saw few recent signs, so the place or time was wrong—perhaps both.

Of other wild life there was not a great deal. During a morning's hunt I counted over a dozen hares. Aside from that day we never saw more than one or two. Duck and geese were plentiful in some of the lagoons and often amazingly tame. Of the pheasants about which Cumberland and Church wrote, we saw not a one. The sole contribution we made to our collection was a brown snake about eighteen inches long, brought in by a native. This was the only snake, dead or alive, which we had seen on the whole expedition up to date.

As a rule we had been sleeping in the dirty, battered caravanserais of the villages where we halted. When we came in late this was a necessity. Whenever it was possible to find a garden near-by, we either had our tent up or laid our sleeping-bags on the ground if the night gave promise of being fine.

Rough and uncertain as was the road, we were traveling along what has been a trade route through countless generations. Marco Polo may well have put up in more than one of the serais in which we stopped. These serais consist of courtyards lined on either side with stalls for cattle, having a number of large rooms in the rear for the use of travelers. Outside these rooms are earthen daises on which we unrolled our sleeping-bags. Sometimes there would be other travelers in our serai and the different groups would squat over their cooking pots plunging their hands into the communal dish. The evening meal over, they would sing spirited ballad songs with a great lilt to them, or lugubrious dirges and indescribably monotonous chants.

After dark much of the glamour of the East was in the serai and its assemblage, which by daylight was obscured by raw ugliness and filth. The night-watches were not always peaceful, for more often than not the fleas bit shrewdly. Once we were set upon by some peculiarly large and savage bug whose attack became only the fiercer the more Keating's powder was strewn about, "and him as big as a donkey," at least so it seemed from the wounds inflicted. Cutting on that occasion fared the worst, for his bites swelled and started to fester. It may be understood, therefore, why we preferred our unromantic tents to the age-old serais.



*She doesn't fear the dentist*

Wise men and women go to the dentist at least twice a year for a thorough mouth inspection. They don't put off the dental appointment until forced to seek relief from pain and the dentist has to hurt. If you see your dentist in time he can keep your teeth and gums healthy and may prevent serious illness.

## *Neglect punishes* FOUR out of FIVE

Failure to take a few simple precautions lets pyorrhea, dread disease of the gums, become entrenched in the mouths of four out of five at forty, and many younger, according to dental statistics.

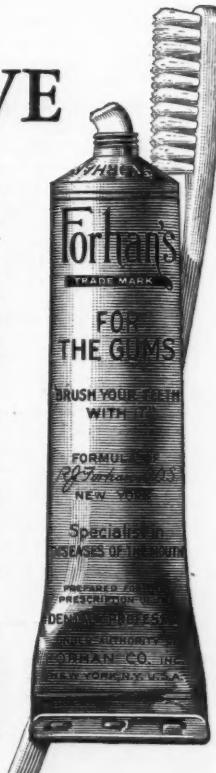
Start today to brush teeth and gums night and morning with Forhan's if you would be with the lucky who escape pyorrhea's ravages. Forhan's firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It doesn't give this insidious infection chance to steal upon you.

If you have tender bleeding gums go to your dentist immediately for treatment and use Forhan's regularly. The chances are your own dentist will recommend it. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid dentists use to combat pyorrhea.

Besides safeguarding your health, Forhan's is a pleasant tasting dentifrice that gives the teeth perfect cleansing, and forestalls decay.

Include Forhan's in your daily hygiene for your health's sake. Pyorrhea is no respecter of persons. Four out of five is its grim count. At all drugists', 35c and 60c in tubes.

*Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. • Forhan Company, New York*



**Forhan's**  
**FOR THE GUMS**

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



## Ignorance of physical facts never brought happiness

UNLESS there is frank discussion, there can be no real enlightenment on a subject such as feminine hygiene. The recent advances in this branch of hygiene have all come about as an answer to one existing evil. And that is the *evil of poisonous antisepsics*. Every physician and nurse is familiar with the effects when delicate tissues come in contact with bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid. Yet until lately there was no other recourse for fastidious women who demanded an efficient and true surgical cleanliness.

### Every woman has reason to welcome Zonite

But no longer need a woman risk the effects of dangerous poisons for the purpose of feminine hygiene. No longer need she fear accidental poisoning in the home. For now she has *Zonite*. This powerful antiseptic-germicide is a remarkable achievement to contemplate. *Though absolutely non-poisonous*, *Zonite* is more than forty times as strong as peroxide of hydrogen and far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on the human body.

No wonder, then, that *Zonite* has been welcomed with satisfaction. A powerful antiseptic which, in its many uses, is harmless to human tissue! Dentists are using it widely for preventive oral hygiene. Suggestion: ask your physician's opinion of *Zonite*.

Send for dainty booklet on feminine hygiene, frankly written. *Zonite Products Co.*, Postum Bldg., 250 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto.

*In bottles, 25c, 50c and \$1  
at drug stores*

*Slightly higher in Canada*

*If your druggist cannot supply you, send 25c direct to the *Zonite Products Co.**



*Zonite Products Co., Woman's Div.  
Postum Bldg., 250 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.*

*I should like to have a free copy of the illustrated booklet you have prepared.  
(G-11)*

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

The village musicians usually gathered in the serai. An average band consisted of one or more small drums, a tambourine and various stringed instruments resembling a mandolin, the largest having a body with a stem six feet long. Sometimes the musicians sang, sometimes not, and often a man would jump up and dance. Music as a profession is not much more highly considered in Yarkand than in Ladakh, where the musician ranks lower than the blacksmith or tinsmith—indeed he is almost the lowest class of all.

The best dancing that I saw was in Kargilik. The men who had performed at the *amban's* levee were afterwards gathered in a secluded spot in the garden under some apricot-trees. They started again for their own amusement and there I found them and enjoyed their dancing even more than I had at the *tamasha*. One man would dance for a while and then he would select another from the surrounding circle, and hale him out. They covered their hands with their long sleeves just as one sees in the jade statue of a Kien-Lung dancing-girl.

At Maral-bashi we again unearthed our worn and weary tuxedos and topped off with our opera hats, returning the *amban's* call, mounted on two ambitious ponies. We succeeded in hurrying through without waiting over the usual day. We left on the afternoon following our arrival, having first lunched with the *amban* and two other Chinese officials.

The *amban* was courtesy itself and sent on two soldiers to take the place of those that came with us from Yarkand—also two local boys to see that we had our wants supplied in the villages through which we passed.

The bazaar of Maral-bashi is one long street, lined with the usual bake shops, butcher shops and all other shops with their display of gimcracks of every kind. There were many birds in cages, more than in any other bazaar through which we had yet passed. There were quail, desert larks and finches, but the red-legged chukor appeared the favorite. One morning on the road we met a troop of six donkeys. On one was a man with a fat small boy perched in front of him, on another was his wife; while strapped on each of the other four were bobbing along four birds in their cages.

Our araba drivers had needed urging on the road to Maral-bashi, when they often wished to stop short of our proposed march. They had also tried to persuade us to stay over at Maral-bashi on the plea of sick horses. Now they apparently had decided that the best thing to do was to hurry through to Aksu and get rid of us, for of their own accord they made amazingly good time. We were only six days on the road, averaging twenty-four miles a day.

Our horses were excellent, all of them stallions, and in fine shape. An araba is drawn by any number of horses, from one to four, according to the load or the fancy of the driver. The wheel horses were most intelligent. They would back into place between the shafts merely at the spoken word, and they would shift from right to left on the road at their driver's command. There were no reins. A single rope was attached to the bit of each horse, but it was rarely used.

An araba is not a comfortable conveyance for man, but unquestionably we made better time and at far less expense than we could have done with a pack-train. Our six arabas took us nearly three hundred miles for about eighty-five dollars. We would have needed fifteen pack ponies. We had one araba for the dogs—they could never have got through the long hot marches on foot, and we particularly wished to fatten them up for the hunting ahead. They had got very thin during the trek across the passes, but soon began to put on weight and cover their ribs. In the arabas we either lay on our bedding rolls or sat cross-legged upon them. When the road was sandy

we read for a while, but our eyes tired easily and an ear had to be kept open for the "Oowah! Oowah!" with which the drivers encouraged their trains across the particularly rough spots in the road. Ted put in most of his time upon the Bible and Shakespeare, while I had a more varied diet—three plays of Molière, Lover's "Handy Andy" and "Westward Ho!"

There was more waste-land on the Aksu road. For two days in the neighborhood of Yakka Kudak, we passed through almost continuous desert. Once for several miles the whole surface of the land to a depth of eight feet had been bodily removed and deposited elsewhere by the wind. Numerous hummocks, held together by roots of dead trees perched on the summit, attested to the former earth level and gave the place an eerie appearance.

Whenever we had the slightest encouragement from the natives we went off in search of gazelle, but without success. When planning the expedition, we decided that to bring any shot-gun other than Cherrie's collecting guns would involve too serious an addition in weight. What we should have taken along was a 40 pump gun. The shells are light and it would have been powerful enough to secure specimens and provide variation in our diet which is all we required on an expedition of this sort.

Five or six miles before reaching Yanghishar, we crossed the Aksu river. Here we halted to wash off the dust of travel—and looking at the water it seemed doubtful whether we would wash more off or on.

The natives were much upset at our going in, saying the Krim would get us. At first I thought they must mean crocodiles, although I had never heard of them being found in Turkestan, but it was not that, or a fish, or a snake. It was described as having four legs and biting you and carrying you off—more than this they could or would not tell us.

After our swim we dressed as usual in evening clothes and opera hats. We sent the arabas on and arranged for riding ponies. We always felt like waiters in a very second-class restaurant, but unquestionably these clothes served a good purpose, for the officials felt that dirty or not the intention to do honor was there.

During the ride we realized that we were once more in the goiter belt. The little babies were a sad sight.

A lovely garden had been prepared for us, the best kept one which we had yet seen. Carpets and *numnahs* were spread and on tables were fresh and dried fruits, together with the inevitable nuts, raisins and sugar candy. The muskmelons were delicious and here we were first given watermelons. The apricot season was over. There were peaches, small but good, and a glossy red fruit, a cross between apricot and peach, which didn't appear to be ripe, but which was eaten by everyone. There were grapes of different varieties, but all were green as yet.

Yanghishar is the Chinese city of Aksu, lying about five miles from the native city. In Yanghishar the *dotai* or governor of the province resides as well as the lieutenant governor and the local *amban*. Each had some species of European carriage, ranging from a fiacre to a Russian *troika* on wheels. The latter was sent to convey us to the *dotai's* residence, where we went through a dinner of innumerable courses.

The *dotai* was a big jovial man. Had we had a common language, we would have thoroughly enjoyed the time with him. The *dotai* was an efficient executive; he made up his mind quickly and acted immediately. When he told us arrangements for our march into the Tekke would be completed without delay, we felt that we had nothing to worry about.

After a night in Yanghishar, we moved on to Aksu to complete the arrangements for the next leg of the expedition, for we were eager to reach the promised land of big game.

*Further adventures of the Roosevelts in their search for the rare Ovis Poli in romantic Central Asia will be related by Theodore Roosevelt in an early issue*

## With the Best Intentions

(Continued from page 29)

able to serve you. You are free to call on me by telephone whenever you care to."

"I won't never forget it," she would reply. "Well, good-by, Jerry."

It never happened more than twice a year, sometimes only once in a year as they—these years—kept on mounting up.

They mounted up until Dyketon had increased herself from a sprawled-out county-seat into a city of the second class. She had 100,000 inhabitants now—only eighty-three according to the notoriously inadequate federal census figures, but fully 100,000 by the most conservative estimates of the Board of Trade.

New blood was quick and rampant in Dyketon's commercial arteries and new leaders had risen up in this quarter or that, but two outstanding figures of the former times still were outstanding. On all customary counts Mr. Jerome Bracken was the best man in town and old Queenie Sears the worst woman. He led all in eminence, she distanced the field in iniquity. By every standard he was at the very top. Nobody disputed her evil hold on the bottom-most place of all. Between those heights of his gentility and those depths of her indecency there was a space of a million miles that seemed to any imagination unbridgeable; at least that seemed so to Dyketon's moralists, provided they ever coupled the honored president of the State Bankers' Association and the abandoned strumpet of Front Street in the same thought, which was improbable.

A certain day was a great day for him who was used to great days. But this one, by reason of two things, was really a day above other great days. In the same issue of the Dyketon Morning Sun appeared, at the top of the social notes, an announcement of his daughter's engagement to Mr. Thomas H. Scopes III, a distinguished member of one of the oldest families in town, and, on the front page, his own announcement as an aspirant for the Republican nomination for United States Senator.

Until now he had put by all active political ambitions. From time to time, tempting prospects of office-holding had come to him; he had waved them aside. But now, his private fortune having passed the mark of two millions, his business being geared to run practically on its own momentum and smoothly, he felt, and his formal card to the voters so stated, that he might with possible profit to the commonwealth devote the energies of his seasoned years to public service as a public servant. Quote: If the people by the expression of their will at the approaching primaries indicated him as the choice of his party for this high position, then so be it; his opponent would find him ready for the issue. End quote.

All the morning and all the afternoon until he left his office he was receiving the congratulations of associates and well-wishers upon Miss Bracken's engagement and likewise upon his own decision to run for Senator. His desk telephone was jingling constantly. He stopped in at his club on the way home—the Metropolis Club it was, and the most exclusive one in town—and there he held a sort of levee. Whole-hearted support was promised him by scores, literally. The most substantial men in the whole city gathered about him, endorsing him for the step he had taken and pledging themselves to work for him and predicting his easy nomination and his equally easy election. The state generally went Republican.

Under this barrage of applause Mr. Bracken unbent somewhat, showing more warmth, more geniality, than he had shown anywhere for a good long while. He did not unbend too far, though, but just far enough.

The club cynic, an aged and petulant retired physician, watching the scene in the club library from his regular seat by the tall marble

# Less Hair in the Comb more Hair on the Head

A very few treatments will show you how surely and easily you can check falling hair, dandruff and itching scalp with

## GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE MEDICINE

This well known healing medicine thoroughly cleans the scalp, pores, and oil ducts—restores the lustre to the hair and stimulates and strengthens the hair roots.

Its regular use keeps hair and scalp in a healthy condition and is a safeguard against dandruff and falling hair which threaten everyone constantly.

**GLOVER'S Imperial Medicated Soap**  
is a valuable companion to Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine and is a most effective shampoo.

For sale at Druggists', Barbers', and Hairdressers'.

### Write for Free Book

"How to have Beautiful Hair and a Healthy Scalp"  
by Dr. H. Clay Glover

Address Dept. AB39, H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc., 119-121 Fifth Ave., New York City

## Avoid Imitations



### "DON'T SHOUT"



### DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Write for Free Booklet containing testimonials of users all over the country. It describes causes of deafness; tells how to cure why the MORLEY PHONE affords relief. Over one hundred thousand sold.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 755, 10 S. 18th St., Phila.

For information about NURSES' TRAINING SCHOOLS of national reputation consult

THE COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT  
119 West 40th Street  
New York City



## No-Blur FOR WINDSHIELDS

### Apply Twice A Year

You can now have real and permanent relief from the danger and uncertainty of driving "blinded" behind a rain-blurred windshield every time it rains. Simply apply NO-BLUR on your windshield at intervals and you are always ready for Jupiter Pluvius. Whether spring showers or drenching downpours, NO-BLUR assures perfect vision through the ENTIRE windshield. NO-BLUR is a clear liquid compound. You can't even see it on your windshield after it is applied and you wouldn't know it was there but for its miraculous action each time it rains. No oil or grease to collect dust. One application lasts six months—will not wear or wash off. Even though your car is equipped with a mechanical windshield wiper you will welcome the safety and convenience of being able to see clearly through the entire windshield instead of a seat semi-circle. NO-BLUR comes complete with cloths for applying. Each can contains enough for several semi-annual applications. Price \$1 at accessory dealers or sent postpaid to any address. The best dollar you ever spent.

STANDARD SALES CO., Distributor,  
Dept. C., Memphis, Tenn.

# It's Genuine if it's an ALBRIGHT RUBBERSET

No imitation can withstand the test of hard, continuous use or even abuse like the ALBRIGHT RUBBERSET Shaving Brush, and still retain all its bristles.

Imitations have adroitly simulated the Rubberset name and appearance—but one thing they cannot imitate successfully is ALBRIGHT RUBBERSET Quality and Endurance.

A Product  
of  
RUBBERSET CO.  
Newark, N. J.



Only ALBRIGHT  
can make a *Genuine*  
RUBBERSET

## GRAY HAIR

If you have gray, faded, streaked hair or hair ruined by dyes, we'll stamp it free before the process of Bleaching. Tells how to banish gray hair in 15 minutes in privacy of your own home by a reliable French method.

MONSIEUR L. PIERRE VALLIGNY

34 West 58th Street, Dept. 121 New York

## YOUR CLOTHES TALK ABOUT YOU

Every hour—every where, your clothes say of you, "She's beautiful"—or "She's old fashioned"—or "She's poor." Now you can be expensively and fashionably gowned at low cost.

Have Beautiful Clothes  
MONSIEUR At Low Cost  
Send for my Free Book "Fashion Secrets." See how you can  
earn money by selling  
USEFUL distinctive dresses

57 hats at the price of one ordinary, factory "store" kind.

I Guarantee 100% Improvement

100% improvement in your appearance through "Nu Way" Training, or it don't cost you a penny! The entire cost of the course at the Fashion Institute back me in this guarantee.

3 OUTFITS  
IN  
SURPRISE  
OFFER

Lifetime English Training  
Bulletin—also Three Working Outfits absolutely  
Free of extra charge. Get all facts today.

Be Fashionably Dressed—like EARN MONEY  
MONSIEUR At Low Cost

If you're between the ages of 15 and 60—can read and write plain English—if you want to be a fashionably governed woman earn a splendid income—call or write for my Free Book. I'll send you PROOF. No obligation. Get it now.

**FASHION  
BOOK**

MAIL THIS FOR FREE FASHION BOOK

Vera Griffin Moody  
Director of Instruction  
The Fashion INSTITUTE  
Dept. 326, 1925 Summerville  
Ave., Chicago

Send me your Free Book "Fashion Secrets" and full particulars of "Nu Way" Training, without any obligation on my part.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss \_\_\_\_\_

fireplace, remarked under his voice to the first deputy club cynic who now bore him company and who would succeed him on his death:

"Haughty as hell, even now, ain't he? Notice this, Ike—he's not acknowledging the enthusiasm of that flock of bootlickers that are swarming around him yonder, he's merely accepting it as his proper due. What does the man think he is anyhow—God Almighty?"

"Humph!" answered the deputy. "You rate our budding statesman too low. Down in that Calvinistic soul of his he may sometimes question the workings of the Divine Scheme, but you bet he never has questioned his own omnipotence—the derned money-changing pouter pigeon. Look at him, all reared back there with one hand on his heart and the other on his coattails—like a steel engraving of Daniel Webster!"

"Not on his heart, Ike," corrected the chief cynic grimly; "merely on the place where his heart would be if he had any heart. He had one once, I guess, but from disuse it's withered up and been absorbed into the system. Remember, don't you, how just here the other week he clamped down on poor old Hank Needham and squeezed the last cent out of him? He'll win, though, mark my words on it. He always has had his way and he'll keep on having it. Lord, Lord, and I can remember when we used to send real men to Washington from this state—human he-men, not glorified dollar-grabbers always looking for the main chance . . . Given half a show, Hank Needham could have come back; now he's flat busted and he'll be dead in six months, or I miss my guess."

These isolated two—the official crab and his understudy—were the only men in the room, barring club servants, who remained aloof from the circle surrounding the candidate. They bided on where they were, eying him from under their drooped eyelids when, at the end of a happy hour, he passed out, a strong, erect, soldierly man in his ripening fifties. Then, together, they both grunted eloquently.

In a fine glow of contentment Jerome Bracken walked to his house. He wanted the exercise, he wanted to be alone for a little while with his optimism.

He was almost home when a city hospital ambulance hurried past him, its gong clangling for passage in the traffic of early evening. Just after it got by he saw a white-coated interne and a policeman wrestling with somebody who seemed to be fastened down to a stretcher in the interior of the motor, and from that struggling somebody he heard delirious outcries in a voice that was feminine and yet almost too coarsened and thick to be feminine.

Vaguely itirked him that even for a passing moment this interruption should break in on his thoughts. But no untoward thing disturbed the household harmony that night. There, as at the office, the bell on the telephone kept ringing almost constantly, and, being answered, the telephone yielded only felicitating words from all and sundry who had called up.

A man who had no shadow of earthly doubt touching on his destinies slept that night in Jerome Bracken's bed. And if he dreamed we may be well assured that his dreams were untroubled by specters of any who had besought him for mercy and had found it not. A conscience that is lapped in eider-down is nearly always an easy conscience.

It was the fifth day after the next day when, with no warning whatsoever, Jerome Bracken got smashed all to flinders. He was in his office at the rear of the bank going over the morning mail—it mostly was letters written by friendly partisans over the state, including one from the powerful national committeeman for the state—when without knocking, his lawyer, Mr. Richard Griffin, opened the door and walked in followed by his local political manager, who also happened to be the local political boss. The faces of both wore looks of a grave uneasiness, the manners of both were concerned and unhappy.

"Morning, gentlemen," said Mr. Bracken. "What is pressing down on your minds this fine day?"

Yankee-fashion, Mr. Griffin answered the question by putting another.

"Bracken," he said, "how long have you been knowing this woman, Queenie Sears?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Bracken sharply.

"What I say. How long have you known her? And how well?"

"I don't understand you, Dick." The other's tone was angry. "And by what right do you assume—"

"Bracken," snapped Griffin sharply, "I'm here as a man who's been your lifelong friend—you must know that. And Dorgan here has come with me in the same capacity—as a friend of yours. This thing is serious. It's damned serious. It's likely to be about the most serious thing that ever happened to you. I'll repeat the question and I'm entitled to a fair, frank answer: How long have you been acquainted with Queenie Sears?"

In his irate bewilderment Mr. Bracken could think of but one plausible explanation for this incredible inquiry. He started up from his chair. He almost shouted it.

"Has that dirty, libelous, scandal-mongering rag of an afternoon paper down the street had the effrontery this early in the campaign to attempt to besmirch my character? If it has I'll—"

"Not yet!" For the first time the politician was taking a hand in the talk. "But it will—before sundown tonight. Catch a Democrat outfit passing up a bet like this! Sweet chance!" He looked toward the lawyer. "You better tell him, Griffin," he said with a certain gloomy decision. "Then when you're through I'll have my little say-so."

"Probably that would be best," agreed Griffin resignedly. "Sit down, won't you, Bracken? I'm going to hand you a pretty hard blow right in the face."

His amazement growing, Mr. Bracken sat down. Through what painfully followed, the other two continued to stand.

"Bracken," stated Griffin, "I'll start at the beginning. Something like a week ago this notorious woman, Queenie Sears, was taken from her dive down on the river shore to the municipal infirmary. She had delirium tremens—was raving crazy. She'd had them before, it appears, but this attack was the last one she'll ever have. Because it killed her—that and a weak heart and bad kidneys and a few other complications, so the doctors say. Anyhow, she's dead. She died about an hour ago.

"Well, early this morning her mind cleared up for a little while. They told her she was going, which she probably knew for herself, and advised her to put her worldly affairs—if she had any—in order. It seems she had considerable worldly affairs to put in order, which was a surprise. It seems from what she said that she had upwards of hundred and fifty thousand dollars, all in gilt-edged securities, all tucked away in a safe-deposit box, and all of it, every red cent of it, coined from the blood and the sweat and the degradations of fallen women. No need for us to go into that now. Enough people will be only too glad to go into it when the news leaks out!"

"As I say, they told her at the hospital that she was dying. So she asked for a lawyer and they got one—a young fellow named Dean that's lately opened up an office. And he came and she made her will and it was signed in the presence of witnesses and will be offered for probate without delay. Trust some of our friends of the opposition to attend promptly to that detail. And, Bracken—take it steady, man—Bracken, she left every last miserable cent of that foul tainted one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to you."

"What!" The cry issued from Bracken's throat in a gulping shriek.

"I'm saying she left it all to you. I've just seen the will. So has Dorgan. I sent for him as soon as the word reached me about half an hour ago and we went together and read

the infernal thing. It says—I can almost quote it verbatim—that she's leaving it to you because for thirty-six years you've been her best friend and really her only friend and her one disinterested adviser. And furthermore because—with almost her dying breath she said it—because you were solely instrumental in helping her to save and preserve her earnings . . . God, but that's been hard! Now then, Dorgan, it's your turn to speak."

So Dorgan spoke, and briefly. Five minutes later, from the door on the point of departure, he was repeating with patience, in almost the soothsaying parental tone one might use to an ailing and unreasonable child, what already he had said at least twice over to that stricken figure slumped in the chair at the big desk.

"Sure," he was saying, "I'll believe you, and Griffin here, he'll believe you—ain't he just promised you he would? and there's maybe five or six others will believe you—but who else is goin' to take your word against what it says in black and white in that paper? And her lookin' into the open grave when she told 'em to set it down? Nope, Bracken, you're through, and it's only a mercy to you that I'm comin' here to be the first one to tell you are. You can explain till you're black in the face and you can refuse to touch that dough till the end of time, or you can give it to charity—if you're lucky enough to find a charity that'll take it—but, Bracken, it's been hung around your neck like a grindstone and it was a dead woman's hands that hung it there and it makes you altogether too heavy a load for any political organization to carry—you see that yourself, don't you? And so, Bracken, you're through!"

But to Bracken's ears now the words came dimly, meaning little. Where he was huddled, he foresaw as with an eye for prophecy things coming to pass much as they truly did come to pass. He saw his wife—how well he knew that lukewarm lady who was not lukewarm in her animosities nor yet in her suspicions!—saw her closing a door of enduring contempt forever between them; he saw the breaking-off of his daughter's engagement to that young Scopes, who was the third bearer of an honored name, and his daughter despising him as the cause for her humiliation and her wrecked ambitions; he saw himself thrown out of his church, thrown out of his bank, thrown out of all those pleasant concerns in which he had joyed and from which he had rendered the sweet savors of achievement and of creation. He saw himself being cut, being ignored, by those who had been glad to kowtow before him for his favor; being elbowed aside as though he were a thing unclean and leprous.

He heard, not Dorgan passing a compassionate but relentless sentence on him and his dearest of all hopes, but rather he seemed to hear the scornful laughter of unregenerate elderly libertines, rejoicing at the downfall of an offending brother exposed at his secret sins; and he seemed to hear derisive voices speaking—"Walking so straight up reared backwards, and all the time—" "Well, well, well, the church is certainly the place for a hypocrite to hide himself in, ain't it?" "Acting like butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, but now just look at him!" "His life was an open book till they found where the dark pages were stuck together, he, he, he!" Thus and so he heard the scoffing voices speaking. He heard aright too, and as his head went down, down into his hands, he tasted in anticipation a draft too bitter for human strength to bear.

Griffin was another who did not hear the third repetition of Dorgan's judgment. He had gone on ahead like a man anxious to quit a noisome sick-room and to one of the assistant cashiers in the outer office he was saying:

"I'd advise you to get your chief to go on home and lie down awhile. It might also be a good idea to call up his family doctor and get him to drop over here right away. From the looks of him, Mr. Bracken's not a well man. He's had a shock—a profound shock. His nerves might give way, I'd say, any minute. I'm afraid he's in for a very, very hard time!"

# Amazing 10-minute test ends foot and leg pains —or costs you nothing

**Millions have found a new way to have strong, normal and shapely feet. No more pains and aches. We invite you to try it. Specialists urge that you do. If pains fail to disappear the test is free.**

ONCE again science adds joy to living by a new discovery. And this discovery is so far-reaching that it will benefit no less than twenty million people.

Almost everyone at different times suffers from aching, painful feet and legs. Many think their pains result from being tired or that they come from rheumatism, sciatica or other similar diseases. But in thousands of cases there is an even more serious cause. Only recently has science discovered it.

#### When certain muscles weaken

The foot is composed of innumerable muscles, sensitive nerves and tiny bones.

The bones are arranged to form two arches. One is a hidden arch few people know about, extending across the foot from the little to the big toes. The other extends along the foot from heel to toes, composing the instep. It is the function of the muscles to hold the bones forming these arches in place.

Now, say the specialists, modern shoes, and other things too, cause the muscles to weaken. As a result the bones spread from overstrain and arches sag.

The forward arch falls first, throwing the entire foot structure out of balance. Then the instep breaks down and completely gives way. Bones crush delicate blood vessels and sensitive nerves. Pain is unbearable.

#### Science corrects misplacements Nature heals and strengthens Pains vanish like magic

Difficult as this might seem to correct, science has found a simple yet astonishingly effective remedy. To strengthen the muscles exercise is necessary. So science provides a thin, strong, super-elastic band to assist the muscles in holding the bones in place. It takes the pressure off the nerves and helps nature strengthen the muscles through constant daily use. This band is the Jung Arch Brace. The secret of its success lies in its correct tension, in its scientific contour and design.

Rigid supports merely offer temporary relief and tend to further weaken the muscles by supplanting their natural functions. But this soft, pliable band can soon be discarded entirely, so quickly does it do its work. And from the instant you slip it on you can dance, run, walk or stand without the slightest pain.

So light and thin is this band that it can be worn with the sheerest hose, the tightest and most stylish high-heeled shoes. Physicians say

that it is the one scientific way to restore the natural structure of the foot. They urge you to make the test offered you here, without delay.



Specialists urge this new scientific way.  
You test it in your own home.

#### End These Pains



Pains, aches or cramping in  
calf of leg and knee.



Pains or aches in ankle,  
heel, arch or instep.



Pains or cramps in toes,  
callouses on ball of foot,  
swelling causing bunions.

Other Symptoms: Tired,  
aching, burning sensations.  
Shooting pains when stepping  
on uneven surfaces.  
Shoes feel uncomfortable  
and seem too small. Feet  
become sensitive.

#### Make this amazing 10-minute test

Go to any druggist, shoe dealer or chiropodist and be fitted with a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Make the free test. If not delighted with the instant and lasting relief, take them back and every penny will be returned.

If your dealer hasn't them, we will supply you. With a strip of paper  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch wide, and with foot off floor, send us measure around the smallest part of your instep, where the forward edge of the brace is shown in the circle diagram; or send us size and width of shoe.

We will send you a pair of Jung's Arch Braces ("Wonder" style). Simply pay the postman \$1 and postage.

For people having long or thick feet, for stout people or in severe cases, we recommend our "Miracle" style, extra wide, \$1.50. Wear them two weeks. If not delighted, return them and we will send every penny back immediately.

#### Write for this Free Book

Write to us for our free book, illustrated with X-ray views of feet. Tells all about the cause and correction of foot troubles. How to stop foot and leg pains.

© J. A. B. Co. 1926

**THE JUNG ARCH BRACE CO.,**  
123 Jung Building, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me a pair of Jung Arch Braces in style checked:

Wonder Style, \$1.00  
 Miracle Style, \$1.50

I will pay postman the above price and postage. My money to be returned if not satisfied. I enclose foot measure, or shoe size.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

P. O. \_\_\_\_\_ State. \_\_\_\_\_



**JUNG'S**  
The Original  
**ARCH BRACES**

End foot pains in 10 minutes

# SALESMEN!

## You Can Make \$500<sup>00</sup> a Month Selling Fyr-Fyters

WE have many men all over the country making even more than this—so can you! Fyr-Fyters men are successful because we train them. The business is dignified, profitable and permanent. Our products are approved by Underwriters' Laboratories, Insurance Authorities, Fire Chiefs, Government Bureaus, etc. They are advertised in big national publications, which bring plenty of "leads" for our men.

### WE TRAIN YOU!

Previous selling experience, while helpful, is not necessary. Our Sales Training Department helps you to make money your first week. No capital required as we make all deliveries and collections. Your pay starts at once. Fyr-Fyters sell in stores, factories, schools, hotels, homes, garages, to auto owners, farmers, etc. To become a Fyr-Fyter man is the first step toward success. Be in your section. Write today for inside details and free outfit offer.



### SHORT-STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Eseenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of *The Writer's Manual* free. Write today.

**THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL**  
Springfield, Mass.

Dr. Eseenwein  
Dept. 45

## Diamonds Watches

**CASH OR CREDIT**

**LOFTIS BROS. & CO., LTD.**

Diamonds such as your heart is always—exquisite—diamonds for their fine quality, purity of color, and dazzling radiance—all set in the latest style solid gold mountings! It's easy to buy a Diamond Ring on the Loftis credit plan. All goods shipped on first payment of 10%—balance on easy weekly, semi-monthly or monthly credit terms at your convenience.

**Free! Big Diamond Book**

Big 132 Page Diamond Book sent you absolutely free—the obligation. Over 2000 illustrations of amazing bargains in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, etc., on easy credit. Write today.

**Wrist Watch**  
—No. 639—  
14-K white gold  
case engraved  
case, green  
Wingends. Silver  
dial. High grade  
\$30. \$3 down and  
\$1 a week \$1 a week

**17-Jewel Elgin—No. 15—**  
Green gold. Elgin Watch.  
case; 12 size; 12  
dial. High grade  
\$30. \$3 down and  
\$1 a week \$1 a week

**Established 1888**  
The Old Reliable Original Credit Jewelers  
Stores in Leading Cities  
Dept. 1882. 108 North State Street, Chicago, Ill.

**Radio Fans**—Listen in on WHT every Tuesday night from 7 to 7:30; every Friday night from 10:30, central standard time. Loftis Bros. & Co.'s hour of music.

## The Understanding Heart (Continued from page 25)

near edge of the little meadow she paused behind a madroña-tree, rested her rifle across a low limb and waited.

"Not a bear," she decided presently, for her horse had disillusioned her again. Following his first slight momentary apprehension, a mild curiosity had impelled him to walk gingerly across the meadow toward the sound. Monica waited. Presently another twig snapped, there was a crash of crushed, bending shrubbery, the thud of a falling body. The horse snorted and retreated a few yards.

"A man," Monica decided. "I wonder if he has designs on my horse." She carefully withdrew the soft-nosed cartridge from the breech and slipped a cartridge with a steel-jacketed bullet into its place. "No use to dum dum him," she reflected.

A gasping, sobbing exhalation came from the edge of the timber—a sound indicative of exhaustion and despair. "Hum-m-m" the girl soliloquized. "Some fool stranger in these parts has lost himself in the tall timber and the fog has complicated matters for him. He's been wandering around until he is weak and exhausted."

A man emerged from the timber and stood staring at the horse—and that this man was weak and far spent was evident, for he stood weaving from side to side before extending his hand to the animal and saying: "Whoa, boy! Steady, little horse! I'm not going to hurt you." He staggered slowly toward the animal, his voice soothing it with endearments.

Monica watched him with interest when, upon reaching the gentle animal, he reached cautiously up and grasped the mane with one hand while with the other he patted the neck, his hand creeping steadily forward until his fingers closed over the head-stall. Then, from his pocket, he produced a short section of heavy twine, fashioned a rude pair of reins and led the horse to an adjacent tree-stump, to the summit of which he climbed laboriously, swung the horse in alongside the stump and flopped weakly over onto him. For perhaps ten seconds he lay across the animal's back, his legs kicking feebly; then with a supreme effort he straddled the animal and turned him directly up the hill toward the gate in the wire fence that enclosed the meadow.

Monica met him at the gate and opened it, without being observed by the stranger, for his head was sunk low on his breast and his eyes were closed. He was letting the horse have his head. The man's face was covered with a week-old stubble of blond whisker; it was foul with grime and blood and perspiration and even at a walk he appeared to keep his seat with difficulty.

"Well, my friend," Monica addressed him casually, "I must say it's kind of you to bring my horse home four hours before he was ready to come of his own free will."

The rider opened his weary, bloodshot eyes and jerked erect. He was looking down a rifle barrel held unwaveringly at his head.

"Oh, it's you—Monica," he murmured in a hoarse, constricted voice. "Thank God! I was helping myself to your horse—wanted to get as far as Uncle Charley Canfield's place—and then I would have turned him loose. He would have come back to you. Mountain horses always do, Monica."

"Who are you?" the girl demanded.

"I'm Bob Mason—and I'm on the run. Got away from the road gang over in Del Norte County three days ago. It's wrong of me—broke the honor system—couldn't help it—the trees and the hills over yonder put the notion in my fool head—and the Siskiyou kept calling clear across the state. I knew if I could make it to my own hills I'd be safe with my friends."

"You're safe, Bob, you poor boy," the girl answered and lowered her rifle. "You're up on Bogus and my cabin is only two hundred yards away. I'm the new forest service lookout. Been here for a year."

Bob Mason lifted his weary head in a listening attitude. "Listen!" he commanded.

From afar in the valley below the unmistakable belling of hounds came out of the fog.

"Bloodhounds," the man gasped. "They're trailing me with dogs. Oh, Monica, don't give me up until I've seen the baby!"

"Don't worry. They'll never get you, Bob."

"But the hounds—they'll trail me to where I mounted the horse—"

"Maybe," said Monica Dale enigmatically, and took the horse by the halter. Up the hill to her cabin she led him and before the open door she paused. "Slide off into my arms, Bob. I can manage you," she urged. "Can't leave a trail, you know. There!"

She grasped him by the legs and with his body over her strong young shoulders she carried him into the cabin and laid him on her bed in a rear room. From a two-gallon demijohn she poured a full glass of whisky and held it to his trembling lips.

"That's some of Uncle Charley's famous old brand of moonshine," she told him gaily. "The wicked old man laid that down the year before Prohibition went into effect. Drink it, Bob. It'll buck you up. Now lie down while I start the fire and heat you some soup."

"Those dogs!" he protested. "They're coming fast."

"I'll attend to them. They're five miles away. Don't worry."

She had a fire going in a little wood-stove in two minutes and presently the hunted man was gratefully imbibing the soup she had heated and wolfing down slice after slice of bread. When he had finished the girl removed his worn boots, washed his face and spread a double woolen blanket over him.

"Nothing wrong with you that a few square meals and twenty-four hours of sleep will not cure," she assured him gaily. "Now for those dogs! And whatever you do, Bob, don't snore."

She went out, closing and locking the bedroom door behind her, led her horse to the barn, saddled and bridled him and with her rifle in the scabbard swung along under the sweat-leather, she headed down through the meadow in the direction of the sheriff's posse. The hounds were belling at more frequent intervals now—infallible evidence that the trail was getting warmer and warmer.

A mile below her cabin Monica halted and dismounted. The sounds of pursuit were coming closer at a rate that, to the mountain-bred girl, wise in the lore of the silent places and a past master in the woodman's science of deduction, made the conditions of the pursuit as apparent to her as if the fog did not obscure them. Suddenly the belling of the hounds swelled furiously and continuously.

Monica nodded wisely. "That sheriff has come to the conclusion Bob isn't more than a mile ahead of him," she soliloquized. "Pretty wise sheriff, but he doesn't figure on Monica Dale. He's cast his dogs off the leash—he's not following them afoot any more. The posse has taken to horse. I can hear them galloping and calling to each other—they're spreading out. Well, the hounds will be far ahead of them coming up the slope of Bogus, no matter how hard they ride. Idiots! They're expecting the hounds will tree Bob and hold him until they get up. Guess they know he isn't armed. Steady, little horse! We're going to do some shooting in about three minutes."

She led out to an opening in the forest in order to command a view at least three hundred yards wide leading up the slope of Bogus. Suddenly two bloodhounds came into view, running swiftly, noses to earth. Monica waited until they were sweeping by a hundred yards away, broadside on to her—and then a fusillade of rifle-shots sent crashing echoes reverberating across the valley. The belling of the bloodhounds changed on the instant to agonized yelps; then silence settled again over the San Dimas and Monica, mounting Pedro,

rode calmly down to meet the sheriff's posse. At sight of her the sheriff hailed her from a distance of three hundred yards. "Did you see who did that shooting?" he shouted. "Do you know who did it?"

The girl pulled up and beckoned him toward her. He spurred up the hill, followed by four other horsemen, and the five gathered before her.

"I'm Monica Dale, a member of the ranger force of the San Dimas National Forest. I'm the lookout on Bogus, and you men have been hunting deer here without permission and in defiance of the game-laws. Furthermore, you have been running a deer with hounds—and you know that's against the law. You can use one hound on a wounded deer but not two or more. I've killed your hounds and now you gentlemen will be good enough to consider yourselves under arrest. Dogs aren't allowed in a National Forest without a permit anyhow and I have killed your hounds because it is my duty to do so."

For fully a minute the leader of the posse stared at her. He was too furious to trust himself with anything more than a bitter curse—and in the presence of a woman he could not afford that. Finally he said:

"Confound your photograph, young woman, you've gone to work and killed a thousand dollars' worth of the best bloodhounds in Northern California. We were after an escaped convict. We'd have had him in another ten minutes if it hadn't been for your hell-fired sense of duty. We're here with the permission and cooperation of the chief ranger and you—you—oh, damn it all, what can anyone do with a woman?"

"You might refrain from swearing at her," Monica warned him. "Even if I am a woman I'm wearing the badge of a forest ranger and you shall respect that! You hear me?"

"I beg your pardon," the sheriff replied humbly, "but what's a feller goin' to do in a case like this, if he can't cuss a little? You'd cuss yourself in the same circumstance."

"You take a great deal for granted. I never swear. Now, then, Mr. Sheriff, you're on government property and your civil rights are suspended. I'm in command here, so answer me this question. If you are man-hunting in the San Dimas Reserve with the knowledge and permission of the chief ranger, how does it happen that this is the first I've heard of it? We've had man-hunts here before today and the chief ranger has always called me on the telephone and warned me to keep a sharp lookout through my telescope. He didn't do that today. If he had, I imagine your dogs would now be alive and barking. I'm not a mind-reader, Mr. Sheriff."

The sheriff, who had had the most excellent of reasons for requesting the chief ranger not to communicate with the lookout on Bogus, could not, of course, afford to admit that reason now. So he fell back on that time-honored excuse known as "passing the buck."

"I'll be hanged if I know why he didn't telephone you, Miss Dale . . . Well, I can understand your point of view. You did your duty according to your lights and while it's mighty hard to swallow the loss of those dogs and that convict, I reckon we'll have to do it. We'll get the feller sooner or later. I'm sorry I cussed a lady."

Monica favored him and his posse with a devastating smile. "I'm sorry, too, that the chief ranger didn't telephone me. Now, you men are all hot and tired and angry, so suppose you ride back with me to my lookout station and I'll give each of you two nice big shots of very fine, eight-year-old moonshine whisky."

"I could arrest you for having moonshine liquor in your possession," the sheriff warned her darkly.

"That's a fine return for mountain hospitality," Monica retorted. "And you couldn't arrest me, either, because my house is my castle, the liquor is in the castle and you cannot come in and remove the necessary evidence unless you first procure a search-warrant."

"I can take you on information and belief.

\$3  
—and  
It's  
Yours!

## Own a Typewriter!

**A Bargain You Can't Ignore! Every Member of the Family Will Use and Enjoy It! Try it Free and See!**



**GET YOUR typewriter now.** A genuine, Shipman-Ward rebuilt Underwood—"the machine you will eventually buy." Don't send a cent, but do get our special offer—valuable book on typewriting—*free*.

You can learn to write on this standard-keyboard Underwood in a day. In a week, you'll feel lost without it! The free trial will prove it. Our rebuilt plan gives you the *best* machine and a *big* saving.

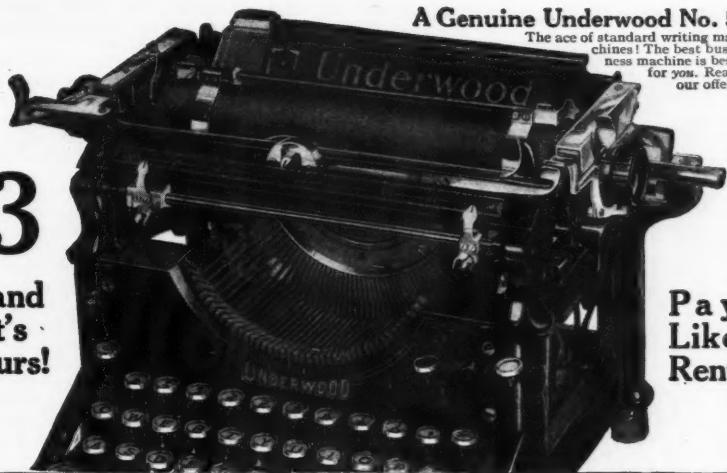
### Act NOW If Ever!

Speak up, if you want one! Underwood No. 5 is so popular this lot we're completing now won't be long in selling! Rebuilt from top to bottom—*every single worn part replaced*. New typewriters are guaranteed for a year; we guarantee this one *five* years! That's our Better-Than-New Guarantee. And we guarantee a big saving!

We don't want a penny now. Nor any money at all, unless this proves the typewriter bargain of

### A Genuine Underwood No. 5

The ace of standard writing machines! The best business machine is Read our offer!



**Pay Like Rent**

your life. The trial is *free*. If you buy, our easy terms make it a pleasure to pay. There's no excuse now, for not owning a typewriter—and the finest make! We include all tools, cover, etc., all complete, all ready to write. Write us now. Deal direct; we are the largest factory of the kind; we offer the right machine at the right price; we sell the largest business houses.

### Typist's Manual

## FREE

Get our catalog free; quotes lowest prices and most liberal terms in existence. We'll send a manual free, too; it contains valuable instruction for learning rapid typing, useful pointers for all who use a typewriter, examples of business forms, social correspondence, work for others, etc. Clip coupon now!



### Mail This NOW For Free BOOK

SHIPMAN-WARD MFG. CO.  
2073 Shipman Bldg., Chicago

Please send FREE, full offer, catalog, typing manual, and outline your free course in Touch Typewriting, without obligation!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street or R. F. D. \_\_\_\_\_

P. O. \_\_\_\_\_ State. \_\_\_\_\_

**Cash's Names**  
Woven on Fine  
Cambric Tape  
They save laundry  
losses at home,  
school, traveling.  
A Mark of Individuality

JOSEPH LYONS  
9 Doz. \$2.20  
3 Doz. \$1.20

J. & J. Cash, Inc.  
56th Street  
So. Norwalk Conn.

Paris Boston  
**LABLACHE** STICKS  
FACE POWDER  
Known and loved by four generations  
ON SALE EVERYWHERE  
Write for free sample of face powder and booklet  
illustrating new LABLACHE Creations  
BEN LEVY CO., Dept. 125, Kingston St., Boston, U.S.A.

**New Money-Making Plan!**

Just take orders for Malloch Hose and Underwear—worn all over the World. No experience needed. Each day you get your orders complete and detailed packed for the customer, to whom we ship direct. Three other selling methods to choose from!

**Get Our Sample Offer!** Together with sure sales men. You can take up all of your business. We pay all shipping charges and guarantee prompt delivery. **Write!** If you hurry, you can have other agents working for you. But don't let someone in your neighborhood get all of your business. Write for our Sample Offer and Sure Money-Making Sales Plan. (Write)

Malloch Knitting Mills, 663 Hastings St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

**SLENDER ANKLES CAN BE YOURS** **375**

People Admire Dainty Ankles

Thick or swollen ankles can quickly be reduced to dainty slender shape by new discovery of special medical Reducer.

Lenor Ankle Reducer

Ankle Actually Look This While Getting Thin

Different in reducing action from all other devices. Slip on and note amazing results next morning.

Reduced and shapes ankle and lower leg. Soft on skin and does not strip

rubber to bind and cause discomfort.

Nothing to rub in or massage. Enables you to walk and sit in comfort and write under stockings without detection. Used by prominent actresses. Send \$3.75 and we will send Reducer and sample in plain package subject to your inspection.

Give size of ankle and widest part of calf.

LENOR MFG. CO. Suite C3  
503 Fifth Avenue, New York

THICK ANKLES SPOIL YOUR APPEARANCE



## ***Chewing Gum With a Purpose***

Thousands upon thousands of new chewing gum users have been created in the last few months because of a new chewing gum "with a purpose." It is

## **Feen-a-mint** *The Chewing LAXATIVE*

This handy and tasteful way of using a necessary corrective has met popular fancy for the simple reason that it performs necessary regulation in more agreeable and satisfying manner than older fashioned methods.

Feen-a-mint contains a tasteless laxative. When you chew Feen-a-mint you taste only the sweetness of sugar, flavored with delectable mint.

Results, however, are none the less sure than if you took harsher cathartics far less pleasant to the palate.

Buy Feen-a-mint at druggists, 15c, 25c, \$1.00. (Somewhat higher in Canada.) Samples on request.

**Health Products Corporation**  
113 No. 13th St., Newark, N. J.



**Clear-Tone**  
to  
**Clear Your Skin**

Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne, Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch and Eczema, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. **CLEAR-TONE** has been Tried, Tested and Proven its merits in over 100,000 test cases.

**FREE** WRITE TODAY for my FREE Booklet—"A CLEAR-TONE SKIN"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for fifteen years.

E. S. GIVENS 214 Chemical Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

Any peace officer can, when he has reason to believe that the culprit may make his escape or remove or destroy the evidence."

"I guess you didn't see me tumble those hounds of yours when they were doing thirty miles an hour," Monica laughed. "Well, since you're such a virtuous man I withdraw the offer. *Adios!*" She kissed her hand to the posse, wheeled her horse and started back up hill.

The late owner of the hounds, the deputy sheriff from Shasta County, favored the sheriff of Siskiyou County with a dour look. "The feller's evidently headed up and over Bogus," he growled. "We've got to go up there anyhow and I don't see any reason why we shouldn't accept the girl's hospitality. I don't reckon she'd have invited us up if she had that convict hid on the premises. Me, I'm going to sample that eight-year-old moonshine."

He spurred after Monica Dale and the posse followed in single file, silent and chop-fallen to a degree. They rode into the yard at the lookout station and Monica brought out the two-gallon jug and five glasses.

"I never drink liquor myself," she explained casually, "but my friends tell me this is very smooth and doesn't require a chaser."

"Only duders and frail city men take chasers," the sheriff growled. "By gravy, that's good stuff. By the way, Miss Dale, the man we're after is an old friend of yours—Bob Mason. You remember he tunneled that mining engineer in charge of the hydraulic outfit over to Dogwood Flats."

Monica nodded. "No jury in the hill country would have convicted him," she replied. "That was justifiable homicide. Bob gave the man fair warning. Told him if he ever prowled around his home again he'd better come afoaming; the man took a chance. That rotten mining company saw to it that Bob was tried by a town jury down at the county-seat."

"Seems to me, Miss Dale, you took care of the Mason baby for a while, didn't you?"

"For nearly six months. His mother brought the child over to me and asked me to care for it while she was down at Bob's trial. When he was convicted she went directly to San Francisco and never came back."

"The dog-goned little trollop! Sawed the kid off on you, eh?"

Monica nodded. "I was willing to have him. He's the image of his father and Bob Mason is as decent a man as ever lived. The baby was company for me, and when Bob's sister finally came and took him away—well, it wasn't so easy to part with him."

"Yes-s, I suppose you do get pretty lonely up here. Well, a good-lookin' girl like you ain't likely to be an old maid. One of these days you'll be marryin' an havin' a baby of your own."

He made meticulous inquiry as to the trails leading east and north from Bogus and with his posse divided, finally rode away. Monica unsaddled her horse, put him in the barn and, taking a seat on her kitchen steps, proceeded to clean her rifle.

"Well, Monica," she murmured as she reversed the rifle and squinted down the barrel in a final painstaking inspection, "it took all of your courage to kill those poor, ignorant, inoffensive dogs, but it had to be done—and when a thing has to be done, never let it be said that you were too weak to do it. I think I messed up Bob's trail fairly well on my way down-hill, and I know we all messed it up for fair on our way back. Dear me! This has certainly been an eventful day."

She leaned back against the jamb of the kitchen door and closed her eyes. The excitement had made her just a little faint and now that it was all over she trembled slightly. And presently two big tears crept through her closed lids and cascaded across her pale face. It would be long before the memory of those rolling, twitching dogs faded from her mind.

Presently, with a rebellious toss of her head, Monica literally flung her tears and her heartache from her. Entering the cabin, she

tiptoed noiselessly into the bedroom where the hunted man lay. He was sleeping the sleep of complete exhaustion. The girl stood gazing down at his haggard face, and noted in repose how boyish and yet how thoroughly masculine it was. A fine face—a face that bespoke the blood of a clean, sturdy, militant Anglo-Saxon ancestry.

His right hand rested outside the blanket and Monica observed that it was cruelly torn from contact with the cat-claws and briars through which he had fought his way in his mad race with the hounds; the nails were broken and dirt-encrusted. Yet it was a handsome hand—long, well-proportioned, with slim, graceful fingers. The sickly pale hue that overcast his normally olive complexion was not the prison pallor, but the result of mental and physical exhaustion.

How like homing pigeon, Monica reflected, Bob Mason had come back to his eternal hills—back to the arena of all the love and tragedy and sorrow that had encompassed his brief life. He should have known better than that, for he was not a dull man; he should have known that once his course eastward had been definitely established by his pursuers, they would have guessed his destination, and acted accordingly. But he had yearned with a great yearning to see his infant son; for that he had been a traitor to the honor system.

Poor Bob! So the hills of Siskiyou had been calling to him! Monica wondered how long they had called in vain before that breaking heart had answered them, and in a sudden swift surge of pity and understanding she stooped and kissed the pale brow. He was lying on his back and his breathing was deep and stertorous; Monica turned him on his side, with his face toward the wall, and he breathed easier, gradually settling into a sleep as gentle as a child's.

"O God, please don't let him snore or talk in his sleep," she prayed, as she went out and locked the door behind her again. "I must not permit anybody to enter this house until I can get him away—and how I am going to get him away is a problem. That sheriff is no fool. He'll have a cordon of men surrounding Bogus before nightfall and every ranger and forest guard in the San Dimas will respond to his hurried call for help."

She went outside and sat down again on the bench outside the cabin door to think, for she had much need of calm, clear, collected thinking. Of one thing she was satisfied now. The chief ranger had deliberately refrained from telephoning her about Bob Mason. He feared she would see him from afar through her telescope and go to meet him with a horse; that she might furnish him with weapons, food and clothing. He knew that her sympathies, like those of her mountain-bred neighbors, all friends of Bob Mason's since childhood, were strong; that she would not regard aid to a friend, even though he were an escaped convict, as even a remote transgression of the law; that what she conceived to be a higher law—the law of humanity, of decency and of pity—would inspire her to an exhibition of greater loyalty to this hunted man than to the forest service and the law she was sworn to uphold.

"The chief will have somebody else up here this afternoon casually looking through my telescope," she divined shrewdly. "Well, let him look if he wants to. He can look till his eyes pop out for all the good it will do him, but he shall not enter my house."

She rose quickly, lifted the bench on which she had been seated and carried it across the little yard to the base of a giant sugar-pine. Then she hurried into the house, brought out a chair and a small collapsible table, and set them under the sugar-pine close to the bench. On the table she placed an old magazine and her sewing basket and then sat down to await the visitor her woman's wit told her would presently appear.

She had not long to wait. Presently far up the trail that led over Bogus and down to Tantrum Meadows sounded a faint metallic

click. Closer and closer it came at intermittent intervals—the sound of a horse's shod hoofs striking against rocks in the trail; until presently up to the cabin rode a young man on small dark chestnut horse.

"A Johnny-come-lately," Monica decided. "I'd think he was one of those earnest, eager young college foresters if it were not for his horse. The man knows horses. That animal is Morgan-bred and this ranger is a recent transfer to the San Dimas. I've never seen him before."

The stranger—he wore the forest-green uniform of a ranger—dismounted at a little distance, dropped his reins and came forward with easy assurance. "I am presuming to call upon you uninvited, Miss Dale," he announced. "Have I your permission to introduce myself?"

"It would never have occurred to me to withhold permission," Monica replied. "Nor would it ever have occurred to any man in this country to ask it," she added with a frank and friendly smile. "Up here we usually say 'howdy' whether we've been introduced or not. I'm Monica Dale."

"And I'm Anthony Garland. I've just been transferred to the San Dimas from the Cocopah Reserve in Arizona."

"Brought your horse with you from the Cocopah, I see." Monica had risen and advanced to meet him, her right hand extended cordially. "I figured you for a stranger ten minutes ago, when I heard your horse rap his shoe against a rock. You're stationed at Tantrum Meadows, aren't you?"

"Yes, Miss Dale." They shook hands and Monica indicated the bench opposite her chair. The ranger thanked her and sat down.

"And why did you figure me for a stranger ten minutes before we had met or before you could possibly have seen me?" he queried.

"That was easy, Mr. Garland. I heard your horse rap his shoe against a rock. Then I heard his hoof-beats distinctly and I noticed he did not interfere. When Jem Scully, your predecessor at Tantrum, rode over the trail, the clickety-clack of his horse's hind shoes rapping against his front shoes always announced him. I'm afraid Jem didn't know much about shoeing horses. Then, too, nobody ever uses the trail at this season of the year except the rangers and I had heard that Jem Scully was going to leave the service. Anyhow, even if he had not left it he would never have called on me. He's woman-shy."

"Did he ever meet you, Miss Dale?"

"Once only. Our acquaintance began, ripened, withered and died over the telephone."

"How did you know I had brought my horse with me from the Cocopah?"

"There are no Morgan-bred horses in this country. Where is your dog?"

"Coyotes gang-jumped him two months ago and I'm dogless."

"You should have two dogs. Then the coyotes will not gang-jump them. How would you like a pair of Airedale puppies? My dog Katie has six too many. They're pure-bred."

"Thank you so much. You anticipate my desires. I came up for the express purpose of buying a couple of your famous puppies. I heard at headquarters that you had some."

"Oh!" Monica murmured. "I'm disappointed. I had an idea you were human and making a neighborly call—and for that I liked you before I saw you. Besides, I do not deal in dogs."

"I'm squashed flat!" Anthony Garland replied. He scuffed one foot against the other, hung his head and gave a clever imitation of an abashed youth of twelve.

"Take up your pups and go," Monica commanded him with mock severity. "It does seem an impossibility for a Tantrum Meadows ranger to make me a pretty speech."

"Please keep the puppies and let me stay awhile," he pleaded. "I'll abandon them as a penance."

"You shall accept them as a reward for your penitence, Mr. Garland. Please be at

## NORIDA VANITIES FOR LOOSE POWDER CANNOT SPILL

# No! It Won't Spill

It's the only spill-proof loose powder vanitie in the world—so practical—so ingenious. Now, carrying loose powder becomes a pleasure.

If you want to use your favorite loose powder on every occasion, you cannot afford to be without a Norida.

Drug and Department Stores have them. Be sure you ask for



Cannot Spill  
Easy to Refill

Norida

The Vanitie for Your Favorite Loose Powder



Single, for loose powder. Double, for loose powder and rouge cake. Gilt and Silver. Noridas come filled with Wildflower powder and rouge.

Norida Parfumerie  
630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago  
Canadian Office, 145 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

Destroy Your  
Superfluous Hair & ROOTS  
Simple—Rapid—Harmless—GUARANTEED  
Sold everywhere—write for FREE Book.  
Madame Berthe, 562 Fifth Ave., New York

IT'S OFF  
because  
IT'S OUT

ZI'Z

## No Joke to be Bald!

Grow  
New  
Hair  
Quick



Let Me PROVE It To You FREE

The photos show what HAIRERBS did for me—I believe I can do the same for YOU. Let me prove it to you, FREE. For dandruff, or hair that is thinning, provided you are under 45 years of age and your scalp is not burned or scarred, HAIRERBS WILL HELP YOU. No apparatus or useless massage—a simple, quiet, natural treatment which MUST succeed or your money back. Send in the coupon below or drop us a postal.

You CAN'T Lose!  
The Vrelands—Cleveland, Ohio

The Vrelands, 12 Euclid-Windsor Building  
Cleveland, Ohio

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

HAIRERBS DOES GROW HAIR!



**Greet Him with EYES that Glow**

Clear, healthy EYES, glowing with vitality, reward the use of **Murine**. It soothes and brightens EYES wearied by sewing, reading or office work—relieves the irritation caused by sun, wind and dust. **Murine** takes away not only the tired look but the tired feeling.

When you use **Murine** you have the assurance that millions have used it for a quarter of a century, that it is hygienically prepared, and that every ingredient is beneficial to the EYES.

Our illustrated books on "Eye Care" or "Eye Beauty" are FREE on request.

The Murine Company  
Dept. 22, Chicago

**MURINE**  
FOR YOUR  
EYES

**Does Your Watch Tell Time in the Dark?**



**Ingersoll**  
RADIOLITES  
Tell Time in the Dark

With a Radiolite under your pillow at night, you can find out the time almost without waking up.

Models \$2.75 to \$6.50.

ease and talk to me, because until today I haven't talked to a human being, except over the telephone-line, in six weeks. I'm fed up on solitude, and I'm going to talk to you to death if you stay. So here goes. What do you think of my view?" and her bare brown arm was outflung to the foggy depths below.

He quoted softly, with fine declamatory effect:

"Who hath desired the Sea?—the immense and contemptuous surges?  
The shudder, the stumble, the swerve, as the star-stabbing bowsprit emerges?  
The orderly clouds of the Trades and the ridged, roaring sapphire thereunder—  
Unheralded cliff-haunting flaws and the head-sails low-volleying thunder—  
His Sea is no wonder the same—his Sea and the same through each wonder . . .  
His Sea that his being fulfills?  
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise—  
hillmen desire their Hills."

"Who wrote that?" Monica demanded crisply. Her slumberous brown eyes appraised him with alert yet lazy interest.

"Rudyard Kipling."

"Silly of me. I should have known it. Well, hillmen may desire their hills, but somebody else can have the space I occupy on Bogus Lookout. And somebody shall have it, the minute I can escape."

"Who goes to the hills goes to his mother," the ranger quoted. "What's wrong with Bogus Lookout? The view is unparalleled, your cabin is neat and stanch, you have an abundance of good spring-water, there's a nice little meadow down yonder for your horse and cow, wood is handy, abundant and without cost to you. With a radio or a good phonograph to entertain me and with good books, I could live a long and happy life on Bogus."

"I have all of those things, Mr. Garland. Nevertheless when a girl twenty-one years old catches herself talking to herself a dozen times a day, isn't it high time to leave Bogus? I'm the loneliest girl in the world," she added with sudden passionate vehemence.

He had sufficient tact to make no reply to this. A less delicate nature would have inspired him to remind her gaily that hereafter he would endeavor to alleviate her loneliness. She had left herself open to just such a banal masculine remark and she had realized it the moment the words left her tongue; wherefore his silence not only relieved her of the necessity for defensive tactics, but afforded her a vague comfort. He nodded sagely. He understood. Monica liked him for that.

"What was that you recited about the surges?" she demanded.

"The immense and contemptuous surges," he replied soberly.

"I wonder if life is like that—immense and contemptuous," she murmured.

"Indeed it is," he told her sagely. "Most worldlings would welcome the peace and security of Bogus Lookout."

"Peace and security are always to be desired," Monica admitted, "but I've had so much of both I'm not appreciative. My soul beats against these everlasting hills like a wild bird in a cage. You see," she added parenthetically, "I've never been out of the hills. The world is a great mystery to me and I long to explore it."

"But surely you have been away to school?"

The ranger's face was incredulous.

"Graduate of the little old red schoolhouse over at Siskiyou Center."

"But your grammar—your choice of words—your freedom from the slovenly mountain accent—"

"One learns grammar and how to choose words even in Siskiyou Center," Monica reminded him quite seriously. "We had the same teacher for ten years and she was very efficient—a university graduate. There used to be a rumor that she had been disappointed in love and moved up into this country to hide herself, but my own opinion is that she was prim and unimaginative and thrifty and

didn't care where she lived and labored, provided she could save a competence for her spinsterhood. I suppose there are such curious human beings as feminine hillbillies."

"Undoubtedly," he replied and with sly deviltry.

"I mean by instinct, not by force of circumstance," Monica flared back at him. "I'm a female hillbilly but I haven't the soul of one, and I'm in rebellion against my state."

"I think you must have a very superior mother, Miss Dale."

"I never knew her. My father was a placer-miner. He could not have been any other kind of a miner because he was uneducated and knew nothing of geology or mineralogy."

"Well, you've been a reader of good books."

"I have, and some of them haven't been such easy reading, either, although I stuck it out and finished them all. I buy ten dollars' worth of second-hand books every month from a bookstore in Sacramento. The proprietor selects for me the books he thinks I ought to have. He sends them to me by parcel-post. I told him I wanted to know something, to educate myself, and I put the task up to him by mail. Saw his advertisement in the Sacramento Bee."

"You're an extraordinary girl—quite extraordinary."

"Needs must when the devil drives," she quoted. "If I didn't read, my heart would break with the loneliness. And yet I resent that fog because it interferes with my appointed task, which is to sweep the San Dimas with my telescope for twenty miles north, west and south and report any forest-fires I may discover."

"I suppose your father works his placer by day."

"Not any more. He died two years ago."

"And you live all alone on Bogus? Am I, five miles distant, your nearest neighbor?"

She nodded somberly. "That's why I want to go down into the world and be immense and contemptuous, too," she explained.

He appraised her—more minutely than he had at first, and with mounting interest. She was about five feet five inches tall and weighed perhaps a hundred and thirty pounds—all curves, at any rate, and no angles. She had an erect carriage; her shoulders were wide and her bosom full; her waist flat and graceful, gently curving hips leading to slim ankles and beautiful feet shod with Indian moccasins combined to give her a figure almost Junoesque when she stood erect. Her hands were, like her feet, small and delicate, and they were tanned very brown; her face, too, was tanned, the flesh of her bare brown forearms firm and healthy-looking and the skin on her full, rather powerful neck, which seemed almost a pedestal for her head, was of that rich, fine, creamy texture inseparable from women with very dark auburn hair and brown eyes.

The ranger decided that she was not a beautiful girl in the sense that most people define beauty. Her head was almost too large for a girl, but then (Garland decided) highly intelligent women required large heads to hold their brains, otherwise they wouldn't be intelligent. Her hair, parted plainly in the middle and tied in a psyche-knot at the nape of her adorable neck, would, of course, always be the envy of other women. Very dark auburn it was, with golden lights in it. Her brow was medium high but wide, and her large, alert, sparkling eyes were set far apart. Her eyebrows were very thick and golden brown. Later in life she would probably have them plucked to a thin line and spoil their natural beauty, Garland reflected. The dark brown eyelashes were long and curving and very thick, too; her nose was thin and almost high, the nose of a thinker and a thoroughbred, her mouth a trifle large but saved from a charge of spoiling that patrician countenance by the occasional flash of strong, even, well-kept white teeth and the curve of lips that, even in repose, gave to Monica's face an expression of ineffable sweetness that always transcends mere physical beauty. Lip-stick, rouge and

powder-puff had never violated the rich, creamy cheeks with their faint healthy glow.

A consciousness of being in the presence of an unusual woman enveloped Anthony Garland. He was not a common man nor a dull man, and Monica's obvious intelligence, her quiet dignity, her poise, so palpably natural, the impelling force of a unique personality stimulated his interest in her mightily. She titillated his alert sensitiveness to the undemonstratively beautiful. Alluring yet childishly passionless, she impressed him as one distinctly virginal; he admired her courage and self-reliance in dwelling alone on Bogus; he thrilled to her wistful yearning to improve her mind and her economic condition. But principally she aroused in him that quality which is man's most priceless heritage, if women only knew it—an infinite capacity for pity and an eagerness for the display of chivalry—both characteristic of men in whom other masculine qualities may be all too unlovely.

Of course she must be the loneliest girl in the world. Only twenty-one! She would never be lovelier than she was now, in her maidenly naturalness and simplicity and arrayed in that cheap blue chambray wash dress.

His long, inquiring and wholly impersonal appraisal of her became just a little embarrassing and to distract his attention she essayed an apology for entertaining him in her front yard. "Not that my cabin isn't clean and orderly," she was assuring him with that blunt directness he found so charming, "but—"

"I understand perfectly. I didn't expect to be invited in," he interrupted smilingly. "I didn't know you were unchaperoned or I would have telephoned and asked permission to call."

"I'm not at all apprehensive of you, Mr. Garland. It's just a habit I have—a protective measure until I know you better. Jem Scully came by one day. He'd been fighting a fire all morning and was hungry and thirsty, so I invited him in for luncheon. He accepted—and who should ride up for a social call but the chief ranger and his cat of a wife. Jem was horribly embarrassed—he's such a shy old thing—and when he rode away Mrs. Chief Ranger assumed the prerogative of her forty years and a natural tendency toward virtue to lecture me on my indiscretion. She said folks would talk about me if I wasn't more careful of the proprieties. Folks did. She led the gossip brigade." Monica smiled her strangely sweet, slightly twisted, faintly wistful smile. "She was a city woman for so long, I suppose she couldn't help it. She had never had a neighbor."

"Immense and contemptuous, I dare say," he answered sympathetically.

"It shocked poor old Jem Scully so badly he never would look in on me again when passing by," Monica concluded.

"Why are you telling me all this?"

"Because you appear to be a gentleman, because you'll hear it all anyhow, and I prefer that you should hear it correctly."

"My dear girl, I heard it all a week ago. It made me curious to meet you, to see what there is about you that defied the efforts of the chief ranger's wife to have you dismissed as the lookout on Bogus."

Monica Dale laughed mirthlessly. "You may rest assured it wasn't Christian charity, Mr. Garland. They couldn't get anybody else to take my place. The salary isn't sufficiently attractive to a man—and the chief ranger knows I'm conscientious about my work. And, of course, only a hill-woman could stand the solitude, the darkness and the silence—when the coyotes aren't yip-yipping across the peaks at each other and she-panthers aren't screaming through the woods."

Anthony Garland, first asking permission, thoughtfully loaded and lighted his pipe. From force of habit as a ranger he carefully extinguished the match, broke it into three pieces, dropped the pieces on the ground and buried them with the heel of his boot.

# Why I Use Lemon For a Hair Rinse

By Estelle Taylor

"A sticky curd from soap, remaining on the hair after shampooing, leaves the hair comparatively limp so that curls and waves won't stay. Ordinary rinsing with plain water, even though repeated, won't remove it.

"That's why I now use lemon juice. Its mild acid cuts the curd, so that the water of the rinse takes it out completely. My hair is then



## How To Do It

Add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowls of water (1/2 qt. to 1 qt.) and rinse with this, following with thorough rinse in plain water.

lustrous, soft, and enhanced in color. And it holds a curl or wave—a boon to women who wear bobs.

"This is the harmless and effective way. Just feel and see the difference in your hair after you have tried it. Hair isn't really clean until you use this rinse."

*Estelle Taylor.*

Get a dozen California lemons now and try it next time you shampoo. California lemons give the best juice for a rinse. Learn other ways in which these lemons aid in beauty culture.

Send coupon for free book that tells all about it.

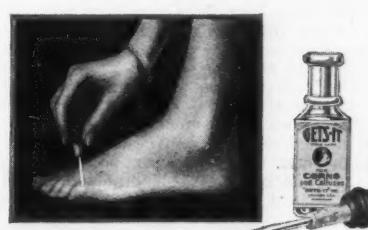
California Fruit Growers Exchange,  
Sec. 1403, Los Angeles, California.

Please send me free book, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



## No Corn

Keeps hurting over 3 seconds

This new way gives  
world's fastest relief

NO matter how painful a corn or callous you have, you now can quiet it . . . put it to sleep . . . in three seconds or less.

This scientific liquid acts on a corn like a local anaesthetic acts on a painful tooth. Pain stops instantly. Then soon the whole corn loosens. You peel it off like dead skin. Thus dangerous cutting is avoided. Tight shoes are worn in comfort. Millions will tell you this.

Just a touch—that is all. What happens will amaze you.

Ask for "GETS-IT" at your druggist. Do it now. Enjoy foot comfort in a jiffy.

**"GETS-IT"** World's  
Fastest Way

## Dressmaking Made Easy



You can now learn, easily and quickly, right in your own home, by a wonderfully simple method, how to plan and make all your clothes and save half or more on everything.

The Woman's Institute will teach you how to put so much style into every garment that nothing will ever appear "home-made." You will be proud to wear it because you will know it is as smart and distinctive as anything you could buy in the shops.

### Write for Free Booklet

Mail the coupon today for an interesting Free Booklet which tells what the Woman's Institute has done for 200,000 other women and girls and how it can help you to have more and prettier clothes for just the cost of materials, and earn money at home as a dressmaker or milliner if you desire.

### WOMAN'S INSTITUTE

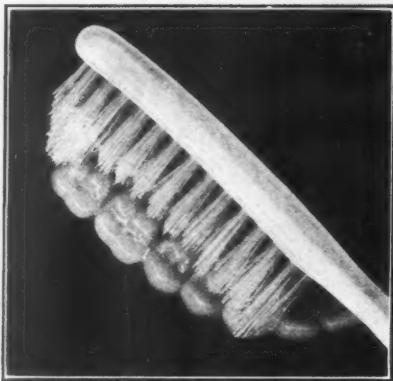
Dept. 51-C, Scranton, Penna.

Without obligating me in any way, please send me a copy of one of your booklets, and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked—

Home Dressmaking    Millinery  
 Professional Dressmaking    Cooking

Name..... (Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....



Note how the Pro-phy-lac-tic gets behind the rear molars and fits the inside contour of the teeth. It hugs the curves of each tooth and penetrates deeply into the crevices between.

## Could your back teeth stand a smile?

**Give all your teeth a square deal.**

**This brush does it**

**N**o tooth can sidestep this scientific brush. The way it is built is a guarantee that it will reach every tooth.

First there is the curved bristle surface. It curves the way your jaw curves. Next there is the big, cone-shaped end tuft.

This makes those remote rear molars as accessible as your front teeth. And then you have a curved handle, curved so that it goes toward your teeth, making the Pro-phy-lac-tic comfortable to use.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic gets in between teeth. The saw-tooth bristles pry into every crevice and dislodge particles which otherwise might hide away and cause trouble.

**Prices in the United States and Canada:**  
Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, soft.



"You are a very remarkable young woman," he decided aloud. "Yes, you are."

"You speak as if you were quite an old gentleman yourself," she chided him. "How old are you? Thirty?"

"Twenty-eight."

"You haven't any business wasting your life on such a lonely, ill-paid job as the Forest Service has to offer you."

"It's far better than being a pin-feather lawyer starving to death in a city while waiting for clients who never appear—or who, if they do appear, haven't enough money to pay me my fee. Besides, I had tuberculosis. I had to get out of the city."

"Oh, I'm sorry!"

"I don't suppose I had it any worse than ninety-eight percent of my fellow men and women have it. It was chronic—upper lobes of both lungs—and it didn't bother me until I began to suffer from lack of nutrition."

"And was the legal life as bad as all that, Mr. Garland? Or shall I call you Anthony—no, Tony. I like that better."

"So do I. I hope we're going to be good friends and neighbors, so by all means let us dispense with formality, Monica! . . . Yes, the legal business was not only as bad as all that, but worse. When I started an exclusive diet of coffee and sinkers the little T. B. bugs knocked me down and kept me down."

"You poor old Tony boy!"

"A doctor told me I had to go to a warm, dry climate. He recommended Arizona and I secured a job as forest guard in the Cocopah National Forest. It was pretty hard going for the first month, but after I drew my first month's pay and invested it all in blankets and diversified grub, it was really astounding the way the chinks in my superstructure began to fill up. Down in the Cocopah they used to call me Tony the Lunger. They quit that the past two years, however." He smiled. "It wasn't healthy for them—and the exercise did me a world of good."

"I'll get you a glass of milk—half milk and half cream," Monica suggested. "Would you like a little jolt of very fine moonshine whisky in it? It'll do you a lot of good," she added sagely.

"Thanks, I'd like it very much. Is the moonshine your own product?"

"Heavens, no! Uncle Charley Canfield, who lives over on the north fork of June-bug Creek, makes it from a recipe that's been in the family for generations. He gives me ten gallons every year and I keep it on hand for snake-bite and other emergencies. We have forest fires here every year and when the fire-fighters are all worn out and ready to drop from exhaustion I send a few large canteens of it down to them."

"And it's a life-saver, too," he agreed, out of the depths of his own vast experience in fighting fires. "The government doesn't furnish it and it's impossible to get it now, but in the old days a wise fire-warden always regarded a case of whisky as part of his fire-fighting equipment."

The girl went into her cabin and emerged presently with the milk and cream in a tall glass and a brimming beaker of moonshine whisky in a smaller glass. The ranger sipped the whisky. "Whoever Uncle Charley is, he's entitled to my respect, Monica. This mountain dew is as smooth as your own fair cheek."

"You're different," said Monica simply. "Fill your canteen with it. It's only for visitors and puddings and egg-nogs for sick folks."

"I think you're the angel of Bogus," he declared, as he poured the liquor into the milk.

"The women in this country think I'm a bogus angel."

"Well, I do not."

"Why should you? Anybody can see you're not an old woman."

He chuckled at her wit. "I'm sure the men swear by you, Monica."

"And I swear by them. The only friends I have are men and I have yet to meet one who wouldn't protect me and be a real friend in time of need." She sighed. "Tony, what are you going to do when you get old?"

"I suppose I'll be cremated in a forest-fire and save funeral expenses."

"But surely you're not going to be a ranger all your days."

"I hope not. I have ambitions to become Chief Forester."

"And go down to the forestry office in San Francisco? Well, that's a good job, Tony. It pays about six thousand a year, doesn't it?"

He nodded. "Meanwhile I'm saving some money. I never want to go down to the city again and risk being hungry."

"Still, it must be a wonderful place."

"Immense and contemptuous," he reminded her.

Monica bent upon him a tolerant little smile. "But wonderful, just the same, Tony?"

"Perhaps. But I think it would be very cruel to you, so young, so unspoiled, so unsophisticated . . . Thanks for the milk and whisky, Monica. By the way, I brought about three hundred books with me, and I subscribe to half a dozen of the best magazines. Would you care to have the magazines when I have finished with them?"

"Oh, goody! Of course I would. And if you don't mind we'll trade books."

"The deal is closed."

"Fog's lifting rapidly. Excuse me while I take a squat at my job." She hastened into her cabin and emerged presently with a long telescope on a tripod, set it up in the yard and swung it in a wide arc from north to south. "Nothing except a camp-fire about five miles down the valley alongside the creek."

"Some Round Valley Indians fishing," he elucidated. "They've camped in Tantrum Meadows."

She glanced at him brightly. "Suppose we have a concert," she suggested. "The music from the tea-dansant at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco will be on the air now."

He agreed readily and Monica entered her cabin. Once inside, she peered out at him through the scrim curtains on her window and smiled to see him step quickly to the telescope and sweep the country to the fog level. "You're a nice boy," she soliloquized, "but you're up here under false pretenses and I'll bet a ripe peach you'll stay till sundown. Three men and a good-sized boy couldn't get you away from that telescope after the fog has lifted completely and while there's light enough to see by. Evidently you didn't meet the sheriff and his posse, or you'd know the uselessness of your sightseeing. I think, young man, I'll give you a bad ten minutes and then send you home!"

She tuned in the radio, opened the window and rejoined her visitor under the sugar-pine. For half an hour they listened to the music. Garland observed that the radio was one of the more expensive models and, because he had long planned to buy one for himself when the price of radios should take the long-expected tumble, he ventured to ask her its cost.

"I don't know," she replied. "When Jim Scully realized he was the innocent cause of the gossip about me he sent me this radio as a sort of sop to his conscience. I was tempted to send it back to him, but I reflected that Jim's a queer old stick and I knew he meant well. The principal idea in life is to be kind, don't you think, Tony? If people are kind it doesn't matter particularly if the hem of their morals is a little bit frayed, does it?"

He eyed her hungrily and with a vast pride. "I think you're sporty and gallant, like a very gallant gentleman," he said.

"Thank you." Monica was a little bit confused and bewildered.

"And I hope," the man continued, "that your great-heartedness and your overwhelming sense of democracy will never place you in the position of having the hem of your morals frayed."

"Tony, you're nice. Yes, you are! You're very nice." She turned off the radio. "Come with me and I'll show you my estate."

"What's that?" he demanded.

"What's what?"

"That sound."

Monica  
dow at the  
takable so  
as she rea  
gance of

"You've  
Dale!" he  
the door.  
who that

He quai  
ment and  
Her tones  
house hap  
not a gove  
out until y  
where you  
apology y  
minutes."

With a  
ranger she  
back she  
feet in ord  
the door in

"You are  
reminded h

In an in  
As she had  
over on his  
him lying  
step and sh  
and with his  
old rheuma  
table. He  
into the yar  
had left him

"Now th

she inform  
have my p  
that ex-con  
have search  
on your ho  
do not com  
you hard  
hoodlum!"

"Oh, Mis

"Be still,  
were a wom  
the insults o  
lookout on

flashed into  
and out; Ga  
blue revolv  
his agile b  
was doing.

the headless

"And the  
hit," Monic  
Mr. Jay. I  
can't find a  
come out  
ordinarily m

"I will no  
Garland rep  
and embarr  
and now. I'  
and like the  
excess of m  
day you will

"Well, th  
so I'll be a  
now and th  
pened. Did

Anthony C  
absolute be

"Don't y  
injurates m  
contradict m  
bear to be re

"You're d  
"Of course  
to see a m  
attempt to  
you had. In  
you a pair o  
mythical mo  
should have  
a dog Katie  
when I fed y  
you swallow  
you had he

Monica listened. Through the opened window at the side of the house came the unmistakable sound of snores. The girl's heart sank as she realized her peril and caught the quick glance of suspicion in the ranger's eye.

"You've got a man in your house, Miss Dale!" he challenged, and made a step toward the door. "And I think," he added, "I know who that man is."

He quailed before her calm glance of resentment and hurt. "Listen to me, Mr. Man." Her tones were clear, cool and deadly. "That house happens to be my personal property, not a government ranger station. You keep out until you're invited in. Meanwhile, stand where you are and formulate the words of the apology you're going to make me in two minutes."

With a scornful, imperious glance at the ranger she passed into the house. Looking back she observed that he had moved a few feet in order to command a clear view through the door into the interior of the cabin.

"You are very rude, Mr. Garland," she reminded him and closed the door.

In an instant she was in the rear bedroom. As she had suspected, Bob Mason had rolled over on his back. One fierce tug and she had him lying face downward and silent—another step and she was out in her living-room again and with her toe disturbing the slumbers of an old rheumatic Airedale terrier asleep under the table. He rose yawning and followed her out into the yard. Garland was standing where she had left him, his face red with embarrassment.

"Now that I have produced the snorer," she informed him with chill politeness, "you have my permission to search my house for that ex-convict you thought did it. After you have searched the house thoroughly you get on your horse and beat it down the trail and do not come back. If you ever do I'll make you hard to catch—you unmannerly city hoodlum!"

"Oh, Miss Dale, please—"

"Be still. I'm talking. Mr. Garland, if I were a woman unable to protect myself against the insults of mere man, I would not be the lookout on Bogus." Her little brown hand flashed into the bosom of her chambray dress and out; Garland caught the gleam of a small blue revolver and heard the shot before even his agile brain quite realized what the girl was doing. From far up in the sugar-pine tree the headless body of a blue jay fell with a thud at his feet.

"And the bigger the jay the easier he is to hit," Monica informed her visitor. "Go on, Mr. Jay. Search my house and see if you can't find a fifty-dollar reward in it. Then come out and apologize for your extraordinarily nasty charge."

"I will not search your house, Miss Dale," Garland replied, his voice vibrant with shame and embarrassment, "and I apologize here and now. I'm the king jay of Siskiyou County, and like the jay I do a lot of screaming and idle chattering. I spoke out of my turn, in the excess of my zeal. May I hope that some day you will forgive me?"

"Well, that sounds like a real man's apology, so I'll be a sport. You're forgiven here and now and this unfortunate affair never happened. Did it, Tony?"

Anthony Garland's jaw sagged; he stared in absolute bewilderment.

"Don't you contradict me, Tony! It infuriates me to have folks—mere men—contradict me. Even when I tell a fib I can't bear to be reminded of it. I'm temperamental."

"You're downright adorable."

"Of course, Tony, I realized you didn't call to see me at all. It wasn't nice of you to attempt to flatter me with the fiction that you had. In order to smoke you out I offered you a pair of Airedale puppies and created a mythical mother Airedale named Katie. You should have realized that nobody ever names a dog Katie. It just isn't done, Tony. So when I fed you my fiction about the puppies you swallowed it hook, line and sinker. Yes, you had heard about my famous Airedales

Keep your medicine cabinet out of the shadow of doubt



## On guard against the threat of cold!

WINTER is the test of health! If you are vigorous and your resistance is high, you can cheerfully face the harshest weather. But winter is cruel. If your resistance drops below normal, if you weaken, it may strike ruthlessly. La grippe, influenza, pneumonia. . .

For thousands, good cod-liver oil is a faithful guard against these threats. Its vitamins protect, restore, give vigorous health!

For good cod-liver oil is the richest known source of the fat-soluble vitamins. You know how important they are for children, to protect against rickets, to promote healthy growth.

They are scarcely less important for grown people in restoring strength and raising resistance to disease.

But be sure your cod-liver oil reaches you with its vitamin content unimpaired. The oil is valueless without vitamins. And they may be easily lost in manufacture.

Squibb's is the *only* cod-liver oil which has its vitamin content guaranteed up to the date of consumption. The vitamins are preserved by an exclusive process developed in the Squibb laboratories. This process also makes the oil *much more palatable*. At druggists.

# SQUIBB

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT  
IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER



By Appointment  
to H. R. H.  
The Prince of Wales

Box of Three Large Tablets \$1.00, or 35¢ the Tablet

Also the complete Lavender Series  
Obtainable at all good stores.

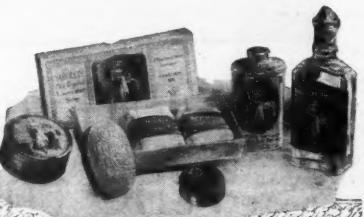
**YARDLEY** 8 New Bond St. LONDON

New York: 15-19 Madison Square N.  
Toronto: 145 Adelaide Street, W.

## Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap

OF ALL THE PERFUMES, POWDER and accessories of the toilet used by the lady of fashion a Century ago, none were so indispensable as Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap.

Its exquisite purity—its lovely perfume has established it in these days as the Luxury Soap of the World.



**High School  
Course in  
2 Years**

This simplified, complete High School Course—specially prepared for home study by leading professors—meets all requirements for entrance to college, business, and leading professions.

### 20 Other Courses

Over 200 noted Engineers, Business Men and Educators helped prepare the special instruction which you need for success. No matter what your inclinations may be, you can't hope to succeed without specialised training. Let us give you the practical training you need.

**American School**  
Drexel Ave. & 58th Street  
Dept. H-314 Chicago

**Money Back When You Finish If Not Satisfied**  
American School, Dept. H-314 Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago  
Send me full information on the subject checked and how you will help me win success in that line.

Architect	Electrical Engineer
Building Contractor	General Education
Automobile Engineer	Lawyer
Civil Engineer	Mach. Shop Practice
Structural Engineer	Mechanical Engineer
Business Manager	Steam Engineer
C. P. A. & Auditor	Sanitary & Heating
Bookkeeper	Surveyor & Mapping
Draftsmen & Designer	High School Graduate

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_

### Get to the source of ill health

Humanists—90% say the best authorities originate in the colon. Therefore begin the search for effort to attain vigorous health. Normally there is no putrefaction in the intestine. Nature prevents it by planting in the colon the birth "protective germs" which suffice putrefactive germs.

But wrong diet and irregularity of natural habits encourage the growth of the poison-producing germs. Soon the whole intestine swarms with these toxic elements. Ill health

**FREE** "Healthful Living," the great book on the Battle Creek Diet System, is a scientific exposition on the regulation of diet for invalids as well as for those in good health. Written by the world's greatest authority on diet, it is presented in colorful illustrations. Not for sale at any price, but sent free for return of coupon below. Everyone, sick or well, should have it for reference.

**Battle Creek Food Co., Battle Creek, Mich.**  
Please send free and postpaid a copy of "HEALTHFUL LIVING."  Send name of authorized store featuring Sanitarium Health Foods.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_



in scores of forms follows.

You can quickly change the intestinal flora, which means replacing the harmful germs with the normal friendly germs. Lactose and dextrine are the two best foods on which the protective germs thrive. Feed them, and putrefaction cannot take place.

Lacto-Dextrin is a scientific food discovery without parallel. Palatable and easy to take. Used with great success at the Battle Creek Sanitarium. At authorized stores: \$1 a can.



C-36

and had come up expressly to buy a couple. Simpleton! What you came up here for was to look through my telescope, to search carefully for a distant view of that escaped convict, Bob Mason. The chief ranger, knowing that Bob Mason is an old friend of mine and that I sympathize with him heartily, feared to entrust that job to me. So he delegated you. Now, there's the 'scope. I brought it out purposely for your use. Use it. But if you'll take a tip from me you'll rest your eyes and listen to a story."

Without further ado she related her experience with the sheriff's posse.

"And you killed the bloodhounds?" he demanded, incredulous.

"Of course I did. I'm not an expert on dogs. Bloodhounds, foxhounds, wolfhounds or staghounds, they all look alike to me when I see them tearing through the chaparral, trailing something and bawling to beat four of a kind. How should I know they were trailing an escaped convict? Nobody took me into his confidence and that, Tony, was a mean little slap at my loyalty as a member of the Forest Service."

"It was a tactical error," he admitted.

"I did my duty as I saw it, Tony."

"You did. Dogs running deer in the San Dimas at any time are out of luck. They are particularly out of luck in the closed season. Well, you certainly balled things up, Monica."

"I certainly balled things up?" The chief ranger certainly balled things up. Now, I'll tell you something else, Tony. Bob Mason stopped at my house. He was hungry and tired so I gave him to eat and drink. I'd have done the same for a yellow dog. He told me the sheriff was after him with bloodhounds—so I went down the hill and evened the odds for Bob by killing the bloodhounds. It required a certain amount of hard-heartedness to shoot a brace of innocent dogs, but Bob Mason isn't a desperate criminal, his presence in these hills isn't menace to civilization and I object to seeing a regular man run down and tread by dogs. It isn't sporty. So I shot the dogs."

Anthony Garland was, to quote a hackneyed expression, knocked into a cocked hat.

"I'll say it for you," Monica chuckled. "I'll be damned."

"I'll be doubly damned! You extraordinary woman!"

"I wish I could call you an extraordinary man, but I cannot. At all hazards one must be honest. You're doubtless a very decent, kindly gentleman, Tony, but the city ways still cling to you. And you're the worst detective in the world."

"I'm afraid it will go hard with you when the chief ranger learns of this."

"It'll go harder with you if he does, my friend. Up here we loathe an informer. You might have an unexpected visit from Bob Mason."

"Oh, I'll not mention it! I wouldn't think of betraying you, Monica. But I'm afraid that your unusual daring, your confounded fearlessness, ignorance of the law and honesty will cause you to make admissions to other people who will not guard your secret so well."

"Why, I'm going to tell everybody in these hills, as fast as I get the time and opportunity. I wouldn't keep a joke like that from the poor dears for all the timber in the San Dimas. They're closed-mouthed—these hillmen."

"How long ago was Mason here?"

"He came about an hour before you did."

"When did he depart?"

"Tony, I never speak out of my turn. I say this much, however. The sheriff knows he has Bob Mason cornered on Bogus; Bob Mason knows the sheriff has him cornered and since it is the custom in this country for every man to kill his own snakes and Bob Mason isn't armed—no, I wouldn't give him any weapons and he would never ask me to do so—the issue is up to Bob."

"Well, if he's cornered on Bogus, where is the sheriff and his posse?"

"They cannot be very far away. I imagine

the sheriff is busy posting his men on various points around Bogus."

"He'll require enough men to form a cordon around Bogus, otherwise his man will slip through in the dark. May I use your telephone, Monica?"

"Certainly not. Ever since the Jem Scully episode I never permit a man in my house. And I'll protect Bob Mason to the limit of my ability. If the chief ranger had trusted me, I'd permit you to enter my house and use the telephone to summon help in a hurry, but since the chief ranger expects disloyalty from me, then disloyalty he shall have."

He did not attempt to conceal his entire sympathy with her attitude. "I'm not sufficiently interested in your friend Bob Mason to insist on using the telephone," he replied with dignity. "Moreover, I've learned discretion," he added and flipped the crippled body of the blue jay with the toe of his boot. "However, I'm expected to cooperate with the sheriff, if you are not. Thank you for a delightful visit and a lesson in politeness and restraint. May I call again, Monica Dale?"

"Certainly, Tony. Call as often as you like." She gave him her hand and he bent low over it and kissed it reverently.

"Oh, aren't you noble!" cried Monica, with unfeigned joy. "I've read of such things in books, but I never, never expected to have it happen to me. Good-by, Tony."

He mounted his horse and with a graceful lift of his soft hat, rode off at a gallop down the trail, and in his youthful heart there was a strange wild thumping. At the turn in the trail he looked back. Monica stood where he had left her; she was gazing after him. He tossed her an airy kiss—and thrilled as she returned it—with interest—one with each brown hand. He reflected that that was exactly like Monica Dale. No half portions!

As for Monica—well, the great loneliness had lifted from her soul as lightly, as gradually as the fog had lifted over the San Dimas. When she went to the spring for a bucket of water it suddenly occurred to her that one of Tony Garland's eyebrows was a trifle higher than the other, thus lending to a somewhat serious countenance an added touch of quizzicality in his humorous moments.

"I frightened the poor boy half to death," she decided. "My, wasn't he embarrassed! And regretful! Why, I expected to see regret flowing out of his ears. He'll be almost a mile away before he recovers his senses, but he's not a fool and when the shock of my attack leaves him he'll begin to use that head of his for thinking. He wasn't fooled by my attempt to lay the blame for Bob's snoring on old Nibsy. I outgamed him, though, when I accorded him permission to search my house. Gosh, that was real bluffing on no pair—and I took the pot. But he must have noticed that at no time did I deny his charge that I had Bob Mason hidden in my house. He preferred to give me the impression that I was fooling him. No, he would never search my house himself. He wouldn't risk offending me, but—he'll communicate his bright ideas to the sheriff as quickly as he can and the sheriff will search my house. Step lively, Monica. You'd hate yourself forever if you permitted a sheriff to outthink you."

She returned to the cabin with the bucket of water and at once set herself to the not inconsiderable task of awakening her guest from the profound sleep of exhaustion that was upon him. Eventually succeeding, she explained the situation to him.

"I'm too tired to think what to do, Monica. You'll have to think for me, girl," he pleaded.

She led him to the window. "See that thick-topped mountain cedar about fifty feet below my yard fence? Well, take this blanket and some bread and jerked venison, walk boldly out of this house instantly and climb up into this mountain cedar—away up. I'll have visitors looking for you tonight. After they have searched the barn, as they will, you slip down out of your perch, circle around and into the barn. You will find my saddle



"Jarnac is all your skin will ever need, My Dear; look at mine!"

## One Essential Cream!

(Your Skin Needs Nothing Else)

AT EVERY TURN you meet advice on beauty. But the real truth about your complexion will go in one sentence:

Keep your skin clean, and it will grow beautiful.

Let that scientific fact be the beginning and end of your confidence in cosmetics. Most imperfect skins are the result of trying too hard to help them. And every beautiful skin is a sign that it has been *let alone*. It has been kept clean, of course. For perfect, pore-deep cleanliness gives Nature its only chance to make a skin fair and smooth.

You do need a cream for cleansing, though. Soap and water to start the process. A careful cream to complete it. There is a cream that does completely cleanse the cuticle and purge the pores. It's called *Jarnac*; it's a French formula, but surprisingly simple and bland. Women can't get used to its mildness. It isn't even medicated. Yet the same thing always happens when it's used; a week or two, and your fingers feel the new softness; a new color comes, and stays. And for these reasons:

A cream made like *Jarnac* is not absorbed. It does its work and departs. It neutralizes every skin acid. It removes every pore impurity. It does not "feed" the pores. Nor "close" them. *A clean pore is never distended*. No woman who uses *Jarnac* two weeks will ever again worry about coarse pores!

"But I need a night-cream, too!" The same *Jarnac* is all you should use. And the special occasion—just before motorizing or golf—or any trying exposure—*Jarnac*. It is always the dirt that does the harm.

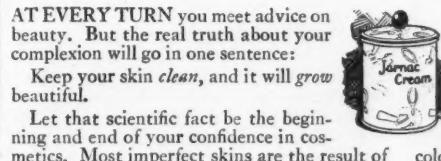
In short, this one, capable cream does all you may do for normal skin. Should yours not respond to *Jarnac*, we frankly

advise a physician. For in turning to the things which promise miracles overnight, there is sure disappointment, and possible harm.

To be sure, there must still be outer aids to beauty. No modern maid—or mother—can spurn the adept dash of color deeper than conservative Old Nature provides. So, there's *Jarnac rouge*; but it's moist; a true blood-red you can't get in any form of dry color. Again, one complete product; for it is true color for both cheeks and lips—of any hue! And powder. *Jarnac* is what a world of women wanted, but only a coldly scientific laboratory could produce; a medium powder of sufficient weight to stay on without caking or chalking, but of low visibility.

Finally, where is beauty without *immaculacy*? There is now *Jarnac* deodorant. A deodorizing agent that does the work *entirely* through neutralizing. Alters nothing, stops nothing. Just completely removes all bodily odors. In the innocent form of a fleecy talc!

For your own sake, believe the story so many women already tell of *Jarnac*. That most, if not all toilet counters already have. But if not, here's a coupon it is hoped you'll use:



FREE

JARNAC et CIE  
544 W. Randolph St.  
Chicago

I would like generous trial boxes of both—  
Jarnac CREAM AND Jarnac POWDER  
—and don't forget the little Jarnac book of  
Big beauty secrets!

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_





Indispensable to the toilette of well-groomed women for more than 20 years, De Miracle is the original liquid that quickly and gently removes hair at the roots.

60c, \$1, \$2—Everywhere, or direct from De Miracle, 138 West 14th St., New York

## De Miracle

Comedies, Dramas, PLAYS Vaudeville, Acts  
Musical Comedies, Revues, Minstrels, Gode-  
strel, Burlesques, Songs, Blackface plays, Everything for  
Burnt Cork Shows and All Amateur Entertainments.  
Monologs, Dialogs, Speakers. CATALOGUE FREE.  
T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 127, Chicago



## New Shampoo Brightens Faded Blonde Hair

No need now for dull, streaky, faded, lusterless, blonde hair! Blondex, the new blonde hair shampoo, leaves no oil behind on the hair to form film, on which dust and dirt quickly collect—causing the hair to darken and become discolored. Not only keeps light hair from darkening, but actually brings back the true golden beauty even to the most discolored and darkened blonde hair. Makes hair fluffy, silky. Beneficial to scalp and hair. No injurious dyes or chemicals. Over half a million users. Highly recommended for children's hair. Money back if not delighted. Get Blondex today at all good drug and department stores.

## BLONDEX

*The Blonde Hair Shampoo*

and bridle hanging on a peg and my horse will be tied in his stall. Saddle him, lead him boldly out, mount up and fall in with the posse in the dark. If, in the dark, somebody asks who you are, tell them you're Garland, the ranger from Tantrum Meadows. He's a brand-new man and I think he is known to very few of the San Dimas ranger force."

Bob Mason grinned painfully. "I'll be out of luck if Garland should challenge me."

"Bob, one of the surest things about life is that one must take a chance. You take it. If you lose, you lose, that's all. If you're on Bogus at daylight tomorrow morning they'll get you. It's pretty open country to the south and east and they'll watch this cabin from a distance, with field-glasses. Now, up in that mountain cedar, you prison bird, and mind you don't crow or snore or fall out of the tree and embarrass me. And whatever you do, keep awake. I will not be able to climb that tree at the proper time to awaken you."

She gave him the blanket and food. Bob Mason rested his grimy hand on her shoulder. "Monica, you're the best friend a man ever had. I'll never forget this day as long as I live. I'll never be done with feeling grateful to you."

"Don't mention it, Bob. And another word of advice. If you get to Uncle Charley Canfield's, stay there until you hear from me. Don't try to get up into Plumas to see your baby. They'll have the baby watched, you know. But they'll not watch him forever. They'll quit in a month or two and maintain an occasional surveillance. Promise me you will not try to see the baby for at least three months."

"I promise. God bless you, Monica."

He was gone. Monica watched him climb wearily up into the mountain cedar and was relieved to observe that once ensconced in its thick top branches her protégé was effectually screened from anything save the most persistent investigation from the ground below.

She was singing a Methodist hymn when a shadow darkened her door at sunset. The sheriff was back again. He nodded—a very faint nod—and entered uninvited. "I'll search your house, Miss Dale," he announced.

"Search away. I've been expecting you for the past hour, Sheriff," the girl replied.

He looked around the living-room, then entered the kitchen and got down on his hands and knees to search the long cupboard under the sink and drain-board. The sound of running feet came distinctly to Monica through the open window and she rose and looked out. Bob Mason was running across the yard toward the sheriff's horse; an instant later he was in the saddle and the horse was walking quietly away toward the Tantrum Meadows trail.

The sheriff came out of the kitchen and searched Monica's bedroom. While he was down on his knees looking under the bed the girl twisted and tore the telephone wires with a pair of pliers and was seated where the sheriff had left her.

"Clean bill of health here, Miss Dale," he announced with a grim smile. "I'll have a look in your barn."

"I would if I were you," Monica replied sweetly. "You might find your horse there."

With a bound the sheriff was out of the house. With another bound he was in again. "By gad, my horse is gone!" he cried. "That convict must have been hiding outside all the time and now he's swiped my horse and is making his get-away."

"Right the very first time. I saw him mount up and ride off down the trail toward Tantrum."

"Why didn't you warn me?" the outraged man almost yelled.

"You kill your own snakes. Bob Mason is a friend of mine. Why should I have a bullet kiss him in the back?"

The sheriff leaped for the telephone. Monica

raised her untrained contralto and sang softly "Rose of Sharon," while the sheriff rattled and cranked at the Forest Service phone.

"I'm afraid it's out of order, Sheriff," she announced presently.

"If it is, you've scuttled the damned thing," he roared.

"Well, isn't that about what you'd expect of me? You've been searching my house without my permission, haven't you? Why shouldn't I live up to your expectations? Surely you do not think I'm a mental cripple?"

"I'll say I don't."

"Have a drink," Monica urged hospitably. "There's the demijohn in the corner. You're all hot and excited and a drink will do you a great deal of good. Struck me this afternoon, Sheriff, that you were riding a pretty likely looking horse. Looked to me as if he might have a lot of hot blood in him."

"He's a three-quarter thoroughbred."

"Well, he'll need it all tonight, Sheriff. He has a rider in the saddle now—a rider who knows these hills as well as you know your pistol pocket. And here's another bone for you to gnaw on, Sheriff. At the next election your political enemies will laugh you out of office. From now on Bob Mason will be a hero for outwitting you. He's taken your horse and left you afoot. He's made a star-spangled monkey out of you, Mr. Sheriff."

"I notice you ride a pretty fair horse yourself, Miss Dale," he retorted grimly. "I reckon I'll just naturally have to help myself in the name of the law."

"I wouldn't advise that course, Sheriff. It happens that tonight I am the law on Bogus. Also I have a certain affection for my little horse and I don't figure on letting any fat-headed sheriff ride him to death in the timber at night. By the way, am I mistaken or did I observe a rifle in a scabbard on your saddle this afternoon?"

"You did, girl, and it's still there and the magazine's full-up."

"You're the picture of hard luck, old boy. Sit down and rest your weary feet. Have a drink. Fellows like you who are so chary of kindly hospitality tend to give my house a bad name. Don't be shy."

The sheriff poured himself four fingers. There was nothing else to do. Presently he begged wistfully:

"Miss Dale, you won't ever tell anybody about that ornery Bob Mason stealin' my horse and leavin' me afoot and helpless, will you? You're right, girl. They'd laugh me out of office next November."

The lustrous brown eyes were raised to him with a look of kindness and benevolence ineffable. "Poor old silly sheriff! Of course not. Why, that wouldn't be a bit sporty!"

Far down the trail a fusillade of rifle-shots punctuated the twilight silence.

"I wonder if somebody got Bob Mason," the sheriff ventured.

"I wonder if somebody got your horse," said Monica Dale. "Wise men always shoot the horse from under a mounted fugitive. It simplifies matters so."

"Perhaps Mason has shot the horses out under some of my posse."

"Perhaps," Monica looked at her unbidden guest sorrowfully. "Poor man!" she sighed. "How singularly unfortunate you are today."

The sheriff blazed in fury: "Young woman, do you know what you can do?" And without waiting for Monica's reply he yelled, "You can go to Jericho!"

"Have another drink, brother. You're excited," she urged.

"Oh, go to hell!" the sheriff almost sobbed and flounced out of the door into the gathering shadows on Bogus.

"It certainly does take some folks a long time to get to their objective," Monica mused. "Well—guess it's time to light the lights and close the chicken-house door!"

*Monica Dale's quick wits and courage are called on even more dramatically to foil the hunt for Bob Mason—in Next Month's instalment of Peter B. Kyne's glorious novel of the forests*

026  
softly  
settled  
she  
nned  
spect  
house  
Why  
ions?  
ple?"  
ably.  
ou're  
you a  
noon,  
likely  
right  
He  
who  
your  
one  
for  
ection  
out of  
a hero  
horse  
angled  
yourself,  
eckon  
in the  
ff. It  
dogus.  
little  
y fat-  
y imber  
or did  
saddle  
and the  
l boy.  
ave a  
ary of  
use a  
ngers.  
ly he  
body  
n' my  
s, will  
gh me  
to him  
olence  
course  
ty!"  
e-shots  
ason,"  
horse,"  
shoot  
gitive.  
es out  
hidden  
sighed  
today."  
woman,  
without  
"You  
're ex-  
sobbed  
thering  
a long  
mused.  
ants and

## The Other Woman

(Continued from page 47)

the fire. He did not say a word but just opened his arms . . .

I shall remember that first kiss until I die. I shall live to be an old, old woman, I know that. It is part of the tragedy. But when my eyes are pale with age, the color and gloss have gone from my hair and my lips are cold, my hands trembling, I shall still glow when I think of his lips on mine . . . I felt then that I belonged to him and I grew younger, prettier, filled with the joy of life. He had not asked me to marry him, and though I felt a little pang of disappointment it did not hurt me really. I trusted him; I could wait.

Martin left town a few weeks later. He was never a good correspondent, but he sent me daily long telegrams telling me of his work, interspersed with those foolish little love names that thrill a woman so much more than the most beautifully turned phrase.

It was one Saturday morning—everything between me and Martin seemed to happen on a Saturday—that I had a telegram asking me to meet him that afternoon at Rye. He had his car with him and suggested we might go for a glorious week-end run through Romney Marsh. My spirits leaped at the chance of being with him and I interrupted the thousand and one claims of a hard-working existence, packed my bag, slipping in my one evening frock, arranged with a kindly neighbor to take charge of my little girl, and set off in high glee.

"You do look well today, ma'am," said the caretaker as I went down the stairs. "Why, goodness me, you might be going off on your honeymoon." He was a kindly old soul and I gave him a shilling—for luck! I remembered his words when I came back—on Monday.

It was by the old sea-wall that Martin told me. We had walked through the maze of buttercups, their lazy heads brushing our ankles. A light mist was rising from the sea and the air was salt on the lips.

"You're going to stay with me this week-end, darling?"

I looked up, thrilled but uncomprehending. "Vera, you're the only thing that matters to me; you know that. If only I had met you sooner. I never dreamed that there was a woman like you . . . Oh, my dear, I feel a brute and yet I can't do without you."

I looked up and read the truth in his eyes.

"Martin," I said, "are you married?"

"Didn't you know, my dear?"

He was full of self-reproach, kissing my hands, stroking my hair and begging me to forgive him. How that moment comes back to me! I feel his rough coat against my face, hurting the skin, thrilling the nerves, the very finger-tips. It may sound absurd, yet I think that every woman must have known some such moment when, steeped in a male dominance, you waver—falter—then if you love him—you surrender.

Ought I to have left him? You will all say yes. But then, perhaps you have never been tempted, tempted by the love that every woman longs for and so pitifully few find. And I loved him so utterly, so completely, that I felt a curious satisfaction in giving him all I had to offer—my sad young past, my future that might have held so very much . . .

And so I stayed; and I sometimes ask myself if I had known the cost whether I should have chosen the same way. I loved him. I was proud of him, I thrilled at all the brilliant things he had done. But, and this was the price of my choice, I could never show my pride in public. I had no right to share his joys in the face of the world. My part was to dwell in the secret orchard which bears bitter and frustrate fruit.

Martin wished me to move to a West End flat which he wanted to furnish in his usual lavish fashion. But I would not consent to that. I felt somehow that the only chance of keeping my self-respect was to stay in my own poor little place. I could not prevent his

THE WAY TO SAY REMEMBER ME



CIRO  
PARIS  
PERFUMES

DOUX JASMIN IS THE TRUE  
FRENCH INSPIRATION OF  
CIRO. IT IS THE SUPREMELY  
FINE JASMIN MEMORABLE  
AS THE MAGRANT FLOWER ITSELF.

DOUQUET ANTIQUE  
DOUX JASMIN  
PARFUM MASQUEE  
CHEVALIER DE LA NUIT

MADE AND SEALED IN FRANCE  
GUY T. GIBSON, INC.  
525 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



### Buoyant, steady and graceful

There's a joyousness—a sense of absolute freedom about canoeing that comes with no other sport. "What shall we do this summer?" is uppermost in the minds of thousands. Why not let an "Old Town Canoe" help answer the question for you?

You'll be mighty proud of your "Old Town." These canoes are patterned after actual Indian models. Graceful, sleek and fast, "Old Town Canoes" win the admiration of all who see them. Remarkably low in price too. \$64 up. From dealer or factory.

The 1926 catalog is beautifully illustrated with all models in full colors. Write for your free copy today. OLD TOWN CANOE Co., 1603 Main St., Old Town, Maine.

**"Old Town Canoes"**

### Do you want to write for profit?

NOT just a joke or a filler that sells at \$2, \$3 . . . but stories that thrust the will of a man or a woman or a boy to a decisive climax; stories that clinch your imagination and others'; stories that make editors send fat checks. If you have any story ability at all, the Palmer Institute of Authorship can train you till you can write, regularly, for profit. Personalized, intensive training. Placing at your service the suggestions, criticisms, guidance of some of the foremost writers and photodramatists producing today. Not merely a correspondence course, but actual, constructive help . . . as if the successful novelist were reading your manuscript and suggesting, at your elbow. For details, send coupon.

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP  
Palmer Building, Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me, without expense or obligation, information about your home-study course in:  Short Story Writing  English Expression 35-C

Name.....

Address.....  
All correspondence strictly confidential

**"As essential as the razor and tooth-brush," says BARTON, the merchant**



he means

**GLO-CO**

LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

It's included in the toilet kits of most successful men—that bottle of Glo-Co Hair Dressing, because they know it keeps the hair neat all day.

No grease. No stickiness either. Glo-Co Hair Dressing is a liquid, not a cream or paste. Acts as a tonic on the scalp, stimulating the roots of the hair to new growth and doing away with dandruff. Your doctor would recommend it.

If you're much troubled with dandruff, have a Glo-Co treatment each week. Apply Glo-Co Hair Dressing to the scalp to soften the scurf, then wash with Glo-Co Shampoo. The cleansing, antiseptic lather of the shampoo removes every trace of dandruff and bacteria.

After the shampoo, comb your hair with Glo-Co Hair Dressing to keep it in place.

Sold at drug and department stores and barber shops. If your dealer cannot supply Glo-Co Hair Dressing or Shampoo, a full-sized bottle of either will be sent for 50c. Glo-Co Company, Inc., 6511 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles, California.

**Beauty**  
Of Hair and Skin  
Preserved By  
**Cuticura**  
Soap to Cleanse  
Ointment to Heal

**New Way to Whiten Your Skin**



No more blackheads, pimples, freckles or muddiness! An amazing new discovery clears and whitens your skin almost overnight. Dust wind and sun rays won't have damaged your skin. But underneath it is a beautiful complexion. Banish blemishes this new way; don't let liver splotches, moth patches or sallowness mar your beauty. Ask your dealer for a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Cream. If he can't supply you, just send us your name and address. Send no money. When package arrives pay postman first. If not delighted your money will be refunded.

PARIS TOILET CO.  
263 Oak Street, Paris, Tennessee

sending me wonderful presents, and occasionally I was persuaded to let him give me a beautiful gown or a fur coat. We went about a good deal and I wanted him to be proud of me. He refused one or two offers for engineering jobs of great importance because he said he could not bear to leave me. I remember how thrilled I was when he said that.

He told me all about his wife. She was practical, unimaginative, an excellent housekeeper, very fond of dress and society and solidly ambitious. She had no sympathy with Martin's love of wandering. She hated the idea of little out-of-the-way places like Rye, and it was her refusal to accompany him that week-end that made him finally resolve to appeal to me.

Martin did not see me every day. He had business appointments and social duties to attend to. The first touch of the lash, inseparable from my position, came a month after my decision. We had arranged to go to the theater and on to a dance and then he was to come back to the flat. I planned a little supper, all the things he liked. I was so happy that I sang as I dressed.

I had just put the finishing touches to my hair when there came a ring at the bell. I flew to the door—we have all of us done it at some time in our lives—and flung it open. At that moment I wanted to see Martin more than anything on earth. "Darling!" I cried—and was faced by a messenger boy.

"Sorry, unable to keep appointment this evening. Writing." There was no signature.

I gazed at the telegram and discovered my hand was shaking. He wasn't coming; the happy evening I had planned was lost. Why hadn't he telephoned to me himself? Why hadn't he rushed up to explain he could not come? Why hadn't he sent me a letter by special messenger?

Didn't he care for me? If he did, why treat me like this? There are times when doubt of the man you love brings physical pain. At that moment I touched sheer agony.

I could not go to bed that night. I walked about the flat, now and then trying, in vain, to read. By the morning I had worked myself up into a condition of nervous collapse. I wanted to know the worst. I couldn't wait all day on the chance of hearing from him.

As early as I decently could I phoned his office. When they answered I realized I had made a mistake. I could not give my name; I fell back on the mean excuse of the other woman and said it was a private call. Mr. Hall was engaged—would I leave my number or ring again? I left my number.

I sat and waited for that phone until I was sick. Once it began to ring. With my heart in my throat I leaped across the room. Surely it was Martin—God wouldn't be so unkind as not to let it be Martin.

It was a pupil who wanted to postpone a lesson. And then again it was a dressmaker who wished to try on my frock.

I was semi-stupefied when at last he rang. The gladness had all gone out of me and I answered in a dull, almost mechanical voice.

"What is it?" he said—in his business voice.

"I wanted to know what is the matter. Is

anything wrong?"

"What could be wrong? I should always let you know if anything happened of importance. Don't ring me up, my dear, if you can help it. It causes talk. I'll see you this evening."

I hung up the receiver and burst into tears. Why should I be spoken to like that? I loved him but that was no reason he should hurt me so. I had brains, I had personality. Why should I be a slave to my love? I decided in my anger I would tear him out of my life, out of my heart. I would tell him so that night.

But when he came in the evening and took me in his arms, and spoke to me in his soft, husky voice, I could only cling to him and beg him not to leave off loving me. He was terribly kind; but things were never really quite the same after that awful day.

You see, I realized that he didn't really

belong to me; I was only—the other woman!

He hadn't been able to keep his appointment because one of the children had developed a sore throat, the nurse was ill and his wife was going out to dinner, and they couldn't leave the little invalid to the maids. I quite understood what he felt about the child, but—but—well, I knew then that if it ever came to a trial of strength between me, the woman he loved, and those things his wife stood for, home and children, I should go to the wall . . . I began to sleep badly at that time, I was always dreaming that he had left me.

Mrs. Hall, of course, found out about us. She called on me one afternoon—you can imagine what I felt like when I opened the door. She swept into my little sitting-room and gazed superciliously (it seemed to me) on my few pictures and other precious possessions.

"Please don't think I've come here to make a scene, Miss Stanley—your professional name is Stanley, I believe, though I understand you are a widow. I believe in discussing these things quite frankly. You're in love with my husband?"

"Yes," I said, trying to keep the tremor from my voice.

"And you think he is in love with you? He isn't really, you know."

I expected this age-old taunt—but it hurt just the same; it always does. "You're just a different kind of woman from any he's known before. That's all. But what are you going to do, Miss Stanley? Do you propose to share your lover with me?"

"Share him!" I started to my feet. "I know you're his wife, the mother of his children; but he is nothing to you really. You only care for him because he gives you a home and wonderful dresses. He only gives me love—which I give him."

"You mean you are his mistress."

I winced at that. It is one of the words that twist your heart. "What then?" I said. "Whatever I am, he belongs to me."

"Are you aware that your connection with him is the cause of scandal? If you do not break it off you will ruin his career. Oh, yes, your relations are widely known. Besides I've had you watched for quite a long time. It's for you to decide, of course; either you give him up or I sue for divorce. Divorce will ruin Martin. He has the chance of a big government contract in Nigeria. It will make his fortune. He will lose it if I take him into court."

She left after that and for the next few hours I was in hell.

Martin came to me with the furtive, almost hangdog look a man always wears when his wife has found him out. He was very tired and I suppose I was stupid. I ought to have been quiet and self-controlled. Instead of that I let myself go. I cried, I beat my head against the wall and wished I were dead. He listened to my reproaches and then took me quietly by the shoulders.

"This has got to end, Vera," said he. "I get enough scenes at home; I don't want any here." He looked so pale, so worn that my heart seemed to break. We had a long and intimate talk and at the end I crucified myself.

It was decided we should not see each other any more.

I don't know how I lived for the next month. Life was all black; in the morning, at that first moment of waking, the one moment of the twenty-four hours when you see the truth about yourself, I knew to what depths I had fallen. If only I could have seen him, felt his arms about me, I would have been content to be branded in the public streets . . . The scent of his tobacco, the whiff of violet perfume . . . I bit the sheets, I bit my fingers, I was ready to lie down for him to walk over me so he would come. Yes, that's what happens to the other woman. You know you are despised; you know you are uncouth, but your body, your soul and your heart are one vast ache for him. There is no humiliation you would not endure to get him.

One night quite late, when I was lying awake staring up at the ceiling with dull eyes, there came a ring at the bell. I answered the door without any hope or curiosity. There on the landing stood Martin. He looked small, somehow, and pathetic.

"I couldn't keep away," he said. "It's been hell. I've come back to you forever."

Once again I was raised to the dizzy heights of happiness. Nothing, nothing could part us now.

He heard soon from his wife. She had decided to divorce him. I was almost beside myself with joy and we made all sorts of fond and foolish plans about the future. The divorce would be made absolute in a year, we hoped. The government contract in Nigeria had to be begun in three months. Martin could start on the work and once it was going it was not likely he would have to resign. Besides, the case would not be defended so there could not be much publicity. I was to go out to Africa a little later—it wouldn't be difficult to fix up a concert tour in Cape Colony. I could join him in Nigeria, and when the decree was made absolute—we could be man and wife.

The next three months went by easily enough, though I suffered emotional heights and depths. It seemed to me he was cooling a little. He didn't always want to be with me. I knew that was no real symptom of change and that every man prefers the society of his own sex at times. But it hurt, none the less; it was the horrible impermanence that hurt me.

You will understand how eagerly I watched the papers to see when the case was in the list. It was down for hearing one Monday morning and on the Saturday I telephoned Martin at his rooms and told him the glad news.

He didn't seem pleased and my spirits went to zero.

"Shall I come round to you, dear?" said I.

"Not this morning. I'll look in some time this evening. I'm worried. I've had a bit of a knock. Good-by, my dear."

Oh, the weary hours of waiting when you know there's trouble at the end of them! The things you try to do to cheat your mind! I'd had no pupils that day, and I occupied myself by preparing an elaborate dinner. I put on a charming frock and did my hair in the way he liked.

He held me very close when he came in. He took me on his knee by the fire. He told me all my love had meant to him. I clung to him and pretended I wasn't frightened.

"It will be wonderful when we can always be together, Martin. When I needn't be ashamed of loving you. When I can be your wife."

He didn't look at me. A man never looks at a woman when he is going to hurt her.

"There won't be any divorce," said he. "Mary isn't going through with it. I heard from her this morning."

"No divorce? Why not?"

"She won't go through with it, that's all."

"She's just played cat and mouse, then?" said I. "Oh, Martin, how am I to bear it? Won't she ever divorce you?"

"No. She never meant to, really. I think she pretended—just to hurt."

There was silence for a minute. I felt numb. I think a prisoner must feel as I felt when he hears the sentence of death.

"I shall soon be back from Nigeria, darling, and we shall see each other just as often."

"I'm not to go out to you?"

"You mustn't for your own sake, Vera. If we could have been married we could have ignored any gossip there might have been before. It's different now."

"And I'm to wait here—here, eating my heart out. Oh, Martin, why did you come back to me? I should have been dead now and past all feeling."

He soothed me tenderly; and after a while I grew quiet.

It's extraordinary what you can go through if you're the other woman. You learn to take hurts and humiliations almost as your daily

0 DAYS FREE TRIAL - MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

# A VALUE NEVER BEFORE EQUALLED

THE NEW  
IMPROVED  
**INKOGRAPH** \$2.98

## The Perfect Writing Instrument

The Inkograph writes with ink free and easy as a lead pencil without a miss, skip or blur. The steady uniform flow of ink actually improves your handwriting. Won't blot, scratch, leak or soil hands.

No fountain pen on the market—even those which sell for \$7, \$8 and \$9—are made of any better material, for none better exists than that from which our staff of skilled mechanics make these beautiful Inkographs.

So sure are we that you will agree that these Inkographs are unequalled values that we will allow you to purchase one with the distinct understanding that if not prove thoroughly satisfactory as to writing quality and appearance—you can send it back within 10 days and we'll refund your money.

### MAKES 3 OR 4 CARBON COPIES WITH ORIGINAL INK

Anyone can write with your Inkograph. No style of writing or pressure can bend, spread, injure or distort its 14Kt. solid gold point.

#### Patent Automatic 14Kt. Solid Gold Feed

Prevents clogging. No complicated mechanism to clean or get out of order. Year's guarantee certificate with full directions accompanies each Inkograph and is your absolute protection.

#### An Instrument of Refinement

Made of the best hard rubber procurable and finished with care and precision so it's a pleasure to carry and use an Inkograph.

**STYLE No. 20A.G.—The Red Big Chief**  
made of the highest quality red rubber—a large sturdy attractive Inkograph has solid 14Kt. gold point, gold band on safety screw cap, gold self-filling lever and gold clip.

**STYLE No. 19A.G.—The Mottled Big Chief**  
made of black and red rubber artistically blended, which produces an effect of extreme beauty and refinement. Has solid 14Kt. gold point, gold band on safety screw cap, gold self-filling lever and gold clip.

**STYLE No. 17A.G.—The Executive.**  
An ebony black rubber highly polished Inkograph of superb refinement, the choice of men of affairs. Has 14Kt. solid gold point,  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch gold band on safety screw cap, gold self-filling lever and gold clip.

**STYLE No. 5A.G.—The X Ray Inkograph**  
Barrel made of either transparent material which makes it possible to immediately see how much ink it contains. Especially adapted for those who do a great deal of writing because it has an exceptionally large ink capacity. Has 14Kt. gold point,  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch band on safety screw cap and clip. Filled with an ink dropper, not a self-filler.

#### ILLUSTRATIONS ACTUAL SIZE



#### AGENTS WANTED

Sell Inkographs, make bigger profits, more sales, without investment. Larger commissions, popular prices, no competition. Send for an Inkograph or write for special sales plan booklet.

#### SEND NO MONEY

This coupon properly filled out is sufficient.

#### INKOGRAPH CO., Inc.

181-37 Centre St., New York, N. Y.

You may send me your Inkograph, style No. .... and I will pay the postman \$2.98 plus postage on delivery. It is understood that if within 10 days I am not entirely satisfied, that you will refund my money. If you prefer to send cash or money order we will send Inkograph all charges prepaid.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

(Please write name and address clearly)



**GOOD HEALTH**  
—the most precious Gift of Nature

Nature has certain laws of health. Not the least of these is inner cleanliness. Observation of this law rewards those who obey and punishes those who offend.

To gain the rewards of good health, by maintaining inner cleanliness, many people have come to the regular use of ENO. Just a "dash" first thing in the morning in a glass of water, hot or cold, will assist Nature to promote the blessings of Good Health.

**ENO**  
TRADE MARK  
THE WORLD-FAMED EFFERVESCENT SALT  
At All Druggists, 75c and \$1.25

Sales Agents: HAROLD F. RETCUM & CO., INC., 171 Madison Ave., New York  
Toronto Sydney Wellington  
Prepared Only by J. C. ENO, LTD., London, England



**All day — their  
hair looks right**

**HAPPY**evenings in front of the fire! Don't let these care-free hours be spoiled by uncertainty over the looks of your hair.

It's so easy today to keep hair smooth, smart—all evening—all day in fact.

Stacomb trains the most difficult hair to lie smoothly in place. Brings out all the natural lustre. Yet never leaves hair matted or greasy looking.

Helps prevent dandruff too. Stacomb comes in jars, tubes and liquid form. All drug and department stores.

**Stacomb**

Standard Laboratories, Inc.

Dept. D-28, 113 W. 18th St., N.Y.C.

Please send me, free of charge,  
a generous sample of Stacomb.

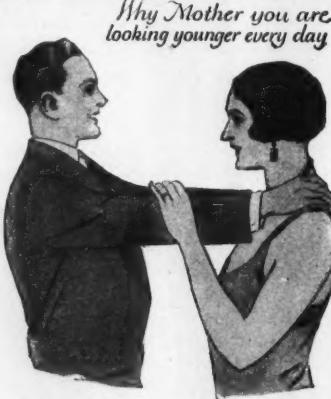
Name.....

Address.....

**Free  
Offer**

**SHORT-STORY WRITING**  
Particulars of Dr. Eisenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of *THE WRITER'S MONTHLY* free. Write today.

Dr. Eisenwein Dept. 63 THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL Springfield, Mass.



**Sage Tea turns  
gray hair dark**

That beautiful, even shade of dark, glossy hair can only be had by brewing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray or streaked, just an application or two of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold. Don't bother to prepare the mixture; you can get this famous old recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients for only 75 cents, all ready for use, at any drug store. It is called Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound. This can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color and lustre of your hair. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair has disappeared, and after another application it becomes beautifully dark and appears glossy and lustrous. 1

WYETH CHEMICAL CO., INC., NEW YORK

bread. And you despise yourself—how you despise yourself!

He went to Nigeria. He carried through his contract very brilliantly and he was made a K. C. B. His wife was reconciled to him when he got the title and they live in the same house once again . . .

He is just a little less whimsical, a little more sedate than he used to be, just a little more conscious of the honors and dignities life has brought him. He takes his daughter about with him a great deal. She will never hear of me; of what I have been to him . . .

I never quite know when he is coming to see me. He is very busy these days. I sit by the window and watch for him and sometimes I can't see for the tears in my eyes. And the telephone stands very dumb and very callous in the corner . . .

And I know that for ever and ever I shall always be, I must always be—the other woman!

## Pig Iron

(Continued from page 85)

Evelyn's temperature and pulse. The afternoon light had begun to fade; already there was a gray shadow in the ward. Sam rose.

"I'll see you again soon, Ev. I'll come over in a day or two. Is there anything you'd like to have? Books, candy, flowers?"

"I'd love some caramels, Sammy-boy. You remember the caramels? But you *mustn't* bother about me! I don't want to trouble you, Sammy—indeed I don't."

"You're not going to trouble me."

He held her hand. On a sudden impulse he bent down to kiss her, and her thin white arms went round his neck, the ugly hospital robe falling back. Instantly at the moment of contact, a wave of emotion, a breath of fire swept over him. He drew her up close to him a moment, and then with stinging eyes strode blindly from the ward.

At the office of the resident physician he stopped, and there followed a long talk with the doctor. The man pursed his lips and now and then nodded as he listened.

"Of course it's quite possible," he said at length when Sam paused, "but you understand, it's not probable." He picked up the card he had had brought him and studied Evelyn's "history." "She's in bad shape, an advanced stage of the disease. She'll die if she remains here—that's a certainty. Our camps are all full. Winter's a hard time on us here; plenty of fresh air and good food, that's about all we can do for them. Your friend can't live—well, I doubt if she lasts many weeks—"

Sam interrupted him harshly.

"Certainly," was the doctor's ready answer. "A warm, dry climate unquestionably would prolong her life; she might live for years, but I doubt if she can be cured. There's a good sanitarium down in Douglas, Arizona, we recommend—a very good place. You could take her there and I'm sure they would—"

"I can take her no place. You'd have to send her."

"Well, that would mean a nurse—"

"I don't care if it would mean twenty nurses! You make the arrangements; I'll pay the bills."

"Very well, I'll speak to Doctor Whipple."

"Fine. I'll be over again on Friday."

The pool of nail and wire manufacturers organized by John W. Oates proved an unqualified success. The central governing committee dealt summarily with the situation. In order to limit the supply, and thus increase the demand, one-third of the factories belonging to the pool were shut down, but a rental commensurate with their ordinary output and the steadily advanced schedule of prices was paid the owners of these properties. Of the mills whose activities were thus temporarily suspended, the Atlas Company at Bergen Point was one. Mr. Faber, Sam and Jerry Haipes found themselves suddenly with an income

whose increasing proportions bewildered and delighted them, but with nothing to do.

Evelyn was successfully sent to Arizona and there placed in a sanitarium from which, after her strength began to return, she mailed Sam happy, grateful letters. In the first six months she gained eight pounds, she wrote, and was able to take short walks. Sam was able to see Evelyn just once before she went south, promised to write her, but letters had always been a bugbear to him; occasionally in answer to her communication he sent her a telegram, and now and then a book or magazines.

Many things contributed to his contentment during these, his first married years. He regarded himself as an especially fortunate young man. He was proud of the position in life he had achieved at thirty. He had a good home, a handsome, much-admired wife, he was making money, and was on intimate terms with John W. Oates, a connection he had every reason to believe was going to prove more profitable. In Paula, Sam felt he had a most satisfactory wife; she was tall, beautiful, she carried herself splendidly, she wore fine, fashionable clothing. Everywhere she went, she attracted attention.

The house they lived in, of course, was not theirs. It still belonged to Paula's mother, but the young couple had had it all to themselves since Mr. and Mrs. Faber went to Europe and took Eugene with them. Sam's father-in-law had been in bad shape. About a year after the wedding he had commenced to complain about an annoying and painful stiffness in his joints; it had grown steadily worse and had finally been diagnosed as rheumatism. Old Doctor Swan, who had been the Fabers' physician for many years, had advised his patient to consult European specialists. Sam had urged this as well, and then Eugene had begged hard for a year's violin work in Paris.

Finances were no longer a problem; they could afford the trip and the sojourn; Sam promised to look after the mill, watch the pool, and send them monthly remittances. The Fabers had departed late in the year and the French doctors had sent the father promptly to Wiesbaden, where the waters, his wife wrote, had at once improved his condition. Eugene remained in Paris, to study with one of the professors of the Conservatory.

During the summer that her mother was abroad, Paula had a dangerous illness. She had gone to spend the hot months of July and August with some friends, the Detweilers, at their home in Rockport, Massachusetts. Rockport was a little fishing village, and the Detweilers lived five miles from it on a cliff along the rocky coast. It was rank thoughtlessness that had prompted her to take an ocean plunge one burning August day. A wave caught her unawares and she had been thrown heavily and rolled. A time of horror ensued. No doctor was to be had, and she was nearly twelve hours without medical attendance. Three days later her dead child was born.

In the streets of New York, newsboys were shouting the victory of the Defender over the Valkyrie when Sam read the telegram.

He left for Boston the same afternoon.

Paula lingered between life and death for ten days, and was an invalid for months.

Expenses were heavy and worrisome; Sam gave them a good deal of thought during the fall of that year. Paula was brought down from Rockport and was established with a trained nurse in the front bedroom of her own home. In addition to this tax upon his income, there was the fifty dollars a month he was sending Evelyn's hospital.

Jerry Haines came to him one day and urged him to go with him into the pig iron commission business; Jerry assured him he had investigated conditions and the prospect looked good, particularly if a little capital was available and a credit connection with a bank arranged. But the idea did not appeal to Sam; he was more interested in high finance, and the schemes of John W. Oates and his friends, who understood the way big money was to be made and made quickly.



**Men attention!  
—after shaving**

After shaving rub a little Frostilla Lotion over your face—learn what real skin comfort is. No after-sting, not a chance of irritation. It comforts and prevents dryness. Not sticky or greasy.

Send for free trial bottle.

## Ten years younger— does the skin on your body look younger than your face and hands?

**Change this condition now—stop  
“unequal ageing”—prevent chapped  
skin, make this test, free.**

**M**OST women care so much about their complexions . . . yet how much softer and whiter is the skin on their body than the skin on their face and neck! If there was only some way to keep their complexions as satin soft.

There is a way. It is called Frostilla Fragrant Lotion.

Frostilla Lotion is like Nature's own way of keeping the skin lovely. Frostilla Lotion is the means of stopping “unequal ageing”—unequal because the skin on the face and hands is so apt to get harsh and dry while the body skin is still fresh, supple and young.

For over fifty years Frostilla Lotion has been famous as the surest means of keeping hands soft and white in spite of housework—for preventing chaps and dryness. It will do this just as effectively for the skin of the face and neck.



**Two sizes—35c and \$1.00**

*The larger bottle is the more economical to buy as it contains more than three times the 35-cent size. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the U. S. and Canada.*

Frostilla Fragrant Lotion is the same as the natural moisture your skin provides. It keeps the skin soft and smooth in exactly the same way.

You need Frostilla Lotion because you need more natural moisture—“precious moisture” we call it—than your body can provide. Not for your body skin, because that is protected by clothing. But the skin of your face and neck and hands is exposed. Cold weather, raw winds, artificial heat—also hot sun and summer burns—dry out the moisture of the skin, leaving it rough and scaly.

But exposure can do no damage if there is enough “precious moisture” to protect the skin. Frostilla Lotion will give you the additional amount that is needed. Use it regularly on your face and hands, and that skin will be as soft as the skin on your body.

Frostilla Lotion absorbs quickly, leaving no stickiness. And its fragrance is delightful. Mail the coupon for a free sample of Frostilla Lotion.

## Frostilla Fragrant Lotion

Selling Agents: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., New York and Toronto

THE FROSTILLA COMPANY, Dept. 203, Elmira, N. Y.

Please send me your free bottle of Frostilla Fragrant Lotion, the lotion that keeps skin soft and young in Nature's own way.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(In Canada: 10 McCaul St., Toronto)



"Paula—I just want to say this much: You're my wife, and as my wife I expect you to conduct yourself with dignity no matter how your feelings toward me may have changed."

He had thought the sentence out beforehand, and he gave her no opportunity for reply, shutting the door between them quickly.

One night as he approached his home, the lighted parlor and the drawn curtains told him that Richard Dorn had not yet departed. It lacked only a few minutes of twelve o'clock. He paused and studied the windows from the sidewalk beneath. Quietly, slowly he mounted the front steps; quietly, slowly fitted the key into the lock; quietly, slowly closed the door behind him and parted the curtains that screened the parlor entrance.

Paula reclined upon the couch, clad in creamy lace, supported by a nest of cushions; young Dorn sat beside her upon the couch's edge, bending over her, talking earnestly; their hands were linked. Both started sharply as Sam entered; the shock and alarm on their faces sickened him. Paula's hair was slightly disarranged; she tried to adjust it with quick fingers. Sam regarded them silently, the blood roared in his ears, but he felt no excitement. Their fright made them ridiculous.

He made a quick reach for Dorn's arm. There was nothing but a skinny shank of bone beneath his grasp. A cry burst from the boy's lips, and Paula voiced a warning: "Sam—be careful!" He jerked the foolish young figure toward the door; Dorn stumbled and fell, attempting to struggle. Sam dragged him across the carpet, out into the hall, opened the front door, pulled him through to the landing, and flung him down the steps. Very deliberately he went back into the house, picked out Dorn's hat and coat from the hat-rack, returned to the landing, and tossed them down upon the prostrate figure below. Then, closing the door behind him, he mounted to his room, gathered his night things together, and sought Eugene's empty bedroom down the hall, where he spent the night.

For nearly two years, John W. Oates, the big promoter whom Sam had met in Chicago and to whom he had gone with a suggestion of forming a pool of all the nail and wire mills in the country, had been trying to organize a trust. It was a gigantic undertaking, capitalized at \$100,000,000, and it planned to include every industry in that line of manufacture.

To organize the trust, options to purchase outright at least four-fifths of the factories and mills engaged in the making of nails and wire had first to be secured. Next, the purchase of each property had to be negotiated separately, and the terms of sale differed widely. In return for their factories the owners agreed to accept in payment part cash and the balance in stock—so much common, so much preferred—in the new organization. Secrecy in these negotiations was of prime importance. It was a long, ticklish business, requiring determination, diplomacy, shrewdness and quickness of judgment.

Sam was no more than one of the lesser subordinates who hurried in and out of Oates' offices in Chicago and New York, but he knew the great man liked him. John Blake, President of the Illinois Wire Company, used to joke Sam about being Oates' messenger boy, but Sam was secretly proud of the phrase. In reality, he was hardly more than that, but he loved the job and his chief's confidence. It gave him a tremendous feeling of importance to possess knowledge which was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to others.

He was sent hither and thither on this mission or that. One trip took him as far west as California and Puget Sound. He came to know nearly all the presidents and officers of the companies entering the trust. It was his first contact with "big business," and he plunged into it with an eagerness which could not but delight the men he served.

Of the terms he secured for his own and his partners' little plant at Bergen Point he had

# For Your Crowning Glory

BOBBED OR LONG

① Note the extra arm to hold ends while rolling.

② For 15 years the favorite of millions.

*Slides out of hair without disturbing curl*

## A Professional Curl—in a few minutes— no heat—no sticky lotions—small cost

Here's a pleasant surprise for women who are accustomed to paying high prices for a weekly curl or wave. You can now do your hair just as attractively at home—without fuss, bother or expense—and do it quickly and easily, with the famous West Electric Curlers or Wavers.

The West Electric Curler for Bobbed Hair now enables you to curl the shortest hair clear to the very end. Simply dampen the hair—slip the ends between the two holder arms, roll and lock. A few minutes' drying and you slip the curl off without disturbing or unwinding it. You have a lasting, beautiful curl, just as you want it.

If your dealer cannot supply you, fill out and mail the coupon below.

The West Electric Hair Curler Corporation  
142 Columbia Avenue  
Price (Either Style) 5 on a Card, 25c

For long hair, the West Electric Waver has been famous for 15 years. Millions used by delighted women. Enables you to have a beautiful, professional-like wave every single day without the slightest damage to your hair. The whole process is so quick, convenient, so thoroughly satisfactory, you'll be amazed. Start today, curling your hair the West way.

For long hair, the West Electric Waver has been famous for 15 years. Millions used by delighted women. Enables you to have a beautiful, professional-like wave every single day without the slightest damage to your hair. The whole process is so quick, convenient, so thoroughly satisfactory, you'll be amazed. Start today, curling your hair the West way.

For long hair, the West Electric Waver has been famous for 15 years. Millions used by delighted women. Enables you to have a beautiful, professional-like wave every single day without the slightest damage to your hair. The whole process is so quick, convenient, so thoroughly satisfactory, you'll be amazed. Start today, curling your hair the West way.

## WEST ELECTRIC Hair Curlers

### Weddings

Ask for free sample portfolio of engraved samples of Wedding Invitations, Announcements, At Home, Church, Visiting Cards, etc. 12 different, modern, correct styles. Perfect workmanship. Reasonable price. Send 25c for free sample portfolio. With Portfolio, will send FREE valuable book, "Wedding Etiquette." Tells all about correct procedure to avoid embarrassment. Write quick. No obligation. Est'd 1898.

HAUSLER & CO., Dept. C-3, Washington, D. C.

Send for Sample Portfolio

### Reduce Your Limbs with DR. WALTER'S medicated rubber stockings

The wearing of these wonderful anklets and stockings, in light or dark rubber, will not only reduce and shape the limbs, but give excellent support and a neat and trim appearance.

They draw the uric acid out; relieve swelling varicose veins and rheumatism promptly—worn next to the skin they induce natural heat and are a great protection against cold and dampness stimulating the circulation.

Anklets, per pair \$7.00  
Extra high 9.00  
Stockings, per pair 12.00

Write for booklet

Warning! Send ankle measure, but do not send money in an envelope. Send check or money order.

DR. JEANNE C. WALTER, 339 Fifth Avenue, New York

The West Electric Hair Curler Corp's  
142 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Enclosed find 25c for 5 West Electric  
Bobbed Hair Curlers. (35c in Canada)  
Enclosed find 25c for 5 West Electric  
Long Hair Wavers. (35c in Canada)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Dealer's Name \_\_\_\_\_

**A NEW IDEA** for SPARE TIME WORKERS  
Become our special representative, interviewing local housekeepers in connection with the big national advertising campaign for our 350 guaranteed Food Products and Household Necessities. Liberal earnings for dignified, fascinating work. No capital or experience is required—we furnish everything. Write at once for FREE particulars.

ALBERT MILLS, Manager

5092 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

## Loospact

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Original Loose Powder Case  
A dainty extra thin container for your favorite loose powder. Use the puff naturally and you have enough for the twinkling toilet. Holds two weevils' weight. Not too heavy. Not too light. May be Refilled time after time with any kind of powder. Sizes 2" and 3 1/2". Choice of gummed, leatherette, or clothette covers, nickelled, beautifully engraved. Crystal-clear mirror and soft double-faced velvet puff. Comes in a box, 50c. Double "Loospact" nickelled finish, with rouge (orange, medium or tan) and a small mirror. If your mother can't supply you, order direct. Specify size and style. Single "Loospact" a large one, or a delicate "Loospact" (Celoid Powder Case, bracelets or whites), only 32.00.

THE CELMA CO.  
3062 Detroit Ave., Toledo, O.  
Identify "Loospact" by the celluloid disc with the marrowed edge.



Nurses and doctors endorse it

## Fight the dangerous Sore Throat Germs

**All day long.** Sore throat is a danger-warning that germs are at work, sending their poisons throughout your entire system. The only way to cure it is by prompt and vigorous antiseptic treatment.

That is what gargles, sprays and swabs are for—but their effect lasts only a little while, and they can rarely be used oftener than night and morning.

Formamint provides a scientific throat antiseptic of proven germicidal power with which you can keep up your treatment all day—wherever you may be. That's why it has been endorsed in writing by more than 10,000 doctors.

Carry a bottle of these convenient, pleasant-tasting throat tablets with you, and take them at intervals all day—one every hour or so when the throat is actually sore, one every two or three hours to prevent infection when exposed to cold, disease or dust. All druggists.

### Formamint GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLETS

To enable you to test Formamint we will send you a metal pocket case of Formamint tablets on receipt of four cents for postage. Address Bauer Chemical Co., Dept. C-2 113 West 18th Street, New York City.



no reason to feel ashamed. In a position to know what had been the basis of settlement upon which other plants had been purchased, he drove a hard bargain. The trust agreed to take over the Atlas Company for five thousand dollars in cash, two hundred shares of preferred stock and five hundred shares of common. The first month these were listed on the Exchange, American Wire preferred sold at 80, common at 40 1/4.

The next three years were exciting, unsettled. In them Sam turned gambler, and there was no caprice of Lady Luck which he did not have the opportunity to observe. Little by little he was drawn into the habit of speculating.

All about Sam, while he was associated with Oates, were men who did nothing else but speculate; some of their operations he was able to follow closely; there was no doubt about their winnings—he saw the results, saw them make thousands overnight. Following a tip here, a tip there, he risked a few hundred dollars, was satisfied with moderate profits, saw with increasing satisfaction his modest bank balance swell into sizable proportions. In the two years he had worked for Oates, he accumulated a little over ten thousand dollars. His pride in possessing so much money knew no bounds; to him it represented the stamp of success.

He became acquainted with the firm of Kenyon & Lee, legitimate brokers, represented directly by a seat on the Stock Exchange. Tom Kenyon was a spectacled, squint-eyed young man, for whose judgment Sam grew to have great respect. Kenyon never speculated himself, was uniformly conservative, often had the most unaccountable intuitions about what a stock was going to do, and for blunt, square-shouldered Sam Smith "of the Oates crowd" possessed a warm personal regard. After the American Steel and Wire Trust was an accomplished fact, Sam had nothing definite to occupy him. He fell into the habit of dropping in at Kenyon & Lee's every morning just before ten o'clock and establishing himself in one of the leather-seated "customers' chairs," to watch the quotation board and idly roll his cigarettes. Usually he had a thousand or two up on margin, but he never risked more than that, and monthly he averaged profits which often equaled that amount, sometimes exceeded it.

Immediately following the launching of the American Steel and Wire Company and the Federal Steel Company, a hundred other trusts leaped into being. But it was in Oates' organization that Sam's interest rested; he felt that Oates was certain to administer its ninety million dollars' interest with shrewdness and sagacity.

Sam's eye was ever on the slow upward trend of its stock. It came to him one day that the opportunity for becoming rich lay within his grasp; it was confronting him, he needed only the courage to plunge, load up on American Steel and Wire, wait for its rise, and realize everything his heart desired. Ten thousand dollars put up on margin, and if the stock rose ten, fifteen points!

And the very day after the one in which he had handed Tom Kenyon his check and found himself long a thousand shares of American Steel and Wire, Oates "sold him out" and "sold out" thousands of others like Sam who were backing the Chicago promoter and his enterprises. At least, so said "the Street," Oates, it was reported, made a cool million by going short of the stock he had boomed. The bottom fell out of the market and American Steel and Wire common broke six points and went on sliding downwards.

The inside of the deal Sam never knew. What he did know was that Oates, upon a visit to New York, had allowed himself to be interviewed by a reporter of one of the big metropolitan dailies, and in the interview had declared it to be his opinion that the steel industry in general was in a bad way, that there was an excess of production and that prices were in for a slump. The announcement came as a thunderbolt and at once the

stock of the American Steel and Wire Company broke sharply, bringing with it a sympathetic decline in other industrial lines.

A roar of denunciation and protest immediately arose in the press and in financial circles. Oates was accused of having boomed his company's stock, of having advertised it as successful, and then of having sold short, of loosing a howl of calamity in order to depress the stock, thus putting himself in a position to reap an enormous profit.

Sam did not trouble to investigate the truth of these accusations. He believed them—believed them with a sickening conviction that they were true. It was a blow to him.

The slump Oates had started brought about immediately a mad scramble to sell and get out of the falling market. Rumors ran like wild-fire through the Street. The phrase "undigested securities" was on everybody's tongue; "get out—get out" was the universal advice. "There's another panic coming."

Sam did not believe it. He still had faith in John W. Oates—not as a friend to be trusted and followed, but as one who knew every step of the way what he was about, as one who with his pack of jackals at his heels would see to it that he and they made money, and more and more money, always financially the gainers no matter what the transaction. Tom Kenyon alone of those around him agreed with Sam; the latter's ten thousand was gone—he had instructed Kenyon to sell him out at 37, but in the swift drop of the market it had not been possible to obtain more than an average 35. He took his loss grimly, and studied the situation.

The stock would go on dropping—it was hard to tell how far Oates would let it go; but somewhere it would stop and once that point was reached it would immediately go up again. Sam knew this with absolute confidence. Oates would force it down to its lowest possible point, and then suddenly turn bull and make a second "killing." Sam had but to watch for that moment and catch the stock on its rebound.

He had now not a penny of his own in the world, but there was the stock, the common and preferred stock that the American Steel and Wire Company had paid to the Atlas Company. This stock was not held on margin; it was owned outright, and Sam had possession of it. He never stopped to ask himself now who actually owned this; he never stopped to think it represented the money Mr. Faber had raised by mortgaging his house and his life insurance, and that it represented the bonds Paula had handed over to him. He sold the stock, put up the proceeds on margin and once again found himself "long" of American Steel and Wire.

He had calculated that Oates would let the stock go off twenty points and then cover. When it touched 27, he had decided he would buy, but when that figure was reached, he waited a little longer. Down it slid: 26—25. This was the turning point, he believed, and he bought to his last penny. But the change he expected did not take place; instead, the downward trend steadily continued. Down—down—down! 24—21—18 1/2—16. Another point drop and he realized he stood a ruined man—ruined and disgraced. It was then that the question of his right to gamble with funds entrusted to him came to him and pursued him like a horrible specter with a pointing finger. How face Paula, how confess his faithlessness to his broken old father-in-law who thought so well of him! And there was Evelyn, who had been writing him such happy, confident letters, who seemed month by month to be gaining health and strength, whose life—certainly the prolongation of it—depended upon his paying her sanitarium bills! What would become of her if he failed? What would become of them all?

Ah, it was not endurable! Men killed themselves often rather than face disgrace . . . Suicide? No, that was the escape of the weak, and he was strong—not morally—he must admit that now!

Hea

Dark  
ignomin  
against  
flavor.  
Over a  
names  
floor—  
and tur  
catch to

"Oh,  
beckoni  
shall I  
Another  
you out  
a few th  
do the  
as I'm a  
Hund  
ried off  
not pul  
matter

Fiftee  
fifteen a  
rapping  
into the  
away f  
15 1/2  
He was

He w  
street.  
I thank  
It was  
business  
about th  
to him in  
another  
now, and

When  
he hims  
be differe  
Oates h  
Sam wou  
tion to  
The who  
big fello  
going to

Bill D  
don, an  
the sout  
and Pau  
as used  
properly  
of it fro  
coldly, a  
conceive  
her husb  
indiscreti  
her youn  
suddenl  
right-abo  
ate and s  
he could  
a lack o  
it humili

After i  
piano, S  
painted  
been goin  
the morni  
her wheth  
during th  
haughtily  
afraid to

Afraid?  
he had re  
certain m  
much so.  
was angri  
quickly t  
propriety  
of a good  
herself as  
a virtuous  
above enjo  
a romantic

It was  
both his  
Evans, re

of the lead

Dark days and dark hours. The cup of ignominy and failure was held pressed hard against his lips; he tasted it and learned its flavor. Narcissa, Evelyn, Paula—the old man! Over and over in his mind, he turned their names and thoughts of them. Pace the floor—pace the floor—pace the street—twist and turn, weighing every straw at which to catch to save him from ruin . . .

"Oh, Mr. Smith!" It was Tom Kenyon beckoning him into his private office. "What shall I do? She's touched fifteen and a half. Another half-point and I'll be obliged to sell you out. You couldn't protect yourself with a few thousand more? Perhaps hundreds will do the trick. She'll come back, just as sure as I'm alive—and I'd like to see you aboard."

Hundreds—hundreds—hundreds! He hurried off to borrow from Jerry Haines. Why not pull them all down in his ruin? What mattered it since so many were involved?

Fifteen and a half—fifteen and a half—fifteen and a half. It was like a trip-hammer rapping its song within his brain. He lunged into the Hoffman House and jostled a man away from the ticker . . . 15½—15½—15½—15½ . . . 15½—15¾—16! She had turned. He was saved!

He went blindly staggering out into the street. "O God! O God! I thank Thee—I thank Thee!"

It was a terrible lesson to him. A prominent business man whom he once met when traveling about the country had said very impressively to him in giving him advice, "Never bet on another man's trick," and Sam recalled this now, and wrote it on his heart. "Never bet on another man's trick!"

When he himself could hold the cards, and he himself "do the trick"—ah, then it would be different! That should be his revenge. Oates had only engineered a clever deal; Sam would bide his time until he was in a position to put across a scheme equally clever. The whole world was based on the theory of the big fellow eating the little fellow. Well, he was going to be one of the "big fellows."

Bill Detweiler had a younger brother, Gordon, an artist, who lived in three rooms on the south side of Washington Square. He and Paula were "carrying on." The phrase, as used by the group of Paula's intimates, properly described the affair. Sam knew of it from its beginning, watched its progress coldly, and said nothing. While she might conceive a fancy for some other man, Paula, her husband believed, was incapable of an indiscretion. She would amuse herself with her young admirer for a month or two, grow suddenly weary of him, send him to the right-about, to become once more an affectionate and solicitous wife. But of such conduct he could not and did not approve. There was a lack of dignity about it, it was belittling, it humiliated him.

After it was completed and hung over the piano, Sam discovered that Gordon had painted Paula's portrait, and that she had been going down regularly to his studio in the mornings to pose for him. When he asked her whether or not anyone else had been present during these sittings, she had answered him haughtily, "Of course not!" and he had been afraid to inquire further.

Afraid? In the first weeks of his marriage, he had realized he was afraid of her, and in certain moods and on certain occasions, very much so. She could be sharp-tongued when she was angry, and nothing roused her more quickly than the slightest imputation of impropriety on her part. Virtue was the stamp of a good woman to Paula, and she thought of herself as a very good woman, most particularly a virtuous one. At the same time, she was not above enjoying a heart-burning flirtation with a romantic and artistic youth.

It was with much pride that Sam found both his friends, Vin Morrissey and Taylor Evans, represented in the same issue of one of the leading popular magazines shortly after

# We have found the only way ever known

- that removes Cold Cream thoroughly
- that removes it safely
- that removes all dirt with it

Will you accept a 7-day supply to try?

**T**HIS offers you a test of a beauty aid that, in justice, must be termed a great discovery.

The first and only way ever known that removes cold cream safely . . . that ends the annoyance of old ways and their dangers to the skin.

We want to send you a supply without charge. Then to get your opinion.

It is not a cloth, but an entirely new kind of material.

### A scientific discovery

We are makers of absorbents. Are world authorities in this field.

On the urge of a noted dermatologist, we perfected this scientifically right material for removing cold cream. For removing it as it must be removed to keep the skin flawless.

It is the only product made solely for this purpose. It represents several years of scientific research. There is no other like it.

### Ends oily noses and dark skins

It stops oily nose and skin conditions amazingly. For these come from overladen pores . . . cold creams and oils left for nature to expel. That is why you powder now so often.

It combats skin eruptions. For they're invited by germ accumulations left in the skin, breeding places for bacteria.

Old methods, towels, cloths and fibre substitutes failed in absorbency. Infectious dirt accumulations were rubbed back into your skin. That is why tiny imperfections often appear. Why your skin may look distressingly dark at times.

### Multiplied skin benefits

Now in Kleenex those failures are corrected.

Soft as down and white as snow, it contrasts the harshness of cloth or fibre makeshifts with a softness that you'll love.



It is 27 times as absorbent as the ordinary towel. 25 times that of paper and fibre substitutes. You use it, then discard it.

It does what no other method yet has done . . . removes ALL the cleansing cream, all dirt and pore accumulations gently from the skin. And that means much to you.

### Send the coupon

Upon receipt of it a full 7-day supply will be sent without charge.

Or . . . obtain a packet at any drug or department store. Put up as exquisitely as fine handkerchiefs, in two sizes: the Professional, 9x10-inch sheets—and the Boudoir, size 6x7 inches. Boxes that fit into flat drawers of vanity tables . . . a month's supply in each. Costs only a few cents.



Kleenex comes in dainty flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer . . . in two sizes.

Boudoir size, sheets 6 by 7 inches . . . 35c

Professional, sheets 9 by 10 inches . . . 65c

### 7-Day Supply—FREE

KLEENEX CO.,  
167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.  
Please send without expense to me a sample packet of KLEENEX as offered.

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .

C-8

**KLEENEX**  
Sanitary Cold Cream Remover

the end of the Spanish War. He thought Taylor Evans's short story excellent, and Paula was enthusiastic over Vin Morrissey's description of the battle of El Caney. In a letter Sam received from Vin, his friend wrote that he was off on another "bumming" expedition.

Upon his return from the war, Taylor brought tidings of Jack Cheney; he had happened to meet him in Cuba—"Captain Cheney of the U. S. Medical Corps." He had done some very admirable work and had distinguished himself, Taylor heard, in connection with feeding and taking care of refugees. Jack reported he had two children and an excellent practise in Canton, Ohio, asserting he was one of the happiest men in the world.

To this Sam smiled sardonically and murmured: "Buried."

He had a letter from Evelyn. After spending three years in Douglas, she wrote the doctors had told her that, while she would never have much strength, the progress of her disease was practically arrested. She could never live in the East or in a locality where it was cold or damp, but she wanted Sam's advice as to whether or not she should move to a place called La Crescenta, near Los Angeles in California. A friend of hers, Elsie Harris, who had been her roommate at the sanitarium for nearly a year, had gone there and taken a small bungalow for herself and her two little girls; they had chickens, raised flowers and loved the life. It was some time since Elsie Harris had gone to California and she had suffered nothing by the change.

Now she was urging Evelyn to come out and join her; Elsie's income was microscopic, hardly enough for herself and the children, but augmented by what Evelyn was paying at the sanitarium, it would be ample for all four. What did Sam think? Evelyn was anxious to do only what he considered wise. He wired his approval and sent her a check for an extra amount. He was glad to do it. Whenever he thought of Evelyn, he experienced a fine feeling of satisfaction.

Paula was frantic to go to Europe. The Dwellers were going and they planned to sail early in June and return in September. Please, Sam. Wouldn't he let her go? She'd be away only four months.

In the upward swing of the American Steel and Wire Company's stock, Sam had won back all the money he had borrowed from his wife and father-in-law, in addition to his original stake. When his jottings showed him he could quit the market without the loss of a penny, he instructed Tom Kenyon to sell him out. Kenyon urged him to hold on; if he held on, it was probable he would make close to a hundred thousand dollars. But the memory of those days when ruin and disgrace had stared him in the face was too recent; he ordered his broker to sell him out. He would not let himself weaken; he would not yield to temptation; he wanted to be strong.

With regard to letting Paula go to Europe with her friends, he found himself, at the moment, in a position where he could afford it. It was not the money that made him hesitate. He did not approve of the probable effect of the trip on Paula, he did not approve of Paula herself. Paula was too frivolous; she did not take life seriously enough. Nothing constructive occupied her.

His wife, Sam believed, ought to have a child. The mental picture of her own mother was ever before him, sweet, devoted, interested, an ideal woman building about her an ideal home for her family. He wanted Paula to follow in her footsteps. Besides these considerations, the idea of having a boy appealed to the man; he would derive a great deal of pride from parenthood.

His sister, Narcissa, had a fine, sturdy kid, twelve years old. This was young Sam Holliday, his nephew and namesake, freckled, blue-eyed, tawny-headed—a "regular" boy. Sam wanted children of his own.

"Paula."

"Yes, Sam."

"About this trip—if I let you go—"

"Oh, Sam! Really? Will you really let me go? You are a darling."

"I haven't said so yet; I don't know if I can afford it."

"But you will—you can and will." She came to him and curled herself up in his lap, nestling against him, pecking with her lips his neck and cheek. "Oo—oo—oo—you're wonderful, Sammy; oo—oo—oo, you're too good! Oo—oo—oo—you're be-u-ti-ful . . . ."

"Quit that, and listen to me; there's a string to it."

Instantly she lay still, her face buried against his shoulder.

"When you come back in September, will you do something for me?"

"What?"

"You know."

"You mean a baby?"

"Un-huh."

A pause, while he waited.

"Doctor Swan thinks—"

"Confound Doctor Swan! You know perfectly well you're entirely over that old trouble. You're perfectly able to go through with it. And I want a kid, Paula."

No answer.

"Now, look here, Paula—listen to me. I'll send you over to Paris, and I'll give you a nice fat letter of credit so that you can go with Bill and Fluff and do everything you want, and see everything you want, and buy everything you want. But in September when you come back, you'll cut out all that kind of foolishness and have a baby. How about it? Will you promise?"

Minutes passed and then, finally, there was a little nod of the head upon his shoulder.

"Ah, you darling!"

Sam caught her roughly, pulled her to him, kissing her vigorously.

The summer that his wife was in Europe, Sam took careful stock of himself. He was thirty-six years old, in the prime of life, married to an exceptionally beautiful woman, possessed of a comfortable, satisfactory home, but with neither children nor a business. He was healthy, robust, made an agreeable impression on people, he wore good clothes and appeared prosperous. Life, physically, he found very comfortable; he and his father-in-law were unusually congenial.

Sam was "looking round," as he expressed it. He wanted to find a business with a future. It must have a good "selling end," for it was there he knew he excelled, and he wanted to be his own boss. He had thirty thousand dollars to invest. The more he investigated, the more his attention returned to what Jerry Haines had offered him.

Jerry occupied half of a gloomy office on Beaver Street, in which he was carrying on a fairly successful brokerage business in pig iron; he had one good connection with a blast furnace in the Schuylkill Valley, was their accredited representative in New York City and was making from three to four thousand a year. He showed Sam how, if he joined forces with him and supplied some working capital, together they could make six to eight thousand. Decent offices, a clerk, a bookkeeper, a bank connection, an air of responsibility and backing were what was needed.

Sam decided to go in with him. Mr. Breckenridge of the Fourth National approved and promised a line of credit. August was spent in selecting quarters, equipment, a bookkeeper and office boy, and in getting acquainted with the trade. In the midst of these preliminaries, Sam suddenly realized he was happy—happier than he had been in a long time. He and Jerry were full of enthusiasm and the more he familiarized himself with the business, the more he became convinced there was money in it.

Old Cyrus Smith, Sam's uncle, had a sun-stroke during the fearful heat of that summer. Sam cabled Ruth and she came home. He was full of his own affairs at this time, but he was obliged to take a hand in straightening

out those of his uncle. The aged man no longer could work; he was thin to the point of emaciation, and very feeble. Aunt Sarah too had grown old, and it was obvious that even the light duties of housekeeping were too much for her. Some new arrangement had to be made; the old couple needed some one to look after them; it was clear that Ruth's place was by their side. Sam only half guessed the disappointment it was for the young woman to abandon her work.

It was decided to sell the Sixteenth Street house and to close the hay and grain yard. Uncle Cyrus had saved money and had invested it in bank-stock. Sam was surprised to learn that his uncle had been a director of the Madison Avenue Savings Bank for over fifteen years. The income he and his wife could command was more than ample for their needs. Ruth found them a quiet, comfortable hotel in Tarrytown, where for a time they would be happy and well taken care of; when the negotiations for the sale of the old home were completed, it was proposed that they buy a house in the country which Ruth should manage and that she should look after them.

Paula came home early in September, radiant, beautiful, apparently glad to be back.

Sam was skeptical about the lastingness of his wife's mood, her gay spirits and her exuberance. He did not quite know what to make of the hand squeezes and little kisses she bestowed upon him in the cab. She was a clever actress, he knew, and he did not propose to be fooled. He intended her to live strictly up to her agreement with him. But as the days went by, he had to conclude his suspicions were unjust. Inexplicable though it seemed, she apparently meant it when she assured him she was glad to be home again.

It was weeks before scraps of conversations, allusions, slips of the tongue, led him to suspect the real reason for her affectionate tractability. While in the French capital, she had had an affair which, he gathered, had been violent on both sides. Paula had "carried on" more than ordinarily; the man had been particularly ardent and had refused to be dismissed. She had then experienced the usual reaction, had grown frightened, had thought penitently, affectionately of her husband, had wanted to hasten her return.

In her demonstrativeness and her willingness to accept motherhood, Sam was ready to forgive whatever might have happened. He trusted Paula; she was a good woman; she was over the affair, and was once more all he could ask for in a wife. As far as she had been concerned, he was ready to dismiss the whole matter. But what interested him particularly in connection with the story was the fact that the man in the case was Adrian Lane.

Some months later when the nurse, on a hurried errand to the kitchen, told him the child was a girl, it was a blow. Sam had confidently expected a son; it had never occurred to him that Paula might not give him a boy.

A little later the nurse came running down-stairs again.

"The telephone, Mr. Smith. I'm sorry—nothing to be alarmed about. Mrs. Smith is doing very nicely. Doctor Swan needs a little help, that's all."

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing, I assure you—"

"Tell me. I want to know." He stopped further evasion with a gesture.

"A hemorrhage. We're trying to stop it. Time is precious, Mr. Smith. The telephone, please!"

Moments dragged on endlessly. Then the door-bell. "There he is!" Sam cried with relief. He hastened to admit the specialist.

He threw open the door. A man in a derby hat and overcoat, with a black satchel in his hand, stood there—a man with an oddly familiar face.

"Mr. Smith's residence?" The tone was inquiring. "Doctor Swan telephoned; I'm Doctor Madison."

# 9 MILLION

Families Have Made Us The

# WORLD'S LARGEST STORE

Q World leadership can never be the result of an accident. It must be merited. And a continuance of this leadership for years proves that the merit has been well won.

Q One family out of every three in America buys from the World's Largest Store because we sell them better goods for less money. "The Thrift Book of a Nation" is the guide to economy in these homes.

Q Our new Spring Catalog is ready now! Every page proves anew that the World's Largest Store gives the World's Biggest Bargains. But not in low price alone does Sears, Roebuck and Co. excel. We guarantee our goods—because we carry the kind of merchandise that can be honestly guaranteed.

Q Remember we value your good will above everything else. Remember we sell only merchandise that will give you honest service. Remember we ship 99 out of every 100 orders in less than 24 hours. Remember we guarantee a saving.

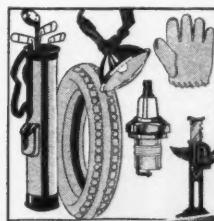
Q If you are going to buy anything this spring, whether it be for family, home, farm or shop, you must have our catalog—"The Thrift Book of a Nation." It is an index to the best values.

Q We have a copy for you. Just fill in and mail the coupon! But do it today.

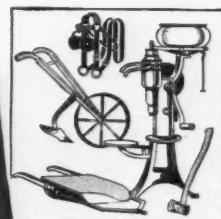
Women like to buy from the World's Largest Store because they know the quality of our apparel is dependable. They know, too, that our prices are unbeatable and our styles most appealing. You should have our New Catalog to know what women are wearing this season.



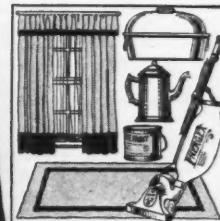
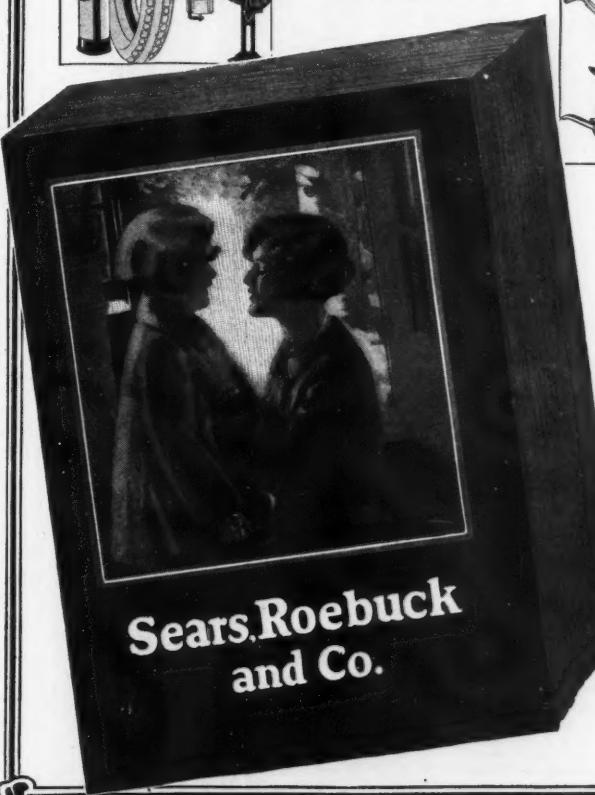
We are value leaders. Our men's clothing and furnishing departments prove it to the satisfaction of 9,000,000 families. You make the greatest savings whether you buy for men, women or children if your selections are from the Thrift Book. And we give real 24-hour service.



A rod and a reel, a baseball and a mitt, a tent and a cooking outfit, a set of new tires and tubes—these are the things you buy in the spring if you're the kind that enjoys the great outdoors. No high prices in these lines—but lots of quality. Our new catalog shows 35,000 bargains.



Most every American farmer can tell you of the excellence of our farm implements. They can tell you, also, of the big savings they made by buying from the World's Largest Store. No matter what you want for the farm, we have it—and at prices which enable us to guarantee a saving.



To help make your home more livable, to help you enjoy greater comfort is one of our most pleasant tasks. We have pain to brighten it up; new furniture to add to its attractiveness; new utilities to make the work of home-keeping easier. And we have lower prices on everything!

## Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Chicago • Philadelphia • Kansas City • Dallas • Seattle

SEND FOR YOUR FREE COPY  
OF OUR THRIFT BOOK

Mail the Coupon

Mail the coupon TODAY to the store nearest you  
SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO. 72C53

Chicago • Philadelphia • Kansas City • Dallas • Seattle  
Send me your big Spring and Summer Catalog

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Postoffice \_\_\_\_\_

Rural Route \_\_\_\_\_ Box No. \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_

## WORLD'S LARGEST STORE

We Own and Operate Super-Power  
Radio Broadcasting Station W-L-S—  
Tune in on 345 Meters

*Demand*

**BAYER**

**ASPIRIN**

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" - *Genuine*

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over 25 years for

Colds	Headache	Neuritis	Lumbago
Pain	Neuralgia	Toothache	Rheumatism

*Safe* → Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

## Save Time Shampooing!



30 minutes is all you need to both shampoo and dress your hair this way

For years the secret of a famous European hairdresser. Now for the first time—offered to American women on special trial offer.

Formerly—as you know—shampoo that were good for oily hair were too drying for dry hair. Those good for dry hair would not remove excessive oil.

Now—here is a marvelous discovery that actually benefits both dry and oily hair. It removes excessive oil. Yet it stimulates and retains the natural oil in dry hair. Simple directions show you how.

And Cleero saves precious time. 30 minutes before going to a party you can shampoo and have a perfect coiffure.

Cleero brings your hair new life and sparkle. It makes shampooing safe. But don't take our word. Send 10c in stamps for trial bottle. Then note the difference.



**Special Offer**

Van Ess Laboratories, Inc. Print Name  
167 E. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill. Plainly  
Send me trial bottle of Cleero. I enclose 10c to  
cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## Crippled Children and Young Adults

For 30 years McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium has been devoted to the treatment of crippled children and young adults. No plaster casts is used. No surgical operations performed requiring chloroform or any general anesthetic. Facilities for immediate reception of patients. Parents may retain full charge of children and give them personal care during treatment, if desired.

### Write for Free Books

"Deformities and Paralysis" and "Book of References" show and tell of McLain Sanitarium's facilities for treating Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip and Knee Disease, Wry Neck, Etc.

### McLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM

936 Albert Ave.  
St. Louis, Mo. U.S.A.

AFTER  
TREATMENT  
Edward King  
Has Straight  
Usual Feet

"Matt!" exclaimed Sam. "Well, God bless your soul! Come in . . . You bet we telephoned. It's my wife, Matt. Up-stairs. Go right up; they're waiting for you. I'll see you later."

Paula looked amazingly well the morning after her daughter was born. Sam had expected her to appear haggard and beaten, for she had had hard experience, but her color was high, her beauty never more flaming, and her mood even jocular. The ordeal, long dreaded, was over, and she had her baby.

"Sylvia—I'm going to call her Sylvia. What do you think of your daughter? Isn't she cute?"

In motherhood Paula was charming. She was the picture of maternity. A new quality of beauty enveloped her with the coming of her child; she grew plump, soft, gracious, an opulent sumptuousness took the place of what had been cold stateliness. The sight of her sitting in her lacy flowing gown with her drowsing daughter at her breast was so exquisite as almost to take Sam's breath away. Her baby absorbed her, delighted her.

The baby was weaned at four months. The plumpness which had immediately come upon Paula following the child's arrival rapidly took on the proportions of fatness. Paula rebelled furiously against the unwelcome obesity; it was not possible for her to diet while continuing to nurse the baby. Sylvia was weaned and the process was a long and difficult one, for it was weeks before Swan was able to discover a milk formula that agreed with the child. Sam urged Paula to dismiss him and send for Matt, but his wife clung to the old family practitioner.

Matt had made a delightful impression upon Sam. His old friend had acquired a most agreeable address, a particularly ingratiating speech, and a distinguished manner. Always handsome, he had now become especially so, a manly brand of strength and character. His features were fine—a chiseled mouth, a sharp, straight nose, a well-developed chin. Over his ears his hair had turned a becoming gray. It needed but a glance at Doctor Madison to know he was an excellent physician; his practise was large, he was in demand, so busy he had not even had time to marry. He lived in a house on Fifty-third Street off Fifth Avenue; kept two servants, a valet who was also a sort of secretary, and an attendant trained nurse.

On the night that Sylvia was born, Sam had had a long, satisfying talk with him after he came down-stairs at the end of half an hour to report that all was well. They had remained by the fire until after three in the morning, talking, talking, talking.

Life, on the whole, satisfied Sam. He was pleased with the way his business was developing; he was pleased with Jerry Haines, who under his urging was becoming a hustler and acquiring an easy address with other men; he was pleased with the atmosphere that pervaded his home, with his home itself, with his wife and baby. He felt that financially he was headed in the right direction, his feet were on solid ground, his work with a definite goal lay straight before him. With an even break of luck, he and Jerry Haines ought to do well. He found enjoyment in his new work far beyond his expectations.

But Sam wanted a son.

A few days before Sylvia's first birthday, he made a very successful sale of a thousand tons of ferromanganese to the American Locomotive Company at a profit of \$3800. On his way up-town that afternoon he stopped at Tiffany's and bought a handsome diamond bracelet. He knew Paula loved diamonds and he liked the thought of being able to give them to her.

On the afternoon of his daughter's birthday, there was a children's party at the house. Sam arrived in the midst of torn paper caps, candy wrappings, ribbons, flustered mothers and nurses, smeared plates of ice-cream, smeared faces, and general confusion.

After

carried  
Paula  
fully at  
"Oh,

"I'm just  
I go out  
Hulda a

Sam t  
and dro  
into her

"Sam  
"It's  
his lips f

A cry  
as she r  
flung her  
kisses an

"We'll  
won't ta  
the Café

"Oh,  
heavenly  
Her fa  
and begi

But s  
materni  
brows, f  
she met

He ke  
ments, r  
the end  
cajoled,  
down he  
She nev  
bitter er  
with nev  
tricked  
she told  
and tha  
kissed he  
not be  
mood, h  
she cons  
Swan, h  
Swan ha  
telephon  
apointm  
Paula

She wa  
had an  
of her s

first.

In Ju

Leipsc

science  
Smiths'

and Pa

place fo

eral. Bu

an out-c

discover

where s

attention

be happy

mon

Follow

cations

dangerou

little co

Sam to

He coul

New Yo

there w

no hosp

to the ci

was deci

sensible

Reckl

private

on a st

ambulanc

Station;

nurses a

eight hour

but for a

death.

These

nurse w

puling,

and-apr

in this c

morning  
had ex-  
ten, for  
her color  
ng, and  
l, long  
baby.  
Sylvia.  
Isn't

g. She  
quality  
ning of  
e spacious,  
e sight  
with her  
so ex-  
away.

months.  
y come  
arrival  
fatness.  
welcome  
et while  
lia was  
difficult  
able to  
ith the  
im and  
the old

on upon  
a most  
initiating  
Always  
ally so,  
character,  
outh, a  
d chin.  
coming  
Doctor  
physician;  
and, so  
marry.  
reet off  
et who  
endant

um had  
fter he  
an hour  
ained  
orning,

He was  
develop-  
s, who  
er and  
men;

at per-  
s, with  
ally he  
t were  
te goal  
break  
o well  
far be-

thday,

thousand  
american  
\$3,800.  
topped  
mond  
monds  
ble to

thday,  
house,  
r caps,  
others  
cream.

After the party had broken up and Nora had carried the tired, rather tearful Sylvie away, Paula sank into an armchair and gazed ruefully at the disorder of parlor and dining-room.

"Oh, dear, it's too much!" she sighed wearily. "I'm just too tired to tackle it. Let's you and I go out to the Chelsea for dinner and leave Hulda and Nora to clean up."

Sam then leaned over the back of her chair and dropped the suede-covered jeweler's box into her lap. Instantly her hands flew to it.

"Sam! What is it? Presents?"

"It's for Sylvia's mother," he said, touching his lips to her forehead.

A cry of breathless wonder broke from her as she raised the lid; she jumped to her feet, flung her arms about his neck and her pecking kisses and hugs were all he could desire.

"We'll go out to dinner," he agreed, "but I won't take you to the Chelsea. We'll go to the Café Martin."

"Oh, Sam, Sam! That will be perfectly heavenly. I'll be ready in fifteen minutes."

Her fatigue vanished; she flew to her room and began to change in haste.

But she was not to be easily cajoled into maternity a second time. With contracted brows, firm lips and determined head-shakes she met argument and supplication.

He kept at it, persistently urged his arguments, reiterating his suggestion, confident in the end if he coaxed long enough—flattered, cajoled, placated, entreated—he would wear down her opposition and gain her consent. She never actually gave it; she fought to the bitter end, shook her head at his pleadings with never a hint of capitulation, but nature tricked her, and one day early in October she told him sourly he had had his way, and that she "guessed she was in for it." He kissed her, he brought her a present; she would not be consoled. In her angry, rebellious mood, he hesitated to suggest that this time she consult Doctor Madison instead of Doctor Swan, but again events proved his allies. Swan had a breakdown. Sam triumphantly telephoned to Matt's office and made an appointment for his wife to go to see him.

Paula was never reconciled to her condition. She was petulant, irritable the whole time, and had none of the interest in the coming of her second child that she had had in her first.

In June, 'Trude Behlow returned from Leipzig, where she had been studying social science for three years, and came to the Smiths' for a visit. Sam suggested that she and Paula go away together to some watering-place for the hot weather and mentioned several. But his wife wanted to bury herself in an out-of-the-way spot, and she and 'Trude discovered a farmhouse in a Vermont village where she declared she would attract no attention, and where she was sure she would be happy. It was there, unexpectedly, two months later, that her son was born.

Following the birth, there were again complications—this time grave ones. Paula was dangerously ill, the local physician inspired little confidence, and on three separate occasions Sam took Matt up there for consultation. He could see that Matt was concerned. The New York doctor recommended an operation; there were no facilities in the farmhouse, no hospital within forty miles; to move Paula to the city was a hazardous undertaking. It was decided, however, that this was the only sensible course.

Reckless of expense, Sam arranged for a private car into which his sick wife, flat on a stretcher, was carefully conveyed; an ambulance was ready at the Grand Central Station; a room in a hospital and two trained nurses awaited the invalid's arrival. Forty-eight hours later the operation was performed, but for a month Paula lay within the shadow of death.

These were dark days. At home, a trained nurse wrestled for the life and health of the pining, new-born child; another—a capped-and-aproned one—took charge of Sylvia, and in this crisis the faithful Hulda caught cold,



## Surprise Package

Send coupon for my best beauty aids

By Edna Wallace Hopper

Some of my aids to beauty bring quick and surprising results. They combine the best factors I have found in 40 years of world search. To them I owe my beauty and youth more than to any others.

I have seen girls fairly transformed by them inside half an hour. I have seen women seem to drop ten years.

One is my White Youth Clay. That purges the skin, combats lines and wrinkles, brings a youthful glow. Your mirror will show an amazing change from the first application.

One is my Youth Cream, to follow the clay. It combines the best factors I have found to foster, feed and preserve the skin. Two of them are products of lemon and strawberry.

One is my Powder, the sort we stage stars use. We who must ever look our best.

### DON'T WEAR A TRUSS

#### BE COMFORTABLE—

Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic. Adjustable. Bind and draw together the broken parts. No salves or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Be aware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 224-B State St., Marshall, Mich.

### WANTED RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS MAIL CARRIERS

**\$1700 to \$3000 Year**

TRAVEL—See Your Country  
Many other U. S. Government Jobs obtainable  
**MEN—WOMEN, 17 UP SHOULD MAIL COUPON IMMEDIATELY**

Steady Work. No Layoffs. Paid Vacations.

All toilet counters now supply these helps in the name of Edna Wallace Hopper. Send the coupon with 10 cents to cover postage and packing, and you'll receive a trial package—enough to test them all. Also my Beauty Book. I urge every girl and woman to accept this offer. It may lead to great results.

#### For Trial Size

50C  
Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper, 535 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Enclose 10c postage and packing on sample of Youth Clay and Youth Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

In addition to trial sizes ordered above we will include Free, without postage or packing charges, Free sample of either.

Youth Cream Powder or  Face Powder  
White—Flesh—Peach—Brunette  
(Check kind and shade desired)

## NERVE STRAIN

THE high pressure, mile-a-minute life of today, with its mental strain, worry, anxiety, grief and trouble, is WRECKING THE NERVES of mankind. This applies especially to the people with highly active brains and sensitive nerves. Have your Nerves stood the strain?

Read "Nerve Force," a 64-page book on the care of the nerves. This book is a startling revelation to people with sensitive or deranged nerves. It has aided many thousands to gain control of their nerves and build up their Nerve Force. Price 25c postpaid. (Coin or Stamps.)

Write to PAUL VON BOECKMANN,  
Studio 344, 110 W. 44th St., N. Y. C.



#### FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. L-220, Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Send me without charge: (1) Specimen Railway Postal Clerk Examination questions; (2) FREE book containing list of U. S. government positions open to men and women; (3) Send full particulars telling how to get a position.

Name.....

Address.....



## His Quick Eye

*Saw the Soft White  
Beauty of Her Underarm*

Soft, white and intriguingly beautiful it showed as she paused with raised arm before the all revealing mirror. Into his eyes there sprang a quick look of admiration, of tenderness. His words were weighted with happiness for her—impulsive, eager, complete with surrender to her beauty, made exquisite with Neet, the hair removing cream. Neet brings beauty and happiness. With this dainty cream you simply rinse the offending hair away. No other method of hair removal is so rapid and convenient, so thorough and satisfactory. You can get the ready-to-use liberal sized, 50 cent tube of Neet at 35,000 Drug, Department and Hosiery Stores.

HANNIBAL PHAR. CO., ST. LOUIS

**Neet**  
The Hair Removing Cream

**LAW** STUDY AT HOME  
Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. The law is the most popular profession now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training. **\$5,000 to \$10,000 Annually**  
We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL.B. conferred. LaSalle Extension University offers every state. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume "Law Library." Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 108-page "Law Guide." Address: A. S. S. S. A. 100 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 355-L, Chicago. The World's Largest Business Training Institution

**Kissproof Lipstick**  
Makes Alluring lips! Intriguing lips! Lovely lips! Used by America's leading beauties.  
Kissproof Lipstick is a new color—so indescribably natural it defies detection! Gives your lips a soft, full color—a rich effect, compellingly beautiful.  
**Waterproof—Stays On**  
As you face your mirror and apply this dainty creation, you will behold lips more intriguingly lovely than you ever knew were yours!  
At all toilet counters or direct 50c. or send for free samples.

**Given**  
DELICA LABORATORIES, Inc., Dept. 1173  
3012 Clybourn Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Gentlemen: Please send free samples (enough for one week) of Kissproof Lipstick, Kissproof Face Powder. I enclose 100c for packing and mailing.  
□ Ivory or Cream □ White □ Brunette or Rachel □ Fawn  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Check Shade of Powder.

developed pneumonia, and passed away.

It was Ruth who came to the rescue—dark-eyed, efficient, quiet, unobtrusive Ruth. She came in from Tarrytown, took up her abode in Sam's house, and brought order out of chaos. Trude Behlow was irritatingly in the way, but she played chess with the old man in the evenings, and amused him. The baby, Sam's son—little John Faber Smith—thin, delicate, fragile, spent the first six weeks of his life on the softest of down pillows. His father, regarding him with a disappointing lack of paternal emotion, was conscious only of the havoc for which his small entity was responsible.

Everywhere he turned, it seemed to Sam he saw expenses mounting. His bank balance, his personal investments, everything he had saved, were wiped out; he was in debt, increasingly in debt. Into his work he flung himself harder and harder, the power of compelling other men to bow to his will came loyally to his aid. Jerry offered to stand by him, but their combined efforts, Sam sometimes feared, would not be sufficient to carry the enormous burden which kept piling up. Night after night found him at his desk.

Looking back in after life on the close of that year, he often wondered how he had ever pulled through it. As a matter of fact he actually enjoyed himself. It was a magnificent fight and brought into play his every muscle, nerve and brain cell. Many another man would have cracked under the strain. And in all these worries he never forgot Evelyn. On the twenty-fifth of every month his check to her was in the mail.

Of just the hour and the day when the turning-point was reached and matters started to become better instead of worse, he had no consciousness. The baby began to put on weight, Trude Behlow departed with Mr. Faber for a visit to her parents in Charleston, Paula was sitting up, and Ruth, who was needed in Tarrytown, borrowed Sylvia for an indefinite stay. Peace, order and quiet descended upon the house.

Just before Christmas, Matt said that Paula could leave the hospital. It was a joyous welcome home. Pale, thin, with black braids wound like a crown of dark leaves about her brows and with an ethereal beauty enveloping her, she came, and Sam, sitting beside her bed, her limp hand in his, studying her frail, exquisite, purified face framed in its sable aureole, thought rightly that she had never been so transcendently lovely.

Strenuous though these months were in a domestic way, in business, his affairs flourished. His and Jerry's profits for the year were such that he could cancel his indebtedness to his firm and start the year without owing a penny. The price of pig iron was steadily rising, the production increasing; business looked good. Sam persuaded his partner to move into more imposing offices. They found quarters in the Trinity Building. Abner Haussman was unearthed from a dingy printer's shop and made office manager; big Harold Webster was located in Cincinnati where he was traveling for an aluminum concern, and put to work on a part commission and part salary basis. Smith & Haines had fifteen employees on their pay-roll.

At home things apparently were proceeding with an oiled smoothness they had not known for a year or more. At the beginning of January Sam had sent his father-in-law and Trude Behlow to White Sulphur Springs, where the old man was rapidly getting rid of the touch of rheumatism that had frightened him. Both children were in splendid health; Rubens, the English nurse, seemed competent; there were two other excellent servants. Paula was quite herself again and her beauty was more regal than ever.

Just when he first began to wonder about her and Matt, he could never have said. The doctor was often at the house when he came in; he would identify his hat and coat on the hat-rack, and while Paul was convalescent but still in bed, he would hear Matt's voice in her

room and the murmur of conversation. One day when Paula was well again, and had for the first time ventured down-stairs, Matt called for her and took her in his electric brougham for a drive in the Park. "Decent thing for Matt to do," Sam thought gratefully. And following that, he often found the doctor calling upon Paula when he came in.

Nothing in their manner towards each other woke those first tingling suspicions. There were no languishing looks, no holding of hands, no meaningful laughs, no changes of color. Rather did they spring from a certain barely-perceptible over-politeness, an exaggerated consideration with which each treated him. Sam dismissed his suspicions; they recurred; he dismissed them again; back they came stronger than ever, to annoy and stab him. He could observe no look, no gesture, no inflection that justified his fears. Yet something deep down in his consciousness told him that matters were not as they should be.

Jealousy was a new experience for him. Paula was capricious, flirtatious—she thoroughly enjoyed "an affair"; these phases of her nature he knew, and while he had often considered her conduct undignified and unworthy, the fear of being supplanted in her affections had never come to him. But now arose the first prick of jealousy, and day by day and week by week the seeds sown in his heart took on new life, put forth new leaves and grew flourishingly. Here was no mimic love-affair of a beautiful woman and a half-baked, calf-eyed, romantic boy; here was no fancy of an hour no pretense of emotion in which to find amusement on a summer's day, no make-believe. Here was truth-hides reality—stark, flaming passion!

Weeks, months passed. In the summer Paula took up her father, Rubens and the children, and departed for Mappahasset, Long Island.

It took two hours on the jerking, smoking, cinders train to reach the place, but Sam made the trip week-ends until it commenced to be slowly borne in upon his unwilling consciousness that it was a matter of indifference to his wife whether he came or not. Sam was anxious to please her. He used to bring down small gifts when he came, but he never seemed lucky enough to find anything that particularly pleased her. Between them lay the shadow of Doctor Madison. He knew it; she knew it. They never discussed it.

Oh, if she would only "carry on," as she used to! Once he had thought it undignified. Now, how gladly would he have watched her at her old tricks!

A sixteen-story building was being erected next door to the old Faber home; a year before a factory had risen across the way; there was now a large concrete garage on the corner. The house itself was dingy, old-fashioned, the brownstone was chipped at sill and coping. Paula wanted to move; Riverside Drive drew her eye. Sam, wanting only to gratify her whims and wishes, told her to find an apartment that suited her and to furnish it to her liking. She must be kept satisfied, must be made grateful. And she was. That, for Sam, was the hardest part.

"Ah, you know, you're really very good to me," she would tell him. "Don't think I don't appreciate it, Sam; I do—I truly do."

It was with Matt she went about to furniture dealers, to decorators, upholsterers. Matt advised, bargained, selected. Sam's jaw shut. His bitterness grew. The truth was known to each of them by this time, and each realized that all three understood the situation. During the summer Sam had buoyed up his spirits by telling himself that sooner or later Paula would get over the infatuation, as she had done before; Matt would turn his attentions elsewhere. But now he could no longer deceive himself.

"Very well," he thought savagely; "let's sit tight and watch this affair to a finish. The minute I suspect they're crooked, I'll get the goods on them and brand their shame from one end of this city to the other, and I'll see

One had for Matt electric Decent grate found me in. There hands, color, barely gerated him. I curred; came b him. are. no told him be. for him. the thor- ases of and often un- in her but now day by in his leaves mimic a half- was no in summer's truth—

children. Island. looking, t Sam en- cenced and willing and indifferent or not. used to but he anything in them he knew it. as she undig- have

erected before, re was corner. ed, the coping. he drew up her apart- to her just be- for Sam,

ood to think I do." furniture. Matt shut- down to real- ized. Dur- spirits Paula d done es- deceiv- e. et's sit. The ll get e from I'll see

to it that every morning and evening paper names Doctor Matthew Madison as co-respondent if I have to buy the advertising space and print it myself! We'll see what that does to his fine practise! She'll not get her children and not one penny of alimony!"

But all this he knew was the cheapest melodrama. Paula was not the kind that would ever be unfaithful.

After the four-storyed, old-fashioned house with its high ceilings and generous-sized chambers, an eight-room apartment seemed small indeed. It was not without its conveniences, and Paula at least was wholly satisfied. The living-room was fairly large and bright, with a splendid view of the river.

Paula was very proud of her living and dining rooms. She had not stayed her hand in furnishing them, as Sam presently discovered when the bills began to come in. But he was not worried financially, as he had been the year before, for he had been buying iron on his own account, and prices had advanced. He had contracted for ten thousand tons for delivery during the first quarter of the following year, had bought it at eighteen dollars a ton, and every indication pointed to his being able to dispose of it at twenty-two dollars a ton, which would net him forty thousand dollars.

As soon as everything was in order, Paula gave several large, formal dinner parties. Twelve persons could be seated comfortably about her board, and she engaged an extra waiter to come in and help Bella. At these affairs, Matt invariably was present. All the women flattered and fawned upon him. That was because he was so handsome and so glib, Sam thought sourly. The stiff dinners bored him, painfully conscious, as he was, of his inability to chatter the jargon that came so readily to the lips of his wife's guests.

Where were he and Paula drifting? Was divorce the end of the way? Sam did not want to lose Paula. He was proud of her; she belonged to him; he was ready to fight to keep her. His animosity turned upon Matt—Matt, the friend, the physician, whom he had welcomed into his home, to whose care he had confidently entrusted his wife—this was the fellow who had insinuated himself into her affections, had alienated her from him! And yet he could not bring himself altogether to dislike Matt. But when he saw him and his wife together, or when Paula was out of the house and he suspected her to be in Matt's company, it was then that he gave rein to his feeling of hatred.

His business and his wife occupied all his thoughts and life. In the former, he expanded, enjoying every moment of the office atmosphere. But at the close of the day, like a swarming mass of black flies, back came his worries. How had Paula spent the morning and afternoon? Had she telephoned Matt as soon as he had left the apartment? Had they lunched together?—gone driving together?—had tea together?

One day it occurred to him that perhaps it was the electric brougham that attracted her; perhaps she enjoyed driving. He said nothing of his intention, but ordered a closed model of a popular make of automobile, engaged a chauffeur, and when the car arrived from the factory, had it brought around to the apartment to stand at the curb. On a pretext, he inveigled Paula down-stairs and told her briskly the car was hers. Her emotion touched him; she was overcome. Suddenly he too was embarrassed. A choking sensation seized him. Abruptly he turned upon his heel and walked up the street.

On a certain Saturday night some weeks later, he came home from his office towards eleven o'clock exceptionally weary. The day had been long and full. Absorbed in his writing and figuring, he had not thought of food, and it was his aching head that drew his attention at last to the time and the surprising discovery that it was ten o'clock.

Rubbing his eyes, he realized he was tired. Home, hot coffee, something to eat and then

# Did You Ever Take an INTERNAL Bath?

By T. A. BALLANTYNE

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

I speak from experience. It was a message just such as this that dynamited me out of the slough of dullness and wretched health into the sunlit atmosphere of happiness, vitality and vigor. To me, and no doubt to you, an Internal Bath was something that had never come within my sphere of knowledge.

So I tore off a coupon similar to the one shown below. I wanted to find out what it was all about. And back came a booklet. This booklet was named "Why We Should Bathe Internally." It was just choked with common sense and facts.

## What Is an Internal Bath?

This was my first shock. Vaguely I had an idea that an internal bath was an enema. Or by a stretch of the imagination a new-fangled laxative. In both cases I was wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. And so far as laxatives are concerned, I learned one thing—to abstain from them completely.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water sterilized by a marvelous antiseptic tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna, "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus Η. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe"—or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the ENTIRE LENGTH—and is the only appliance that does. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade alone can do this. There is absolutely no pain or discomfort.

## Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft

foods, lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious. The headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—the susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills are directly due to the presence of these poisons in your system. They are the generic cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure and many serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons. And a sure and effective means is internal bathing. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of all impurities. And each treatment strengthens the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

## Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring, you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver. You will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is not my experience alone—but those of 800,000 men and women who faithfully practise this wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age—nervousness—and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

## Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. And I am absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a two-cent stamp to better advantage. There's a chapter in "Why We Should Bathe Internally" by Dr. Turner that is a revelation. There are letters from many who achieved results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that two-cent stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell Hygienic Institute, Dept. 261, 152 West 65th Street, New York City—Now.

### Tear Off and Mail at Once

TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE  
152 West 65th Street, Dept. 261  
New York, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



they could guess where he had been . . .

"Sam, my boy—Paula, she ain't treatin' you right." Mr. Faber slumped in his chair, gazed moodily out across the half-frozen river at the misty white banks of the New Jersey shore. His son-in-law had come home a little earlier than usual; the two men were alone.

"I know it," Sam said gloomily after a moment. "Guess there's nothing to be done about it. Perhaps she'll get over it."

There was a pause while the old man tugged at a dry cigar. "Dis feller, der doctor—vat do you know about him?"

"Oh, Matt? Matt's all right," Sam answered, still indolent; "far as I know."

"Married?"

Sam shook his head.

"You've talked to her?" persisted Mr. Faber. Again the head-shake. After a moment, Sam said: "I don't honestly think it would do any good. Paula's high-spirited. She'd fly up at the least hint of criticism—"

"Vell, vat of it?"

"I don't like to anger her. Maybe she'll get over it . . ."

Three days later. He found Paula reading in bed. The lamp in a rose-colored shade beside her cast a soft light upon her face, the filmy lace of her nightgown, her round white column of throat, tinting the flesh a lovely pink. She was beautiful to look upon. As he began to undress, she closed her book and for a moment silently regarded him.

"I understand you have been discussing me with my father," she said evenly.

He made no answer, instantly sensing a scene, preparing his defenses. Methodically he went about hanging up his clothes.

"I think it was he who brought the subject up," he observed presently.

"And you agreed with one another—perfectly." Her tone was acid.

"I don't recall there was anything to agree about," he said.

"If you have any criticisms of me," she said icily, "I prefer you make them to me directly."

"I have none—and I've made none."

She twisted her lips, her brows faintly puckered, touched the locks at her temples with an arranging hand, and picked up her book. After a minute she commenced to speak again, but her eyes did not leave the page.

"I am fully aware of my obligations as a wife, Sam, and I propose to live up to them." She paused, and in the moment's hesitation, she could not repress a sniff. She dropped her book and turned upon him sharply. "What do you want me to do? Pretend something I do not feel?"

He did not answer. Bitterness rose strongly within him.

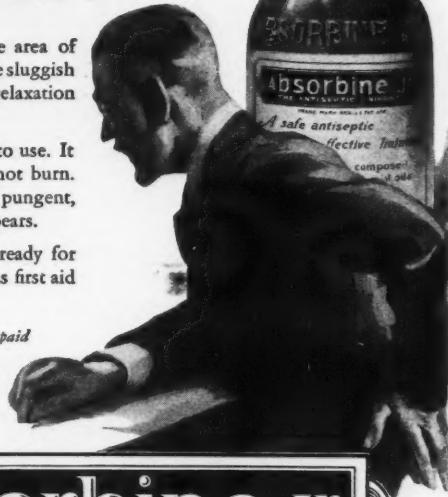
"You might just as well understand my position now as at any other time," Paula continued, frowning as she concentrated on her words. "Matt and I are congenial; we are fond—yes, we are *extremely* fond of one another; I won't deny that. You, I dare say, have told my father we are in love with each other! Very well, let it go at that. You are my husband and the father of my children; I have made a contract with you, and I am fully conscious that I have a profound obligation in regard to them. I do not propose to be false to either. I am ready to give you everything a wife can give you except my soul. That belongs to me. It belongs to *me*, understand—and not to you or to *any* man.

"Were a divorce possible, I should not want it. I have no desire to marry Matt, nor does he, I believe, wish to marry me. It would hurt him professionally, and marriage would spoil our friendship. We like to be together; that is all, and that is all we ask. I make an effort to do everything I can for you as your wife, but I cannot surrender what is beyond my will-power to give. Let me repeat—that is mine. As long as the same roof covers us, you can depend upon my dealing fairly with you. I feel that this is enough. So much I can give—

## Relieve rheumatic pain!

Use the  
magic bottle

Absorbine Jr.  
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT  
A safe antiseptic  
effective liniment  
composed of salves



ABSORBINE, Jr. attacks the area of congestion. It awakens the sluggish circulation. It brings prompt relaxation and relief from acute pain.

Absorbine, Jr. is agreeable to use. It may be applied freely—it cannot burn. It is ordinarily stainless. Its pungent, agreeable odor quickly disappears.

Have the magic bottle ever ready for many regular toilet uses and as first aid in emergencies.

At all druggists', \$1.25, or postpaid  
Send for free trial bottle

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.  
Springfield, Mass.

## Absorbine Jr. THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT



### Glowing Cheeks and Sparkling Gayety

interpret most vitally the glamorous spirit of youth and beauty. And brilliant scenes of festive gayety bring out most radiantly the vivid freshness of Pert Rouge.

It was the ardent glow of youth that inspired the creation of this new handmade rouge. So fine and satin-smooth is its texture, that its vivacious coloring shades with exquisite subtlety into the natural tones of your skin. Direct application to the skin before powdering effects more lasting adherence. A second application, after powdering, accents the warmth of the flush.

Shades for every complexion, day or evening wear, in dainty gold-finish metal case, 50c.

For permanent rosiness, use Pert Rouge in cream form as a base for the compact. In shades to blend with the compact, 75c. Pert indelible Lipstick to match, 75c.

Send 12c for a sample of Pert Rouge, compact or cream. (Check one desired.)

ROSS COMPANY  
240-C West 17th Street New York

## Pert Rouge



### A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four-ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.



You Can't  
Comb Out  
Dandruff

LIQUID ARVON

no more. And you have not the right to demand more."

He went on unlacing his shoe. He did not propose to be tricked into angry recriminations.

"Sam . . . No reply.

"Sam . . . Her tone had lost its steeliness; it was entreating.

"Sam!" Now it was imperative. He looked up. "Come here." Again it had softened, and she patted the edge of her bed, inviting him to sit beside her, and when reluctantly he came, she reached for his hand and drew it to her so that she could take it in both of hers.

"Sam, I'm really fond of you," she said; "I respect you, and in many ways I admire you—but we never should have married. I was too young to know my own mind; I did—I did what my parents told me. And you—you've never truly loved me. It's too bad, isn't it? No, let me finish," she insisted as he started to interrupt. "I'm one sort of person; you're another. We are as widely separated as the poles. Perhaps you don't see that, but I do. I'm not the kind of a wife for you—I know I'm not; you're not the husband for me. Neither of us is to blame. It's just a cruel fate that has bound us together. I think each of us should try to make the best of things. There's Sylvia and Johnny. They're going to need us when they grow older. I hate divorce and I hate divorced people. I'll be the best wife I can to you, Sam . . ."

Like the inexorable closing of iron jaws, Mr. Faber's rheumatism shut down upon him. He could no longer walk, he could no longer move. His faculties were left him, however—eyes, voice, hearing—and the articulation of the fingers of one hand.

And in the grip of his death-in-life, a strange felicity and repose descended upon him.

Sam did everything possible to make the invalid comfortable and to contribute to his few remaining pleasures. Paula was not behind her husband in these ministrations; she did what she could, but the pair had never been congenial.

At a fearful cost to his affairs and to himself, Sam made it a practise to stop in to see him late every afternoon.

But one day an hour came, and when it was passed, the sacrifice was no longer demanded of him.

A letter from Evelyn:

"La Crescenta, Monday, March 28.  
Dearest Sammy-boy—  
We had a grand day yesterday. Mr. Brooks,

*At the pinnacle of fame and fortune, when he has "everything he wants," what does life mean to Sam Smith? You will see in the unusual conclusion of Charles G. Norris's novel Next Month.*

## The Black Hunter by James Oliver Curwood (Continued from page 99)

the bloodthirsty warriors of twenty tribes were being mobilized from a restless and heterogeneous horde into a compact fighting strength.

Eight hundred savages were camped about the log stockade and fort when Peter and David came out of the woods with their rangers. Eight hundred red wolves gathered for a feast of blood, painted, half naked, drunk for the promised slaughter.

For many days, Beaujeu, Dumas and Ligneris, almost like Indians themselves, had held the red host within bounds, and that first night David witnessed why it was that the white men's faces were thin and drawn and their eyes sunken under the strain of their sleepless struggle. Before the sun was down a war-party of Abenakis came in from the English settlements with thirty scalps, mostly of women and children, and while the Abenakis camp was a carnival of joy and triumph a storm of passion and excitement that was almost a tempest of fury broke loose among the rival tribes, chained like wild animals to the inactivity which they hated. A saturnalia of tumult and confusion began with the darkness of the night. Twenty great fires leaped to the

Elsie's boss, sent his car out to us with his driver and we took a lunch and the children and went out to the beach. The day was a beautiful day, the girls went in, and Elsie and I lay on the beach and just basked in the sun. There wasn't the least little bit of wind blowing and the ocean was as calm as a pond. The girls are growing up splendid.

"We are getting along fine. You mustn't send me extra money. The last check you sent me I put in the bank and I never spent a nickel of it. Guess I have nearly \$1800 saved up and some day I'm going to do something real silly with it. But we really have all the money we need. Elsie gets a regular income you know from what her husband left her and this and what she earns at Mr. Brooks office plus my fifty brings our income up to \$232.50 a month, which is plenty. Taking care of the house doesn't tire me a bit, and I really love it.

"But oh Sam—if it was really killing me to do the little I do, I wouldn't quit. To be doing something—to be taking care of somebody you're fond of—that's living and being cooped up in a hospital and being waited on by cross and cranky old nurses, that's death, and I'd rather die than go back to it.

"Oh Sammy, I wish you could come out here and see us one of these days. You've been promising and promising you'd do it ever since you shipped me to Douglas. Don't your business ever take you out to Los Angeles? I want you to see our girls, Sammy-boy—like everything. They're really awfully nice girls and they've heard an awful lot about you. Of course we couldn't offer you anything or even put you up, but sometime soon, you've got to see our bungalow and meet Elsie's girls. We grow marigolds and nasturtiums all along the front of the house and you ought to see your little old Ev who you picked out of a city ward as good as a goner, sprinkling away like mad every morning.

"Thanks for the photo of the family but of course I missed you. Where were you? You wrote Palm Beach on the back and I suppose that that's where the family went this winter. And you? I can't picture you sporting at Palm Beach or any other place that's swell like that. I don't mean that you ain't a swell Sammy but you ain't the kind that wears a straw hat on the side of your head, carries a cane and swagger round in white pants in winter time. Your wife certainly is a lovely looking woman. She must be very beautiful. And Sylvia! Hasn't she grown up? She has the sweetest little smile—kind of like yours, Sammy. Really.

"Sam, I got to tell you something. I don't much like to do it. I had a message the other day. Austins dead. A lawyer I never heard of wrote me and wanted to know if I was going to put in a claim against his estate. Austin died without a will but I ain't got a notion how much he was worth and Sammy I don't care. I don't want anything to do with him dead or alive.

"It kind of jarred me just the same hearing about his death. It brought back a lot of memories I thought I'd forgotten and it came back to me while I was thinking things over like its come back to me a million times how awful good you was to me. Oh you was awful good to me Sam. You have always been good.

"I owe everything in the world to you—yes, everything.

"Some day you're going to drop everything you're doing back there in New York and you're going to jump a train and come out here and see us. That's what I long for most. If I was a praying woman guess that's what I'd pray for. At any rate there ain't a day goes by that I don't think about it and wish for it. You don't know how sometimes I live over and over those old days and how I remember the way we struggled and skimped together and how happy—how awfully we were and how I threw it all away for a cheap salary in a bum show! Money! I can't write about it but if ever a girl was punished for wanting the easy things of life and running away from the hard ones that girls me.

"Elsie and I talk things like this over a lot and we don't want the girls to get any such ideas into their heads. If I can make them see the things in this tough old world as they really are, Sam, then in a way I'll feel that all I went through and all the regret and pain I've known have not been in vain . . ."

Sam read the letter twice, slowly, half smiling. Evelyn had improved in the way she wrote. He brought to mind her first letters. He folded the sheets carefully into their original folds and replaced them in the envelop. She had turned into a fine woman, had changed a great deal; well, he guessed, she had suffered a great deal. He decided he would have to make that trip out to the coast soon; he'd like mighty well to see Evelyn again, and find out how she was looking, and know those two girls of hers. It would be fun. George—he'd love to see Evelyn again!

Well, just as soon as he closed negotiations with the Prentiss Grant people, he'd pack his grip and skip out to California . . .

skies and from about these fires the shrieks and war-cries of the rival tribes filled the wilderness for miles about with a blood-curdling din.

A horror seized upon David and the exhaustion of a long day's travel did not make him think of sleep, even though he might have closed his ears to the barbarous discord that racked the night. The Black Hunter's words kept recurring in his brain—that some day this same red death that was yelling and whipping itself into dancing furies about him would sweep up the Richelieu. And with his horror came a sickening sense of revulsion and disgust.

"The Indians are what the white man has made them," Peter Joel had told him so many times that those words, too, were burned indelibly in his memory; and here, for the first time in his life, he was looking with his own eyes upon one of those boiling caldrons of passion and hatred for which his own race was strictly accountable. And as the French had done, so the English were doing. Building hotter and hotter the fires of rivalry and hatred. Paying blood-money for dripping scalps. Sending into the wilderness ship-loads of liquor to finish what lies and subterfuge and God-given

brains of superior mentality had begun—training the Indians to be demons instead of men.

He thanked God that the English were moving against the French frontier in Pennsylvania and not the Richelieu. And yet a grim dread began to possess him. At what hour might not that other thing happen, even with Dieskau's army just inside the gateway to Canada?

Continually now he was thinking of his mother and Anne. And as day after day he saw the savages come and go and looked upon their mad revelings at night and listened to the exhortations and briberies and pleadings of the white officers to hold them, it was the old Anne who filled his heart again; the Anne who had never been to Quebec, the Anne who had listened to his story of the powder-horn, the Anne of the old mill-wheel and its legends. Now that at last the wall he had built up against himself had fallen there grew in his heart a great yearning to return to Grondin Manor—a yearning that was only half desire, and the other half that strange and pressing fear of which he spoke no word even to Peter.

Events developed swiftly as this fear increased its hold upon him. Each day the older and more experienced forest men sent out as spies brought in news of Braddock and the approaching enemy. They were advancing slowly and tediously, a long and attenuated red, blue and brown line of horses, wagons and men that often extended over four miles. They traveled so slowly that at times they progressed no more than three or four miles a day, and the sound of their axes, the shouts of the wagon-drivers and the playing of fife and drum could be heard with the wind.

By July first, the humor of the Indians about Fort Duquesne had changed. They had expected to meet a mighty enemy and in place of that a huge sacrifice was slowly marching their way. In anticipation of it they made hundreds of little hoops on which to stretch the scalps that were coming so gaily to the music of the fife and drums, sharpened their knives and hatchets, and danced around the fires at night, swinging and tossing the hoops as if scalps were already attached to them. Beaujeu and some of the other whites dressed and painted themselves like Indians and danced with them. But the Long Rifles from the Canadas, 146 in all, held themselves more and more aloof. The horror which had grown in David was beginning to find itself in them. They had come to fight, and this which lay ahead of them was butchery.

Even David, as yet a stranger to the physical clash of war, could see why this was so when he looked upon the advancing army for the first time on the fifth of July. Foolishly clattering and smashing, unprotected and strung out, and with its musicians fairly bursting their drumheads and lungs now that they were near Fort Duquesne, Braddock's line was open night and day to the destruction which awaited it. Only George Washington and his 450 Virginians, "those slothful and languid yellows unfit for military service," as Braddock had written, kept a part of the line in form against the death which the wilderness on both sides was hiding.

Even then it was not until the eighth of July that Duquesne emptied itself of its killers—900 against Braddock's 220, and of these 637 were Indians. Band after band, the warriors of the different tribes stole off into the wilderness, stripped almost to nakedness, smeared from head to foot in war-paint, and now so still that no ear could have caught the sound of their passing through the dense shelter of the trees.

That day, with the sun shining out of a clear sky, with masses of flowers blooming about him and birds singing in the forests, David looked upon a scene in which every tree and log was transformed suddenly into a pitiless, shrieking, maleficent spirit of death. Here he saw in flesh and blood what had come to him so often in that ugly dream of his boyhood.

With Peter and his twenty forest men he had crept to the edge of a stony coulée, and down a little valley they could see half a mile of the straggling enemy line, the red-coated British, the blue-coated Virginians, wagons and tumbrils, cannons and howitzers, with banners flying, officers mounted, and music playing. From where they lay these twenty men from the Richelieu, unerring and deadly masters of the rifle, might have stretched out crimson carpets of dead below them. But David, who had come prepared to fight, could not raise his gun or fire. Men near him hesitated, gripped their gun-barrels tighter, and waited. That pause, passing like a spirit from man to man, held every rifle among the Canadians silent.

In later years history was to call them cowards. French officers and men, despising the quiet and lean-limbed trailers of the wilderness, and themselves slaughtering from ambush with the passion and joyous exultation of their red allies, were destined to paint them blackly for the future. And Dumas, dressed like a savage himself, except that he wore the



Dec. 5, 1924 901 Sixth Avenue, Seattle, Wash.  
Van Ess Laboratories, Inc., 25 E. Kinzie St.,  
Chicago, Ill.

George Jensen, started using Van Ess after a long illness. After the first bottle the falling ceased and within two months I could see new hair in abundance. Continued use of Van Ess has given me two times as much hair as I had

before becoming ill. My scalp has become clean, free from itching and every hair has disappeared. Purchased Van Ess for me at different stores in Yakima and I have secured it at the Lang Drug Co. and Bartell's in Seattle. Van Ess has given me the charm of wonderful hair and will give it to anyone.

Yours for more hair, VERA MOORE.

## A written guarantee to stop falling hair— to grow new hair in 90 days



Los Angeles, Calif., Nov. 18, 1924.  
Van Ess Laboratories, Inc.

Dear Sirs:

Was so bald headed that I used a Turkish towel to comb my hair until after using Van Ess Scalp Massage. You can see results from photos. There are three things I would not part with—my wife, tooth brush and Van Ess Scalp Massage.

If people will follow directions and be patient it will do all that it is advertised, and now my friends are all using it as I have proven to them what it will do. I travel quite a bit and always have a bottle of Van Ess with my tooth brush. It is a family remedy for all scalp troubles.

Yours truly,  
C. WYLER,  
950 W. 59th Place, Los Angeles, Calif.

### We Guarantee

In writing to stop falling hair in three weeks—to grow new hair in 90 days—OR MONEY REFUNDED. You are the sole judge. Your own druggist gives the warrant. Hence you take no risk in making our 90 day test. At all drug or department stores. Van Ess Liquid Scalp Massage.

**VAN ESS LABORATORIES, Inc.**  
167 East Kinzie Street  
Chicago, Ill.

This new way must grow hair or your money refunded.

Your own drug or department store gives you this written money-back guarantee.

This is a direct offer to grow hair on your head. To stop falling hair in 3 weeks! To grow new hair—glorious hair—in 90 days!

Actual tests absolutely prove Van Ess treatment grows hair on 91 heads out of 100. If it fails—your money back. We take all risk. Over 2,000,000 men and women have made this test.

#### Why 6 women in 8 have dull, lifeless hair

Dull, lifeless or falling hair is not a disease. It usually comes from infected scalp oil—Sebum. The purpose of Sebum is to lubricate the hair. But frequently it becomes infected.

Then this oil cakes on the scalp. It clogs the follicles. Germs by the million start to breed and feed upon the hair. Falling hair starts. Soon all the natural lustre and beauty are gone.

But remove the infected Sebum and your hair regains all its original youthful beauty and softness. Van Ess removes this Sebum—kills the infection. New hair in 90 days!

#### Make this test—at our risk

You be the judge. At our risk. The guarantee is positive. No red tape. Your own druggist or department store gives it. If the treatment fails—your money back. Hence it is folly not to try it. Start this new treatment now. At all drug and department stores.

Hollow rubber  
nipples feed liquid  
to scalp, and  
massage like fingers of  
an expert masseur.

**VAN ESS**  
Liquid  
Scalp Massage  
© V E L, Inc.



Van Ess now  
deodorized with-  
out loss of medical  
properties

## "A cut above the ordinary"

IF, LIKE MOST MEN, your taste runs to Turkish Blend cigarettes and you are seeking one a cut above the ordinary because of the finer grades of tobacco it contains, then learn from Fatima what a whale of a difference just a few cents make



LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



### BUNIONS

PEDODYNE, the marvelous new Solvent, banishes Bunions. The pain stops almost instantly. The Hump vanishes as though by magic. **THEN YOU WILL NEVER CARE FOR PEDODYNE.**

**SENT ON TRIAL.**

I want you to have a free Solvent. I want you to have the Solvent of four combs. I will gladly exchange to send you a box of Solvent to try. Simply write and say, "I want to try PEDODYNE." Address—  
RAY LABORATORIES  
195 R. La Salle St.  
Dept. 5671  
Chicago, Illinois

### How to Have Soft, Pretty White Hands

Many women will undoubtedly be glad to know how they may have beautiful, white, soft, pretty hands regardless of the work they have to do. The secret lies in rubbing a little Ice-Mint into the hands occasionally preferably just before retiring at night. In the morning you will be agreeably surprised at the pleasant transformation that has been wrought by even a single application. Ice-Mint is made from a Japanese product that is simply marvelous for its beautifying properties whether used on the hands or face. Regardless of what kind of work a woman does she should have pretty hands as they are really the true marks of refinement. A few applications of Ice-Mint will actually make any woman proud of her hands and skin. It costs little and is sold and recommended by good druggists everywhere. United Sales & Mfg. Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

### Clark's Famous Cruises

BY CUNARD LINE BIG NEW OIL BURNERS  
**NORWAY AND WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN**

**53 DAYS, \$550 to \$1250**  
**ss "LANCASTRIA" JUNE 30**

Includes Lisbon, Spain, Tangier, Italy, Riviera, Sweden, Norway Fjords, Scotland, Berlin (Paris, London), repeating last summer's greatest cruise success.

Rates include hotels, drives, guides, fees. Books also open for 1927 cruises: Jan. 19 Round the World 7th Cruise, \$1250 to \$3000; Jan. 29 Mediterranean 23d Cruise, \$600 to \$1700; Feb. 5 new South America and Mediterranean Cruise, \$800 to \$2300. Please specify program desired.

FRANK C. CLARK Times Bldg., N. Y.

gorget of an officer, was to write for posterity, "they fled shamefully, crying, 'Sauve qui peut!'"

But Dumas lied, and history has lied, as it has lied in so many other ways. In place of cowards the forests bred men; men who were destined from their cradles to be examples of the survival of the fittest; men of an heroic age, builders and defenders of homes, killers by force of circumstance and environment, but not murderers. The escutcheon of the Canadas was clean on that day, for which Canada—in spite of written history—may be proud and not ashamed.

Between the two wilderness walls of death Braddock's army was melting away like snow under a sun. Only the Virginians fought back in the wilderness way, for when some of the red-coated British sought the shelter of rock or tree their officers drove them back into the open "to stand with the others and fight like men." Their dead lay in piles and it needed no Canadian rifles to spread the crimson rugs upon the earth.

At last no human soul could stand the strain; lines and squares began to break like vivid autumn-colored leaves scattered by a wind, guns were thrown away, and like the herds of cattle and pack-horses that had stampeded at the first assault, men turned and ran. David and the tensely breathing, white-faced men about him were looking upon only a sixth of Braddock's line, but its horrors were sufficient to fill a world. From their hiding-places, from rock and tree and hollow, the savages burst forth like starving wolves, shrieking with the madness of demons, and every savage with a knife in his hand. What happened then filled David with a strange and gripping sickness, yet he could not take his eyes from the horrible scene. From man to man the allies of France ran with their dripping knives, tearing their treasure of scalps even from the heads of the wounded in the frantic haste of each to beat out his fellows in securing the gruesome plunder.

Staggeringly David rose to his feet and turned away. Most of the Canadians were gone. But behind him stood a figure, with a rifle in the hollow of his arm, strangely and sadly contemplating the scene below. Now he looked at David, and with a sudden wrench at his heart David found himself standing face to face with Peter Joel the Black Hunter.

For a silent space of a moment or two the man and the youth looked into each other's eyes, and then Peter Joel said, "David, I am glad you did not fire."

What David had witnessed at the head of Braddock's line, sickening him so that he was dizzy when he rose to find himself standing before the Black Hunter, was but the beginning of a pandemonium that reigned in a frightful orgy of pillage and death through all that afternoon of July 8, 1755. As the front ranks of the doomed army telescoped in mad flight upon the miles of its strung-out line behind, its defense became so pitiable that the Indians no longer sheltered themselves in ambush but rushed out openly and dragged down the frantic men who had thrown away their arms, scalping them while they were yet alive.

The trail for miles was a path of dead and of half-dead; sixty-three out of eighty-six officers and 914 men lay dead; and among those who had fallen mortally wounded, a gallant but foolhardy and blundering bulldog to the last, was Braddock himself, and his was the only body carried across the river and buried beyond the reach of the Indians' scalping-knives. Had the savages been less drunk with the desire to despoil their victims of their scalps as they fell there would have been no survivor to recount the tragedy of that day.

Scarcely could the presence of even Peter Joel relieve David from the shock to which his soul and brain and body had been subjected. As they stood, saying no word in their greeting, they could hear the shrieks of the dying and of those about to die, and, even more terrible, the agony of the horribly half-dead whom

He

Ha

Peter

to the

the

had

co

thing

Riche

Wh

fi

ed

i

bre

had

b

ings

o

the

wi

even

they

h

Of

Gagn

speak

Peter

power

Crown

be an

and I

own h

The

ing

op

main

compl

upon

shock

plated

age

w

and n

hangin

def

the

da

so no

drunk

Ev

until s

were b

their f

hands

fell th

stake,

ghany

the co

from t

soldier

were a

half m

of the

could

It w

and it

he ha

fallen

by the

most

dur

earli

eager

with t

Sc

when

deeply

boy,"

his dis

have a

stray

after a

breath

Indian

and w

come a

appear

I don'

"Wi

one an

instruc

medi

—

\*Th

I have

an Eng

of the

the savages had scalped and left to expire.

Hardened by years to the spectacle of death Peter Joel led David back through the forest to the great clearing and log stockades of the fort, and David gripped hard at himself, listening to the Black Hunter as he told how he had come to Duquesne in the very hour of the thing they had seen, and was on his way to the Richeleu.

What a few weeks before he would have confided in this man he now kept locked in his own breast, for everything that had passed in his life had become trivial compared with the happenings of that afternoon—his disgrace in Quebec, the whipping, even his break with Anne, inconsequential matters to be talked about when the darkly shadowing possibility of another and even more terrible tragedy than the one which they had witnessed was cleared from his brain.

Of this fear, which he had hidden from Peter Gagnon, his broken nerves now made him speak to Peter Joel. He was unrelieved by Peter Joel's assurance that Dieskau and a powerful army were already on their way to Crown Point, and that Braddock's fate would be an added deterrent to any concerted British and Indian movement in the direction of their own homes.

The coming of evening added to the haunting oppressiveness of the misgiving which remained with him. Not until then did the completeness of the French triumph force itself upon him in a manner even more repellent and shocking than that which he had contemplated from the edge of the coulée. The savage warriors began to return to their camps, and not one of them but had a load of scalps hanging at his waist. If their whoops and yells of defiance and anticipation had been fearful the day before, their shriller screams were more so now as each camp worked itself into a blood-drunk frenzy of rejoicing.

Even this madness did not reach its climax until sundown, when eleven English prisoners were brought in, stripped naked, with parts of their faces and bodies painted black and their hands tied behind their backs. As darkness fell these men were burned to death at the stake, one by one, on the bank of the Alleghany, opposite the fort. That Contrecoeur, the commandant, made no effort to save them from their terrible fate, and that the French soldiers gathered to view the spectacle as if it were a show, twisted at David's brain until, half mad himself, he plunged into the depths of the forest and did not rest until the screams of the unfortunate wretches dying in the flames could no longer reach his ears.\*

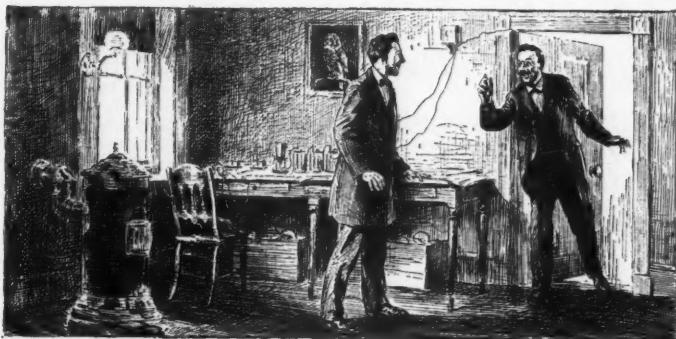
It was dawn when he returned to the fort and it seemed to him that in one sleepless night he had lived an age. A strange quiet had fallen over the scene about the stockade and at first he thought that the Indians, exhausted by their revels, were asleep. Then he saw that most of their camps were empty. One by one during the late hours of darkness or in the earliest dawn the war-parties had stolen away, eager to return to their friends and families with the spoils and proud tales of their prowess.

Scarcely had he made note of these things when the Black Hunter found him, anxiety deeply settled in his eyes. "Don't do it again, boy," he entreated when David had explained his disappearance. "Some of the redskins who have gone are not too squeamish to add a stray Frenchman's scalp to their bag." Then, after a moment, in which he drew in a deep breath of relief, he added, "A party of new Indians came in late, Ottawas from Canada and with them a white man who says he has come all the way from Quebec to find you. He appeared to be half dead from exhaustion, and I don't know him."

"Where is he?" asked David.

"With Contrecoeur. They evidently know one another, and the Commandant has given instructions for you to present yourself immediately on your return."

\* "These screams were more terrible than anything I have ever conceived of in hell," wrote James Smith, an English prisoner at Fort Duquesne, and eye-witness of the scene.



## From One Sentence To Millions

ON MARCH 10, 1876, a single sentence was heard over the telephone. Now, after half a century, 50,000,000 conversations are heard each day.

"Mr. Watson, come here; I want you," spoken by Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor, was the first sentence.

His first crude instruments had been tested by sounds and single words; the patent had been granted; the principle was established from which a world of telephones has since resulted. But at that time the telephone had not proved its practical usefulness—its power to command.

Bell's words, electrically transmitted over a wire, brought his assistant from another part of the building. And with his coming, the telephone became a dynamic factor in human affairs.

Since that first call untold millions of sentences have been heard over the telephone. Men have traveled vast distances in answer to its calls. The wheels of great industrial enterprises have turned at its commands. Everything that man can say to man has been carried to a distance over its wires and the thoughts and actions of nations have been influenced through its use.

## AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES



IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

### Pick Your Job

Railway Postal Clerk—\$1,900 to \$2,700 a year.

Post Office Clerk—\$1,700 to \$2,100 a year.

Special Clerks at \$2,200 to \$2,300.

R. F. D. Mail Carrier—\$1,800 plus \$12.24 per mile a year.

It is estimated Rural Carriers will get from \$2,090 to \$2,300 a year.

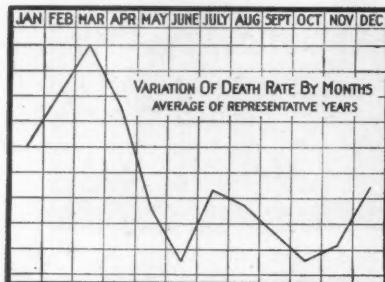
Custom House Positions—\$1,140, \$1,680 to \$3,000 and up a year.

Internal Revenue Positions—\$1,140, \$1,680 to \$3,000 and up a year.

\$1,900

to  
\$2,700  
per year

## Do People Live Longer in Florida?



They should according to the chart above, for it proves the most fatal months to be those when King Winter holds the North in his icy grasp.

It is not alone the cold weather but the indoor life that makes the Northern winter a season of sickness and death. Hence wisdom dictates wintering or living permanently in an out-of-door country such as Florida.

But seek not Florida's too-crowded cities. These are not always so conducive to health and longevity as a strictly residential and recreational community such as Indrio, now being developed at great expense in a natural garden spot.

### INDRIO the Beautiful

Indrio lies 60 miles north of Palm Beach on the Dixie Highway, the Florida East Coast Railway and the Indian River, a picturesque inlet of the Atlantic Ocean. Here man is combining with Nature to create America's most beautiful home town.

If you are coming to Florida this winter, stop off for a day at Indrio. Drink in the beauty of its natural surroundings; see the broad streets and spacious homesites which are making it the most talked-of community in Florida.

Now, while desirable homesites may still be secured by an initial payment of only a few hundred dollars, is the time to investigate Indrio as a permanent or winter home. So plan to see it for yourself or write for illustrated color brochure.

**PHELPS-HENDRICKSON COMPANY**

Exclusive Selling Agents for  
EAST COAST DEVELOPMENT COMPANY  
Box C-16, INDRIO, Florida

## INDRIO

### Florida



There were voices in Contrecoeur's room and when the door opened to admit him David saw a man sitting before a table on which there were remnants of food, with the Commandant opposite him. This man rose from his chair when he entered, and David's breath drew itself short in shock and amazement. He was dressed in rough deerskin; his hair was uncouth and unshorn, his face weathered by wind and camp-fire and covered with a scraggly beard. For a moment David disbelieved his eyes. Then he knew, despite these changes, that the messenger from Quebec was Captain René Robineau!

But what a different Robineau!—not alone in the strangeness of his dress, his unqueued hair, the untrimmed beard, but in the man himself. Could this be the old Robineau of Quebec, that bear *ideal* of military dress and manners, the man whose skill in the science of war was scarcely greater than his perfection of deportment and personal appearance? Could it be the Robineau so mysteriously somber, so uncommunicative and unsmiling, with the shadow of a deeply buried tragedy always weighting him in gloom? For this Robineau he was staring at now, exhausted from long and unaccustomed travel, was smiling as he rose to greet him—smiling in a way David had never seen him smile before, and he came quickly to greet him with two outstretched hands, like a comrade and a friend instead of the man whose hand had never before gripped his own.

"Thank God I've found you!" he cried. He turned to Contrecoeur. "Captain, this is the David Rock I have been telling you about—the lad to whose affairs I owe more than my life will ever be able to repay, and who, in that strange way I told you about, set me the task of killing your old friend, Captain Jean Talon."

Contrecoeur was reaching out a hand now. "For which I thank you, Lieutenant Rock," he said. "Captain Robineau is a better shot than I, and I must surely have met this fellow Talon on my return, because of an affair between us, and undoubtedly with dire results to myself. I am going to leave you now, for Robineau has much to talk to you about which is better for four ears than six," and as he went David wondered how this pleasant-faced man, so apparently a gentleman, could have looked so stolidly upon the burning of the Englishmen last night.

No sooner had the door closed behind him than Captain Robineau motioned David to a chair beside the table, and, seating himself opposite him, drew a pistol from his belt and placed it in the space between them.

A smile lightened by its new touch of pride and humor trembled on his lips as he saw David's eyes rest upon the weapon.

"For weeks I have promised myself this bit of melodrama, if I found you," he explained. "The pistol is for you. It is loaded. If a little later you want to shoot me do so without hesitation, and Contrecoeur, who is an old academy mate of mine, is bound as a gentleman to say it was an accident. Thank heaven, a man's honor is sometimes only sleeping when it appears to be dead, and because mine has awakened I have followed you through the wilderness for no other reason than to make what restitution I can for as heinous a crime as a man who calls himself a gentleman can possibly commit."

"I fail to understand," exclaimed David, staring at the other; and then his tongue added the words which he could no longer keep back, "You have some message for me from Anne St. Denis?"

Robineau shook his head. "So far as Quebec is concerned I have disappeared from the face of the earth. No one knows where I am, not even Mademoiselle St. Denis. I have no message from her, but I have some few things to tell you about her. Which will you hear first—about me, or about Anne St. Denis?" and there was a light in Robineau's eyes which told David he knew what the answer would be.

"About Anne, if you please."

"Because, like a fool, I was made to be a part

of the plot which was to destroy you, I knew what might happen in the Palace that night Mademoiselle St. Denis came to see you," began Robineau, and his face darkened as he went on telling the story of the hours which David did not know—of Anne's return from the dungeons with Deschenaux, of his fear for her, and of his interruption with Sister Esther and Anne's return to the convent. "Then Bigot tried to kill me by setting that scoundrel of a Talon on my heels, but fortune favored me and I put a bullet through his heart the next morning," Robineau continued, and after that he told of going to the convent, only an hour or two before the whipping, determined to tell Anne all that he knew about Bigot and his plot, and in what manner the papers which had proved David a traitor had been put into his coat.

"They told me Mademoiselle St. Denis was sick and that they feared something had happened to her mind," said Robineau. "Even when I persisted they refused me admission. I could not drag myself away from the convent gate. I knew when the whipping had started, knew when it was coming up the hill; I could even hear the crowd, but something held me to that place. I made another effort and was refused a second time, but scarcely had the door closed than it opened again and Mademoiselle St. Denis ran out, with a nun protesting vainly behind her. She recognized me at the gate.

"At first I believed she was mad and that I must return her to Sister Esther and the Mother who were following her. She was bareheaded and her face was whiter than death. We could hear the crowd gathering in the square and I thought she was going to shriek. But she didn't. She caught my arm, and said, 'Bring a carriage as quickly as you can near the Golden Dog!' That was all. Even I could not have caught her then as she ran toward the square. I followed and lost her in the edge of the crowd. I found a carriage, fastened and deserted by its driver, and waited. You know what happened. She came back a little later with the whip. I was frightened. It seemed to me her heart must burst, and then I knew what she wanted the carriage for and why she had brought the whip. 'Take me as quickly as you can to Bigot's palace,' she commanded. *And I did.*"

Robineau no longer remained seated. He stood with his face blazing exultation. "If you could have seen what happened then New France might die under your feet and there would yet be some joy left! We found the monster in his apartment, and what that whip had done to you was nothing compared with what it did to Bigot in the hands of Anne St. Denis. When he tried to get away from her or catch the leathern lashes in his hands I went after him with the point of my sword, and when Mademoiselle's strength gave out you could not have recognized his face. Then I took the whip and finished the work until Bigot lay like a dead man on the floor, and I had to carry Mademoiselle back to the carriage, for she was in a faint.

"But on our way up Palais Hill she roused herself to tell me not to return her to the convent but to take her to the home of Nancy Lotbinière. And it was there, a little later, I told her all I knew, and how the papers had got into your coat—and for three days, while Monsieur Lotbinière kept me in concealment and I was preparing to follow you to the Richeieu, we thought she was going to die."

David, too, had risen to his feet. Words unbelievable were pounding against his senses, and he stared at the man who had brought him this cataclysmic news of Anne, unable to speak, almost unable to breathe as the significance of it beat upon him.

Robineau was continuing, "Mademoiselle Lotbinière wrote you about all this when she found you had not waited for her at the cottage, and sent the letter by messenger to the Richeieu, so to tell you these things is not what has brought me all this distance. I have come to clear my honor by confessing to you my own



# FLORIDA

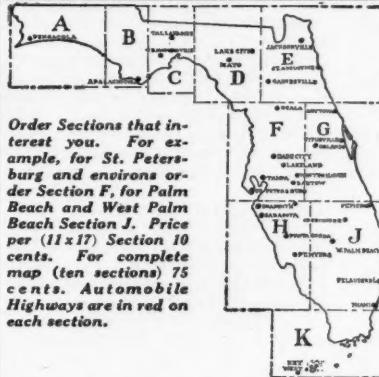
We have published an authentic and interesting booklet on Florida which will be sent postpaid for Ten Cents. This booklet together with any one section of map below (size 11 x 17) for Twenty Cents. Simply write your name, address and map section required, enclose stamps and forward to "Florida Section," COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, New York.



## San Jose Hotel Jacksonville, Florida

18 hole Donald Ross Golf Course and Country Club adjoining; situated on 20 foot bluff overlooking the beautiful St. Johns River. Modern throughout. Opens on or about January 1st, 1926. Rates on application. Reservations in advance.

Section Map E



Order Sections that interest you. For example, for St. Petersburg and environs order Section F, for Palm Beach and West Palm Beach Section J. Price per (11 x 17) Section 10 cents. For complete map (ten sections) 75 cents. Automobile Highways are in red on each section.



Skies are always sunny in the Sunshine City. And there's all kinds of fun for every sunny day. Swimming, boating or fishing. Golf, tennis, lawn bowling and every outdoor sport. Big League Baseball. Daily band concerts. Splendid accommodations. For booklet address H. F. DILLMAN, Chamber of Commerce.

## St-Petersburg Florida The Sunshine City

Sect. F



## Safe 8% Bonds

We endorse each bond, guaranteeing interest and principal, which we collect and pay promptly. Bonds are secured by first mortgages on centrally located office buildings in Florida worth twice amount of loan. Many insurance and trust companies purchase our securities. Our company, established several years ago, specializes in first mortgage loans. Booklet CM gives full particulars.

## Palm Beach Guaranty Co. West Palm Beach, Florida

Sect. J

Orange Tree Lots—ten to twenty trees per lot. Lots with three year old trees \$1,250. With ten year old trees \$2,000. Cement curb, hard streets, water system, electric lights, railway station. One third cash—balance time.

DEAN-TYLER COMPANY, INC., Sarasota, Florida

Casa Loma Exclusive Coral Gables. Rooms single and en suite. Golf, riding, tennis, swimming.

Address: William J. Lowe, Managing Director, Casa Loma, Coral Gables.

**8%** **FIRST MORTGAGES  
GUARANTEED**  
both as to principal and interest. We specialize in First Mortgages secured by Miami, Florida residence property. Loans made on a basis of not over 50% of property valuation. We endorse and offer these safe and profitable mortgages to the public to not 8%.

CITIZENS LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY  
201 West Flagler Street, Miami, Florida

## PROFITABLE INVESTMENT

We specialize in revenue-paying investments in high-grade St. Petersburg business property. Write

C. M. ROSER  
695 Central Avenue, St. Petersburg, Sect. F

**PRINCESS MARIA**  
Open All Year, European-American Plan. A hotel of luxury, comfort and convenience on Florida's West Coast. Write for Booklet.

ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

Sect. F

**GREYNOLDS & CLARK, INC.**  
General Brokers  
**ACREAGE—BUSINESS PROPERTIES**

To-Day's Market  
West Palm Beach—Florida

Sect. J

## Are you interested in Florida?

By all means subscribe to The Hollywood Magazine, the all-Florida Geographic, published monthly by THE FLORIDA SOCIETY OF AMERICA. The most artistic magazine in the South. Retaille. Three dollars a year. Address Florida Society, Hollywood, Fla. Sect. J

**HODSON REALTY SERVICE**

Sherwood Hodson, Realtor  
Member Miami Realty Board

Specialist Redland District and Cape Sable

**HOMESTEAD, DADE CO., FLA.**

FLORIDA REAL ESTATE  
Business Properties, Ocean Fronts and Acreage  
Guaranteed 8% First Mortgage Bonds

**MCGINLEY REALTY COMPANY**

"22 Years in Business"  
West Palm Beach, Florida.

References: Farmers Bank, West Palm Beach, Florida. Sect. J

## ST. PETERSBURG REAL ESTATE

Let wise counsel direct you to investment profits.

**C. BUCK TURNER CO., REALTORS**

147 Central Avenue

Sect. F

## WE SELL

## OCEAN FRONTEAGE ONLY

We have the only photographic aerial survey ever made of the entire East Coast of Florida, this work having been done by the Fairchild Aerial Survey Corporation of New York at a tremendous cost to us. This work is compiled in volume form and indexed in such a manner that a prospective investor can readily turn to the parcel of beach frontage in which he is interested and determine the character of growth on the land, whether the beach elevation is high or low, and in fact the photograph supplies the investor with a better knowledge of the property than if he were to personally inspect same, as it would be almost impossible to thoroughly inspect the average large tract of ocean frontage owing to the dense growth the land in many sections is covered with. Every parcel of ocean frontage on entire East Coast has been personally inspected by this Corporation. We cheerfully answer all inquiries regardless of who owns the property.

L. E. FITZGERALD CO.

602 Citizens Bank Bldg., West Palm Beach, Florida Sect. J

## We Want You

to know about a plan by which you can purchase carefully selected Florida land for home—fruit growing or raising winter vegetables, and be protected against fraud, misrepresentations, unsound title and loss of principal, and covered by insurance. Immediate possession. 8 years to pay. Commercial Bank & Trust Company of West Palm Beach, Florida, acts as Trustee, for all and every payment must be made to the bank. Write for full particulars.

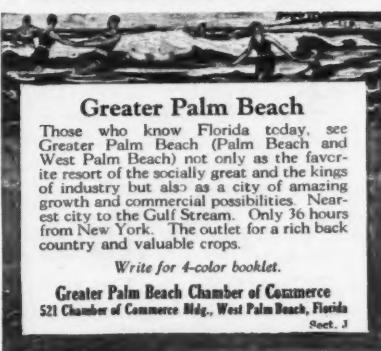
## Insured Land Corporation of America

3523 Grand Central Terminal - New York City

**8%** **MIAMI  
FLORIDA**

First Mortgages and First Mortgage Bonds on improved real estate in a well developed section of Miami, Florida, pay 1% to 2% more than in the older, more populous parts of the country. Take advantage of this high interest rate with absolute safety. For over sixteen years our officials have served their clients without loss to a single investor.

Write for Our New Investment Booklet "C" Sect. J  
DAVENPORT & RICH MORTGAGE CO.  
PROFESSIONAL BLDG., MIAMI, FLORIDA



## Greater Palm Beach

Those who know Florida today, see Greater Palm Beach (Palm Beach and West Palm Beach) not only as the favorite resort of the socially great and the kings of industry but also as a city of amazing growth and commercial possibilities. Nearest city to the Gulf Stream. Only 36 hours from New York. The outlet for a rich back country and valuable crops.

Write for 4-color booklet.

Greater Palm Beach Chamber of Commerce  
521 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., West Palm Beach, Florida  
Sect. J



## Your Vacation in France

at no greater expense than  
the ordinary summer at  
the mountains or shore

FRANCE has always welcomed visitors...catered to them...and shared all her treasures. So that "going abroad" has always meant going to France, to Paris ~ Paris . . . teeming with life; streets lined with book stalls, tables overflowing from crowded cafes, provincials in quaint dress, cosmopolites in the latest fashion!

This vivid spirit of Paris sails the sea . . . in a French Liner. Dances and deck games have a verve that carries the ship over the Atlantic all too soon. The cuisine and service are as French as one expects and finds in France. And the joy of docking at Havre! No transferring to tenders . . . a special boat train waiting . . . Paris in three hours. And all France within easy distance.

Take your own car, uncrated, with you. Touring in France, and living comfortably, costs much less than in the United States. The de Luxe Liners, the Paris and France, go first to Plymouth, England . . . then to Havre, the Port of Paris. The one-class cabin liners, De Grasse, Rochambeau, La Savoie and Suffren, go direct to Havre.

Information from any French Line Agent  
or recognized Tourist Office

### French Line

19 State Street, New York City

Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities of United States, Europe and Canada

weakness and crime, to ask your forgiveness and to make restitution if I can."

At last David spoke. "I have received no letter from Nancy Lotbinière," he said, and Robineau seemed only now to notice the strange whiteness in his face.

"No word came to you on the Richelieu, telling you that Mademoiselle Lotbinière and Anne St. Denis were hurrying to Grondin Manor as soon as Anne was able to make the journey?" he demanded.

"No."

"Then I have another sin to be forgiven for," exclaimed Robineau. "Even Monsieur Lotbinière had no idea of my intentions when I left Quebec. I might have carried Nancy's letter, but my desire was that no one should know of my movements. I traveled slowly, and when I came to Grondin Manor and found you were on your way to Fort Duquesne I thought you had received the letter and were purposely running away from Anne St. Denis, as there had been more than sufficient time for the messenger to reach you. When I found you gone I—almost—refused to follow. I thought you were even worse than Bigot had tried to make you out, that you were a—a man whose thoughts made you unworthy of the love of Mademoiselle St. Denis. If you hated her, if you could believe her bad—"

"What do you mean?" cried David. "Who told you that? Why should you think—"

"Why?" asked Robineau. "Because, as she lashed Bigot in his room that day, she kept crying over and over, 'You have made him hate me, you have made him hate me—and you have made him think I am bad!' I tell you it wrenches my heart as I stand there! And those words were the first and last I heard from her lips—'He hates me—he hates me—he hates me!' And when I found you gone—"

A bitter cry interrupted him. David had covered his face with his hands. When he took them away Robineau saw a countenance twisted between the agony caused by this knowledge of the great sin he had committed against Anne, and a joy which, even through his wretchedness, revealed itself like a glow of fire.

"Where is Anne—now?"

"I think she must be at Grondin Manor."

"But you said she was sick—so that you thought—she might die," and his voice trembled as he looked at Robineau.

"Monsieur Lotbinière told me she was better on the third evening, when I left. It is not death I fear. It is—"

"What?"

Robineau turned his eyes away from David. "I am afraid—when she finds you are gone from Grondin Manor—that she may return to the convent—forever."

"Dear Mother of God!" cried David, and his voice broke in a gasping cry. "If that should happen—I—I—"

"Will go on living, as I have lived," interrupted the other in a low voice. "Fifteen years ago the doors of the convent closed behind a girl I loved as dearly as you love Anne.\* A thousand times I would have died to undo the act that drove her there. Yet I live. And I would die now, gladly, if I could undo the part I have played in the tragedy which may make a nun of Anne St. Denis, sweet and holy though she would surely be."

A sickness which made him dizzy had seized upon David's brain.

"I thought to tell you of this fear of mine as a punishment merited by you for running away from Grondin Manor after receiving Mademoiselle Lotbinière's letter," Robineau was saying. "As it is, I can only urge upon you the necessity of returning as swiftly as you can. I speak brutally, because I have come to tell you the truth. I am afraid, even with all the haste you make, that you will be too late, for no sooner was Anne in Mademoiselle Lotbinière's home than she regretted her command to me and wanted to return at once to the Ursulines. What has happened since I do not

know. But the Lotbinières were firm in their decision to take her to Grondin Manor first. Five months will have passed before you can again set foot on the Richelieu and in that time many things can happen."

David raised his head and stood back from the table. The blood had gone from his face leaving it gray and hard. Robineau saw the mighty effort he was making, the stiffening of his body, the strange fire that was gathering slowly in his eyes, and he reached out his hand again and took David's.

"You are going?"

"Yes, as fast as my strength will carry me."

"And there is nothing more you want to hear from me?"

"Nothing, unless it is of Anne."

Robineau's fingers closed more tightly.

"There is one thing you must hear. It may be foolish of me, but I have devoutly sworn that my conscience shall be cleared by confession. I was one of Bigot's chief tools in helping to ruin you."

"If God gives me back Anne I care not a snap of my fingers for all that has happened," said David, unmoved.

"But I helped to make you lose Anne."

"No," denied David. "All that which happened was but a small test under which I was not man enough to bear up. My own folly lost Anne, my blindness, my jealousy, my own unworthiness. I drove her away when she came to me in the dungeon, believing that she had come out of pity, and because she had given me a sacred promise, and not because she loved me. You need not tell me what part you played for Bigot, for you have more than repaid by coming to me as you have."

Still Robineau did not free his hand.

"You must hear me. I shall not trouble you with the details of how Bigot got hold of me until our ancient pride, the Robineau honor, was completely in his hands. I will only tell you that I knew you were to be ruined when you came to Quebec, and that my own hopelessness and despair were so complete that I did not care, and followed the commands of the man whom I thought was my master. I trained you and helped to place you in public favor knowing you were to be sacrificed; I drew the maps and plans while my heart and soul were still of stone, and when I gave them to Bigot he sneeringly told me I had done a consummate piece of work because they would some day be found on your person and prove you a traitor. I might have warned you. I might have saved you. Yet I made no move until I saw that monster's trap yawning only a step ahead of the unsuspecting feet of Anne St. Denis. Then something roused itself in a soul that Bigot thought was dead. I saved Anne from a fate worse than death that dawn you drove her from your dungeon. I defied the man who had shackled me. I killed Talon. And now I have come to you. These acts my pride commands, but they cannot wipe out the unforgivable darkness of the others, and for them—if so you choose—you may kill me without a qualm of conscience."

David's hands were tightly closed about Robineau's when he finished. "If forgiveness from me will ease your mind then you have it freely and in full," he said. "I still hold myself in debt to you, and if God wills it that happiness is to come my way once more through you, then I must love you next to just one other man in all this world," and this time Robineau did not hold him with further words, but saw him to the gate and through it.

In the morning sun David saw a great commotion before the fort and many men together as if a new and startling thing had happened; and out of this crowd Peter came running suddenly toward him with a face which betrayed unusual tidings before his lips had spoken them.

"You have heard?" he cried.

"Heard of what?" asked David.

"Men from the Mohawk and the Albany country have just come in and bring with them terrible news. The English are moving against Canada by way of the Richelieu, and Sir William Johnson has eleven hundred Indians

\*Antoinette de Vitre, of the Isle of Montreal

Hears  
behind him  
we had to  
away!"  
Peter's

This w  
came to C  
dock's de  
and a part  
ing him v  
diers and  
portant ro  
defenses  
return in  
advancing  
up the r  
resume a  
conditions  
France. B  
his enem  
dock was

As it w  
privileges  
justify an  
the free r  
the fort.  
have been  
sworn no  
tage of th  
and now t  
was prospe

This se  
command  
that wh  
finally pla  
himself, t  
Carbanac  
the Richel  
them, un  
country, i  
party of fi  
exception  
their way  
country w  
pelled to  
time, or, i  
of darkness  
and Robin  
night of th

There w  
member o  
others t  
fears whic  
Joel, to w  
leadership  
in the min

"Never  
gathered  
the French  
"and for s  
of death, a  
with the M  
eas. If I  
to the no  
even then,  
hordes of  
the French  
fall upon  
If Dieskau  
and the sa  
behind the  
doomed la  
Lawrence."

His face  
feelings, a  
spoken lay  
sinister cou  
at his wa  
English de

"It is a  
Manor by  
safety of F  
"and four  
making al  
and swamp  
that dista  
the heart o  
of Lake Ge  
And this

behind him. My God—twice the number that we had here—and we are four hundred miles away!"

Peter's face was white as he spoke.

This was the alarming information which came to Contrecoeur the morning after Braddock's defeat. With his victorious Indians and a part of the Canadians already gone, leaving him with less than a hundred French soldiers and officers, he saw the second most important road into New France open and almost defenseless before the enemy if they should return in force. His dread was that Dunbar, advancing with a fresh division, would pick up the remnants of Braddock's troops and resume a contest which, under swiftly changed conditions, must inevitably end in disaster to France. Had he realized the completeness of his enemy's demoralization, and that Braddock was dying, his worry would have been less.

As it was he went even further than the prerogatives of his command could legally justify and issued a command that none of the free rangers from the north should leave the fort. While this authority might easily have been ignored by the Long Rifles, who had sworn no allegiance to military rules or regulations, there was no inclination to take advantage of their freedom. They had come to fight, and now that the Indians were gone and there was prospect of man to man contest instead of wholesale massacre they were eager to remain.

This sentiment as well as Contrecoeur's command included Peter's little force, so that when David's homeward race was finally planned its personnel was limited to himself, the Black Hunter, Peter Gagnon, Carbanac and Kill-Buck. While others from the Richelieu would gladly have accompanied them, unnerved by the news from the Mohawk country, it was Peter Joel's decision that a party of five all trained to the forests with the exception of Peter and Carbanac, could steal their way through the heart of the enemy's country while a larger force would be compelled to make a detour hugely expensive in time, or, in all probability, fight. Under cover of darkness and unknown to all but Contrecoeur and Robineau they left Fort Duquesne on the night of the ninth of July.

There was no attempt on the part of any member of this little band to conceal from the others the seriousness of the situation or the fears which were inspiring such haste. Peter Joel, to whom even Kill-Buck now looked for leadership, expressed in a few words what lay in the minds of all.

"Never has such a war-party of Indians been gathered for the purpose of slaughter in either the French or English dominions," he said, "and for skill in surprise attacks, fearlessness of death, and savage cruelty none can compare with the Mohawks, the Oneidas and the Senecas. If Dieskau holds them back the danger to the northern waterways will be less; but even then, in the face of English defeat, these hordes of scalp-hunters will sweep around the French defense, unseen and unheard, to fall upon the unprotected homes behind. If Dieskau should fail to hold the English, and the savages know that a victorious ally is behind them, then may God have pity on a doomed land to the very shores of the Saint Lawrence."

His face betrayed openly the depth of his feelings, and knowledge of the truth he had spoken lay as clearly written in the dark and sinister countenance of Kill-Buck, who carried at his waist seven scalps taken from the English dead.

"It is a good six hundred miles to Grondin Manor by wilderness trails if we follow the safety of French frontiers," Peter Joel had said, "and four hundred as a crow might fly, not making allowance for the barrier of lakes and swamps on the way. We can make it in that distance by piercing straight through the heart of the enemy country south and west of Lake George."

And this was what they set out to do.

## ON THE WORLD'S LARGEST SHIP

*Superlative Accommodations—Superlative Service*



The sumptuous veranda of the Regal Suite. At the left are huge plate glass windows through which one has an uninterrupted view of the sea.

Just as the *Majestic* is supreme among the de luxe liners, so the *Minnekahda* of the Atlantic Transport is supreme in Tourist Third Cabin. She is devoted exclusively to Tourist Third Cabin passengers on all sailings. Round trip \$200.

The 105 splendid ships in our services which offer a total of 225 passenger sailings from New York, Boston and Montreal to the convenient European ports in 1926.

Write us about your travel plans and let us send helpful literature on the summer season abroad. Address No. Broadway, New York City, 127 S. State Street, Chicago; our offices elsewhere, or any authorized steamship agent.

The *Majestic* offers in her Regal Suite the most luxurious and most expensive accommodations on any transatlantic liner. Yet the traveler who books even at the minimum rate of \$265 enjoys the same delightful atmosphere of luxury in public rooms, cuisine and service as the occupant of the Regal Suite.

The *Majestic*, like her channel squadron associates—the *Olympic* and the *Homeric*—offers a complete steamship service. Her Second Cabins, priced at \$147.50 up, are recognized as superlative values. Her Tourist Third Cabin accommodations at \$102.50 have proved especially popular with college men and women.



MAJESTIC  
World's Largest Ship



## WHITE STAR LINE

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE • RED STAR LINE  
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

### WHY BE DEAF?

Stop Head Noises—Ringing Ears  
I made myself deaf after being deaf for 25 years  
with my Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day  
and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one  
sees them. Write me and I will tell you how I became  
deaf and how I can make you hear. Send name to  
Geo. P. Way, ARTIFICIAL EAR DRUM COMPANY, Inc.  
40 Hoffman Bldg., 2539 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.



### TEACH YOUR CHILD

at Home  
by famous Calvert School  
methods

and give him a better education in  
this way than he can get at most  
day schools. Write  
Calvert School, 2 West 40th St.  
Baltimore, Md.



## SAVE \$300 to \$1250

Before you build "the home of your dreams," get a copy of the new Bennett Book showing photographic reproductions of more than 85 beautiful houses.

More attractive, more livable, more substantial homes cannot be found. Nor can they be more economically built—for the BENNETT ready-to-erect way saves the high cost of usual waste, cuts down high-priced labor, eliminates all extras, shortens building time one third—often effecting a saving of \$1250 on a very modest home. Bennett home owners near you (names on request) will prove our claims.



The DREXEL—8 Rooms and Bath



### Book of Homes—Garages FREE

Charming homes; garages, all sizes; inviting interiors; built-in conveniences—over 85 photo illustrations and home plans for you to study. FREE in U.S. east of Indiana and north of Ohio River; elsewhere \$1.00—clip the coupon or send letter or postal.

**Bennett Homes**  
Better Built Ready-Cut

BENNETT HOMES  
Send me 104-page Bennett Homes Book, new  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_



## Castles— Real and Beautiful

GERMANY with ancient castles and magnificent palaces, famous in song and story, with old towns mirrored in historic rivers—extends a cordial invitation to you. The castle country of the Rhineland, the Black Forest, Bavaria, the Harz, Saxony and Thuringia, or the romantic Rhine, the grandeur of the Bavarian Alps, renowned health resorts, glorious art galleries, sacred temples of music—are forever calling those in quest of the beautiful.

To help you visualize picturesque Germany, we will be pleased to send illustrated booklets of artistic merit. Nothing sold—gratis information on European travel, places of interest, fares, distances, time tables, health resorts, hotels, rates, etc.

**German Railroads**

### INFORMATION OFFICE

630 Fifth Avenue, New York

Confiding in no one the dread intelligence which Robineau had brought to him, and not alarming Peter by telling him that Nancy Lotbinière might be at Grondin Manor, it was David who bore the heaviest burden of distress and fear as they began their long journey.

"We will find our people safe," encouraged the Black Hunter. "All of the Richelieu will have good warning, even if Dieskau's army fails to hold."

Vainly and desperately David fought within himself against the mental sickness which had seized upon him. He struggled to vision hope again and to think of Anne waiting to forgive him for his wretchedness. But gloom settled more sinisterly where he prayed and reached out for light, until at last something which he could no longer combat told him that the other thing he dreaded had come to pass. It was like a whisper out of the air, a spirit coming from Anne to breathe the message to him, telling him that because his love and his faith were gone she had pledged herself to the Bridal Veil of God. And now he knew that she was not at Grondin Manor, and that from the home of Nancy Lotbinière she had gone to the cloister and not to the Richelieu.

Stricken by a conviction which seemed imposed on him by the awesome power of Heaven itself he settled into a condition of dogged and unreasoning physical exertion. He demanded even of the Black Hunter that they rest at fewer intervals and travel longer ones, and that they follow the higher and clearer aisles of the forest instead of the lower, though greater danger lay there. But Peter Joel, with Kill-Buck grunting approval, still sought the hidden ways of the lowlands and the swamps.

It was hot. The midsummer sun rose in cloudless skies and seethed like a caldron through them to the sunsets. The swamps were moist ovens, with little running or standing water and yet not parched enough to destroy the multitudes of insects which day and night made life a torture. The glory and the beauty of the wilderness were overwhelmed by a triumph of discomfort over beast and man. Mosquitoes and black-flies had driven the deer to the hills and mountains; the foxes had sought the high levels; rabbits were on the plains and plateaus, and even the black bear went berry-hunting in the uplands.

The Indians were on the open waters, with cool breezes filling their nights, or in the high hardwoods, where generations of savage feet had made trails freer from the torments of the Flying Up Moon, when everything is on the wing. "For that reason we are safe in the lowlands," said Peter Joel a score of times to encourage the spirit of his comrades; but even then it came to a pass where Carbanac, with his face like a piece of beef, and David and Peter, scarcely seeing from swollen eyes, had to seek relief from the mosquitoes and black-flies or go mad.

Not until the last hour of endurance did Peter Joel follow the beaten trails of the enemy country. Progress had been tortuously slow in the tangled lowlands, and it was even slower now, inspired by the necessities of caution. Evidences grew about them of war-parties on the move; they came to an Indian village on a lake, and Kill-Buck, spying close, reported it filled with women and children, the warriors gone. They saw canoes, and fires at night, and several times Senecas and Mohawks passed so near to them that only the caution and skill of the Black Hunter and Kill-Buck kept them from discovery.

Then came another blow in the punishment which David believed he so fully merited. Carbanac, climbing ahead of him up the face of a cliff which had proved solid to the feet of Peter Joel and the Delaware, loosened a great rock which caught him in its descent and almost killed him. For many days the little band now lay in hiding unmindful of David's pleas that they leave him behind with Kill-Buck and continue as quickly as they could to the Richelieu. Against this both Peter Gagnon and the Black Hunter took firm

### "The Sunshine Belt to the Orient"



## Orient Round the World

Every Saturday a palatial President Liner departs from San Francisco for Hawaii, Japan, China, the Philippines, Malaya, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Italy, France, Boston, New York, Havana, Panama and Los Angeles.

Sailings on fortnightly schedules from Boston and New York.

Magnificent oil-burners, these liners are commodious and comfortable, and providing a world-famous cuisine. Information from ticket and tourist agents or

604 Fifth Avenue, New York City  
Robert Dollar Building, San Francisco

**DOLLAR  
STEAMSHIP LINE**

### MIDGET NAME CARDS

Trade Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. THE LATEST NOVELTY 50c. Per Dozen

Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, 1 1/4 x 2 1/2, in genuine leather case. Choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card. Name in Old English type. Price complete 50c. Send stamp, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. *Agents Wanted.*

**MIDGET CARD SHOP**  
40 S. Second St., Harrisburg, Pa.

**BOOKKEEPERS  
ACCOUNTANTS**  
[MALE AND FEMALE]  
**WANTED IN HOTELS**



**\$175 to \$450 a month—How to get in touch with high-salaried positions.**

NATION-WIDE demand for bookkeepers, auditors, cashiers, accountants, paymasters, to specialize in hotel accounts, with splendid opportunities for rapid advancement to managerial positions. The hotel industry is the field of big opportunity today—it is America's 4th Largest industry, with annual payrolls of nearly \$400,000,000 and over 70,000 high-class positions paying up to \$10,000 a year, open each year.

#### No Previous Experience Needed

You can have one of these high-class big-pay positions with your living expenses paid, quick advancement, and all the fascinating features of the hotel business. Then the Lewis simplified home-study plan we train you and put you in touch with positions in 225 of the best hotels in the country. Lewis' former U. S. Government Hotel and Restaurant Expert and now Managing Consultant for over 225 hotels of 50 to more than 600 rooms each throughout the United States totaling over 26,000,000 \$10,000 a year, open each year.

#### Details Free—No Obligation

Send today for FREE BOOK "Your Big Opportunity" showing how you can specialize in hotel accounting in 20 weeks or less, and get a big-pay position.

**LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS**  
Suite J-204, Washington, D. C.

Hearst

stand, so  
Delaware  
and Dav  
any char  
that he w  
he whisp  
grim-face

August  
ligaments  
him to t  
had ful  
near the  
swung ea  
hearts.  
gave the  
against L  
was boun  
trader ha  
said that  
safety. A  
the count  
Black Hun  
to the sce  
menace of  
reflection

David  
but he ha  
Anne was  
and was fo

The da

gray with  
national i  
noon the ti  
times and  
face to so  
far away i  
the thund  
might be g

That ni  
came out,  
wildness,  
Hunter sa  
and still fa

And nea

he knew c  
thunder o  
and died i  
in his eye  
the others

With no  
direction h  
of the cli  
knew the  
had not sp  
came over  
rock lay, a  
across whi  
a stone in  
breath cam  
by a startl  
dried to wi  
weeks of d  
the bodies  
and in the  
white and s

No sound  
chatter of  
stillness of  
voice came  
droning so  
twig, no cry  
Yet death h  
that the wa  
the dead la  
in the lighti  
Down into  
first, and w  
pounds from  
mud had no  
they saw th  
but the red  
and with th  
terrible. T  
dead.

No words  
Those who  
were French  
the gray an  
brown and w

\* Known to t  
of its traged

stand, so that on the third day it was the old Delaware who, alone, left for Grondin Manor, and David's heart beat more freely. If by any chance Anne was there she would know that he was coming, and into Kill-Buck's ear he whispered a message for her which the grim-faced warrior promised to remember.

August was well on its way before torn ligaments in one of his legs would allow him to travel. It was September before he had fully regained his strength and they were near the safety of the French frontier. They swung eastward and traveled with lighter hearts. A French trader whom they met gave them news that Dieskau was moving against Lake George with a great army which was bound to annihilate the English. This trader had come up from Montreal and he said that along the Richelieu were peace and safety. A growing glow of happiness filled the countenances of Peter Gagnon and the Black Hunter; and Carbanac, returning nearer to the scenes of his own life's tragedy and the menace of the law, revealed a more subdued reflection of relief and thankfulness.

David struggled to exult with the others, but he had grown more and more certain that Anne was beyond the reach of his message and was forever lost to him.

The day of September eighth, 1755, was gray with cloud and rain and filled with occasional intonations of thunder. Late in the afternoon the Black Hunter stopped a number of times and listened with a tense and puzzled face to something which he seemed to hear far away in the north and east. "It must be the thunder," he said, "yet I have thought it might be guns."

That night the skies cleared and the stars came out, and a full moon rode up over the wilderness, and through this night the Black Hunter sat awake while the others slept, and still faced the north and east.

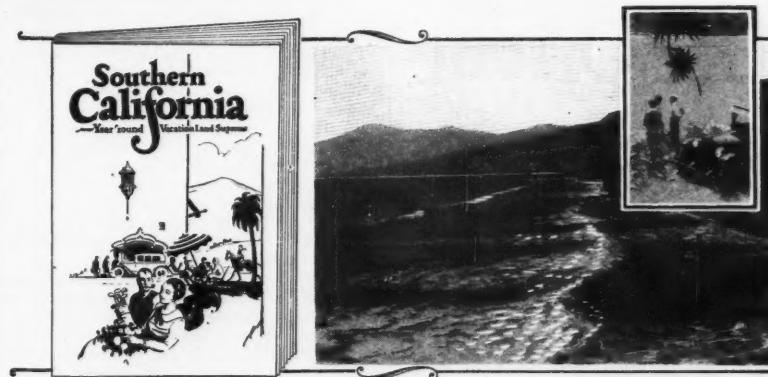
And near the dawn he heard a sound which he knew could not be the echoing of distant thunder over the hills. It came suddenly, and died suddenly, and a new shadow was in his eyes and tenser lines in his face when the others awoke.

With no further hesitation he led in the direction his eyes had turned under the glow of the climbing moon, and at last David knew there was something in his mind which he had not spoken. It was midday when they came over the crest of a ridge where a great rock lay, and looked down on a shallow pond across which a strong arm might have thrown a stone in either direction. It was Peter Joel who saw first what was there, and a crying breath came to his lips, followed in an instant by a startled cry from Carbanac. The pond, dried to within a few inches of its bottom by weeks of drought and heat, was choked with the bodies of dead men. They lay at its edge, and in the mud, and some farther out with white and sightless faces turned up to the sky.

No sound save the song of a bird and the chatter of a red-squirrel broke the somber stillness of that pond of death.\* No human voice came with the whispering air and the droning song of honey-bees; no crackling of twig, no cry, no stir of life or groan of agony. Yet death had but recently passed, so recently that the water at the edges of the pond where the dead lay thickest had a reddish coloration in the light of the sun, the stain of blood. Down into the dread place Peter Joel went first, and where their feet trod were moccasin prints from whose little pockets of water the mud had not settled into earth again. Then they saw that not only death had been here, but the red scourge with the scalping-knife, and with this horror came another swift and terrible. *There were no English among the dead.*

No words were needed to tell the story. Those who lay in the pool and around its edges were French and allies of the French; men in the gray and homespun of the seigneuries, in brown and weathered deerskin from the forests,

\*Known to this day as the Bloody Pond, with the date of its tragedy carved in the big white stone.



## Summer Vacation Plan Book—Now Ready

—“Best I Ever Saw”—by a Traveler

“What are you going to do this summer?

“While I had that question in my mind I ran across a 48-page, illustrated, encyclopedic catalog of year-round vacation offerings in Southern California—the best book on vacations that I've ever seen—and right then and there I knew that my summer was going to see me enjoying this great all-year playground.

“Are you a motorist?—read the chapter written in this book for you.

“Are you a golfer?—let it tell you about golf!

“A camper, hiker, horseman, swimmer, yachtsman?—read ‘your section’ of this book!

“Hunter? fisherman?—learn what to catch or shoot, and where and when to go hunting and fishing. Perhaps you want just beautiful country—here's where you'll find it pictured at its best.

“Every place and every sport that offers interest of any kind is treated separately and individually in this all-inclusive book. With it in hand you know just what your summer's going to be, even to the weather.

“No—don't be misled by the idea that Southern California is hot in summer. See the Government Weather Bureau figures which show that summers in Los Angeles have averaged 69 degrees for 48 years past, with the ‘sticky’ weather of other sections unknown. You'll sleep under blankets nine nights out of ten.

“Find out about living costs, rates, etc. Here's the best book with which to plan vacations that I ever saw.”

To those who want a copy of the book described above we will gladly send one free. Just mail coupon below.

## Southern California

Year 'Round Vacation Land Supreme

The growth, wealth and marvelous resources of Southern California are indicated by the following facts and figures pertaining to the County of Los Angeles alone:

Value of Agricultural Products (1924) .....	\$83,588,993
Value of Citrus Products (1924) .....	32,480,685
Harbor Imports (1924) .....	4,136,799 tons
Harbor Exports (1924) .....	18,131,622 tons

Total ..... 23,268,432 tons  
Oil Production (1924) ..... 120,000,000 bbls.

A producing season of 365 days a year permitting year-round crops.

A wealth of water for ample irrigation and all other purposes.

ALL YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA  
Dept. E-3, Chamber of Commerce Building,  
Los Angeles, California.

I am planning to visit Southern California. Please send me your free booklet about Southern California vacations. Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked:

Los Angeles  Riverside  Santa Barbara  
 Orange  San Bernardino  Ventura

NAME .....  
STREET .....  
CITY ..... STATE .....

# The Orient



**COLORFUL** costumes, inscrutable faces, quaint customs, aromatic spices, crimson junk sails — The Orient, queen of beauty, romance and charm.

Now is the time to go, and the speediest and the most comfortable way is by the American Oriental Mail Line — 5 luxurious 21,000 ton ships, all outside rooms with real beds instead of berths, and most with private baths; dancing, concerts, motion pictures and deck sports.

**S. S. President Jefferson**  
**S. S. President Jackson**  
**S. S. President Madison**  
**S. S. President Grant**  
**S. S. President McKinley**

Sailings from Seattle every 12 days over the Short Route via Victoria, B. C. to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila.

Your local Steamship or Tourist Agent will gladly furnish full details, or write

**AMERICAN ORIENTAL  
MAIL LINE**

**ADMIRAL ORIENTAL LINE**  
 Managing Operators  
 32 B'way, New York 112 W. Adams St., Chicago  
 Fourth at University, Seattle



and Indians half naked, without a Mohawk, a Seneca or an Oneida to keep them company.

Peter Joel spoke no word as he skirted the pool and took to the ridge again, and lips were set hard in the white and stony faces of the others. And scarcely had they come to the thick brush beyond the ridge-top than an object crawling slowly and painfully out of cover stopped them. It was a man. He wore the bedraggled and blood-stained uniform of an officer and in his face and eyes was the shadow of death. So ghastly was his appearance that at first David did not see the still more shocking thing, that his scalp was gone.

The Black Hunter dropped on his knees beside the dying man and supported him in his arms as he pressed the mouth of his water-flask to lips that were already stiffening with the palsy of death, and in answer to his questioning words came brokenly and in a sobbing whisper. Dieskau had been defeated. What was left of his force was in mad flight. The big fight had happened yesterday, hours before the massacre at the pool, which had only occurred last night. He, and Captain Folsom, and McGinnis — had returned — to hold the Indians. Surprised there — at the pool — and slaughtered like sheep. Mohawks, mostly — Senecas — Oneidas — hundreds of them. Hendrik — chief of the Mohawks — was killed — and his warriors — mad — for vengeance. Dieskau himself was wounded — and a prisoner — in the enemy's hands —

The man made an heroic effort to say something more. It was about himself, something in the pocket of his coat. He died before the words could come. But Peter Joel had guessed the message, and he found a letter addressed to Madame Henri Bernac, in Three Rivers. After that, while David and Peter were on guard, the Black Hunter and Carbanac dug a shallow grave and buried the dead man, and the four then united their strength to roll a huge rock over the place where he lay.

Even now there were no words between them. Their hearts were suffocated by the same thought. With Dieskau beaten the way lay open into the north for the red hosts of their enemy, and the war-parties of the savages were ahead of them, racing like wolves toward the settlements and the isolated homes of the pioneers. Peter Joel said this much at last. The French forces would reassemble near Crown Point; they might hold the English back, might even beat them there — but this would be too late to fend off the peril behind.

Here, if ever, was opportunity for that Indian strategy which he had always dreaded when he thought of the Richelieu — war-parties stealing swiftly through the dead of night, unexpected attacks, massacre falling suddenly out of calm and peaceful skies, men surprised in their fields, women in their homes, children at their play. The blow would come first at the far end of Lake Champlain, a place so safe that no soldiers would be left on guard. That was always the way — a blow as swift as it would be sudden, passing in a night or a day, when the grim wilderness would swallow its red children again so that all the power of France and the Canadas could not find them.

So it happened that the Black Hunter once more began a race against death like the one of many years ago, when he had carried David in his arms and Marie Rock had traveled at his side. And now, as then, it was the sweet soul of the woman that urged him, her white face calling to him from beyond the far horizon, until even Carbanac in all his mighty strength found growing weakness in his limbs.

And pace for pace with the Black Hunter strode David, knowing that an hour had come when even for Peter he could not stop. Night did not halt them, for now Peter Joel knew hidden trails that led straight north. Between the beginning of darkness and moonrise there was rest for Peter and Carbanac, then the journey began again. It continued as the moon climbed upward and still went on as it sank into the west. Gray dawn found the Black Hunter and David tirelessly breaking the way, with faces white and wan; and behind them, like two ghosts who had passed beyond

the physical strain of exhaustion, followed Peter and Carbanac.

Flesh fell from their bones that day and hollows that grew steadily deeper and darker settled under their sleepless eyes. Yet no word for mercy came from lips that were bloodless. But Carbanac groaned and rolled face downward like a dying man when Peter Joel at last called another rest.

For three hours they slept, then ate, and went on. Stiffened limbs responded to the fight again, and with the coming of another dusk it seemed to David that something had clubbed his feelings to insensibility. He no longer recognized Peter as the Peter he had known, and Carbanac's face was a mask with wide nostrils dilated by the strain. And now he saw in the Black Hunter the strange and mysterious spirit, neither ghost nor flesh of man, that had made the border-lands shiver at the mention of his name, for only a superman could have stood that test so like a god that was beyond the reach of exhaustion and physical pain.

And Peter, looking at David, wondered if his eyes were tricking him, or if it was the real David he saw, with deep, gaunt lines in his face, and neck-muscles that were straining to burst like pieces of overtautened rope.

They rested again at midnight on a bald hilltop that looked northward into the country of the Richelieu. Peter and Carbanac slept like the dead men back in the pool — David uneasily striving to keep himself awake to fight with the Black Hunter against a period of total oblivion for all. An hour passed, two, and three, and almost four. The moon went down and the world lay in a pall of darkness that preceded the dawn. Out of that darkness came a loud and awakening cry from the Black Hunter.

David leaped up, clutching at his rifle. Peter and Carbanac followed, swaying dizzily and rubbing the thick sleep from their eyes. Peter Joel was standing, a black shadow in the black night. And off there, where he was looking, miles away, was a great red glow of fire in the sky!

It was broad day when they came to the mellow bottom-land from which tall red flames had painted the sky. Tonteur, adventurous, a fighting man, had owned it. Now Tonteur was dead. He was found with his face up, which was the Mohawk way of leaving their victims when they were men; the women, because they were servants to their slain lords, they turned face down. And there were women and children among the dead at Tonteur's. The farmer's cabins were piles of ash and coals, and so was Tonteur's big log home, which he had called a castle. And about this place so recently filled with the shrieks of women and children, the cries of dying men and the triumphant yells of blood-thirsty savages, was now a terrible silence.

The Black Hunter had come out on the Richelieu half-way between the tip of Lake Champlain and Grondin Manor, and from what had been Tonteur's place they could see the blue haze of sky and forest where Grondin Manor lay.

Even into Peter's distressed limbs and travel-shattered body there leaped the strength of madness, and the Black Hunter led on at a pace which was almost a trot, their moccasined feet making not a sound in the smooth trail which lay between the ash of Tonteur's castle and the oaks of Sunset Hill.

They passed Old Paul's, where so long as people up and down the river could remember there had lived the mysterious old wilderness hermit who was known only by that name, and they found Old Paul, face up, like the others, with a long-limbed, fiercely snarling dog on guard at his side.

They came to the place where out of a dense pocket in the forests Henri Taschereau and his two sons had carved a home that had bloomed with the promise and joy of two sweethearts coming soon from the Isle of Montreal, and here the three lay in a lifeless heap, and the father, strangely, with a cold

and yet unstiffened arm over the shoulders of each of his boys.

Then the waterfall where David, a long time ago, had once brought Anne.

And after that the mighty stub of a lightning-blasted pine that could be seen on clear days from the top of Sunset Hill, and the red cliff with its pair of ancient eagles that were older than the seigneurs themselves, and the Chestnut Plateau where wild turkeys were always thickest, and the break between two great hills where David got his choicest venison. And here, coming to them faintly, they heard the firing of guns.

For only a moment the terrible lines in the Black Hunter's face relaxed in a sudden expression of joy. "Thank God they haven't caught St. Denis as they caught Tonteur," he cried. "Those are the guns of the men at Grondin Manor!"

They ran, and rested when they walked. Each minute seemed an hour, each mile a dozen leagues. One yearning filled the bursting heart of David, and of them all—to die at Grondin Manor, if die they must, so that their eyes would not behold there what they had looked upon at Tonteur's.

The firing ceased and in the awful stillness which followed it fear gripped their souls.

And then, a golden radiance of oak and chestnut color, came Sunset Hill.

They climbed it, sobbing for breath, and passed where David had stood beside Anne with his powder-horn such a long time ago.

They sped under the oaks and out through their rim, where in the golden glow of the evening she had given that glorious freedom to her heart.

They came to the little hollow with its spring and flowers where they had heard the voice of the farmer's wife singing at the supper hour in her cottage, and David gave a moaning cry when he saw the little home of grouted stone.

Its windows were broken, its door burst in, and close to the threshold lay the singer, her slim little body twisted terribly, her arms reaching out as if still seeking in death the man who lay half a dozen paces away.

And now it came all at once to David why no smoke and fire had risen from Grondin Manor, for the cottages were built of stone, and would not burn.

And he saw, looking away, no smoke rising from the farmers' chimneys in the bottomlands.

But from beyond the screen of Grondin's Wood there came suddenly a sound that made the blood thick in his veins, a yelling and howling tumult of savage voices, a madness of triumph that drove lightning flashes through his brain, and with it a weak and scattered—pitifully scattered!—response of rifle-fire.

No deer ever ran more swiftly than the Black Hunter ran now, with David touching shoulders at his side—past the spot where Bigot had first looked on Anne, through the thicket, up the trail, until at last they stood in the farther edge of the Wood itself. And Peter and Carbanac, like grim death tagging behind, were at their heels.

Here Peter Joel laid a fierce hold on David's arm, and stood swallowing and panting for his breath. And with his tightening grip he said, in a moment, "Do as I do now—do that we are lost!"

David's eyes were for an instant blinded by a veil of horror, for it seemed to him that they were looking upon a mad carnival of fiends, and that they had come too late.

"All in a glance, with the yell of a savage for splitting the air, he looked upon the place of ruin and death that a little while ago had been the peace and security of Grondin Manor.

The great house was cold and lifeless, its windows battered in, its doors torn down, and from the upper and lower openings its contents had been hurled to the ground, a grim and terrible evidence of the completeness of its fate. And the thick oaken door to Fontbleau's stone mill was gone, and the mill itself was a ghastly corpse that had been robbed

of its life, for close to where the door had been lay a little old crumpled figure with a dust-whitened coat, which was all that was left of Fontbleau the miller.

Over him the wheel at the top of his mill was turning—turning as if the hands of spirits were there at work, for the day seemed empty of wind.

More than this David did not see, for what life was left at Grondin Manor had found a refuge in the old stone church across the green, and about this building the savages were swarming in their final triumphant assault as Peter Joel dug his fingers into his arm. Two or three shots rang out above their cries, but that was all—shots which told of the pathetic weakness within; and with these shots came the crashing of timbers against oak and iron doors, and a fiercer outburst of cries from the naked and painted demons as the barriers began to give way.

In these unforgettable seconds life lived itself in a thousand tortures for David. They were too late. The Great House was gone, and with it all that he had loved on earth, for there his mother had been, and Anne if she had come from Quebec. His brain grew black and only the voice of the Black Hunter speaking again at his side held his hands.

"Wait!" he said. "Fire only when I do, and see to it that each of you kills one of the Indians at the door. We have come in time—just in time!"

He drew in a great breath, threw back his head, and out of his throat came a cry, and with that cry Peter Joel was no longer just a man but that black and mysterious spirit of the forests, half human and half devil, who came and went with the winds, a creature of darkness and omen, a shadow of death—the unearthly Black Hunter of the border-lands. Never had David heard that fearful cry, and never had Peter Joel meant that he should hear it, for it was not only a thing of madness, but madness itself—a wailing and terrible cry that began as a sobbing moan and grew in volume until it seemed to fill all space and to stir with vibrant horror the earth itself. Men would have sworn—as hundreds along the borders had done—that it was neither cry of beast nor human, no belling of the forest, no brawl or moan of wind or water, but rather the mystery of some Gargantuan monster of space, beginning in a whisper, rising to a scream, and dying away at last in a plaintive sob that seemed to lose itself in distance. And the man who sent it forth was once more the Black Hunter and no longer Peter Joel—the Black Hunter of the burning cabins and red death of years ago, the creature whose twisted brain had sent him with the shifting moons, forever wandering, never resting, seeking a face that was dead.

With his eyes drawn by the maniacal sound David looked on that madness of which his mother had told him and of which strange and gloomy whisperings had troubled Anne.

For Peter Joel had lost again the sanity which Marie Rock had won for him. A demon of madness and vengeance he stood as the last echoes of his cry died away, and the air was yet trembling with their horror when his rifle cracked. David fired straight through the heart of one of the savages before the door. The rifles of Peter and Carbanac crashed at his side, and they could not miss, for as if stricken by a sudden palsy the Indians had stopped in their assault and stood like wooden images as the Black Hunter's cry fell like a scourge of doom upon them. Had it been night not a warrior there was so brave that he would not have fled for his very life from that sound which in all the tepees of the border wilderness was feared as no other thing of either the living or the dead.

"Load again!" David had cried. "Load and fire as fast as you can!"

But this day was another day of fifteen years ago for Peter Joel, and as he had leaped with a club and his naked hands to wreak vengeance on the slayers of his wife and children, so now he ran a mad and shrieking fury upon those who had come to rob him of



## SCOTLAND BY THE FLYING SCOTSMAN"

The most famous train in Europe traverses that magic thread through Britain—the LONDON AND NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY!

From Edinburgh, "The Modern Athens" and Scotland's charming capitol, the LONDON AND NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY branches out to both coasts of Scotland—through the Trossachs country and into the wild beauty of the Scottish Highlands. It serves St. Andrews and a host of other world-famed golf courses. And its network of rails is fairly dotted with inland spas and seaside resorts.

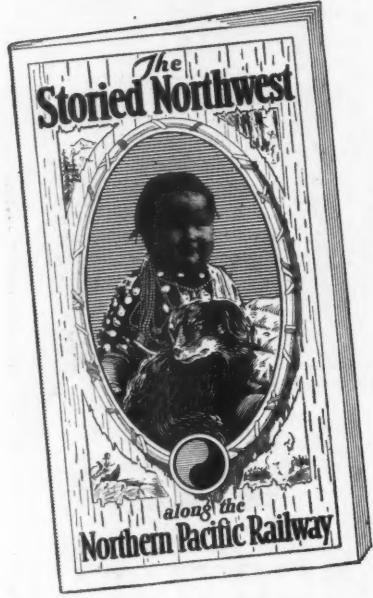
Unexcelled restaurant car service and single compartment sleeping car accommodations.

Next Summer visit Scotland! Let the American representative of the "LONDON NORTH EASTERN" plan your tour for you. Save time and money and still see everything that matters. Attractive illustrative booklets for the asking. Communicate with

H. J. KETCHAM, GENERAL AGENT  
London & North Eastern Railway  
311 Fifth Avenue, New York

**LONDON  
AND  
NORTH  
EASTERN  
RAILWAY**  
OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

# This Illustrated Vacation Book Is Yours



A delightful, interesting story portraying the historic romance of the Lewis and Clark Trail followed by the Northern Pacific Railway.

## Pacific Northwest

It is colorful. It is majestic. No other part of the United States is on quite so magnificent a scale. It is the ideal vacation country. Get the "Storied Northwest Book" now; it will help you get the most out of your vacation.

We will be glad to send it to you free—just fill out the coupon below and mail today.

## Northern Pacific Ry.

*"First of the Northern Transcontinentals"*

Mail this coupon to A. B. Smith,  
807 Nor. Pac. Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

### MY VACATION TRIP

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Books or trips I am interested in (✓) \* Round Trip Summer Fare from Chicago  
 Yellowstone Park \$ 59.33  
 Pacific Northwest Portland 90.30  
 Rainier Park Seattle 90.30  
 Alaska (Skagway) Tacoma 190.30  
 Rocky Mountains (Helena-Butte) Butte 61.95  
 \*Subject to slight revision

"Route of the North Coast Limited"



this other woman he loved—Marie Rock.

Even then the Indians might have broken before that black and terrible figure, as others had broken in the valley of the Juniata, but behind this spirit of vengeance descending upon them came a *man*, and behind that man two others. And the sight of men—men with white and ghastly faces—broke for some of them the spell which had bound them.

David could see only death ahead, yet he would have faced a hundred deaths rather than desert the Black Hunter. Madness raced suddenly in his own flaming blood and to Peter Joel's inhuman screams he added the savage and malevolent cries which had almost forced themselves from his lips miles back. A form raced up beside his own, the mighty body of Carbanac—Carbanac transformed into a monster, and out of whose lungs came bellowings that were like the roarings of a beast. If sound was madness, then madness smote the air of Grondin Manor, for even Peter was shrieking his fury and his hate. What eyes beheld through the shuttered windows and slit-loopholes of the little old church will never be seen again, and for a generation the story was to pass among the Indian tribes from the Upper Canadas to the far Ohio of how four fiends of madness fought half the Mohawk nation.

Like Peter Joel; the other three had dropped their guns and gripped their keen-edged girdle-axes, and those of their enemies who stood first before them broke in sudden fear and horror. And now David thought only of himself and of what he had to do, and the strength of ten men seemed in his body and arms, and with each stroke of his ax a scream as wild and as terrible as Peter Joel's followed from his lips. His ax turned suddenly red as he clove a shaven skull from crown to shoulder; he buried it to the head in a back that was turned in flight; it fell in crushing death against a naked breast. He felt no fear but only a superhuman power to kill. If blows fell upon him he did not feel them.

Even then, filled with the insanity of a single desire, he was like a child beside the mighty Carbanac. For Carbanac had come to that hour of glory which was a heritage in his blood—Carbanac, the common man, a man thrown aside by a shameful woman, changed now into an appalling and magnificent god. His roars rose triumphant with the Black Hunter's screams. Right and left he clove his way, leaping with the fury of a panther, striking with lightning swiftness, invulnerable and merciless, towering head and shoulders over the head of the greatest of their enemies.

Fighting now not to conquer but to live, the Mohawk warriors enveloped him. Through them David went and for a moment the Black Hunter was at his side, and it seemed to him that the ax in the Hunter's hand was a glint of lightning so swiftly it moved in the sun. He no longer recognized the Hunter's face, for through the blood that stained it blazed the disordered soul of a man he had never known before. He saw Peter fighting like a tiger, and then he was alone, slashing and cutting, until the ring of death broke from around Carbanac. And as the ring broke another figure leaped beside the fighting giant, and David knew why the Mohawks had given away behind, for it was Kill-Buck with his battle-ax who had leaped from the shattered door of the church to join them in the fight.

For an instant David saw that door. The Mohawk assault had broken it so that it hung crossways of the opening like a wedge, and behind this breast-high barrier over which Kill-Buck had leaped there were deathlike, bloodless faces staring out—faces of women whose wide eyes were filled with a flaming horror in the semi-gloom of the ancient church. In this moment a thought flashed into David's brain a hundred times swifter than spoken words—*where were the men of Grondin Manor?*

Then the cleared space between himself and the faces suddenly filled, and half a dozen naked savages maddened by the sight of the

helpless prey leaped to the fallen door, but not quicker than David himself. He was an arm's length ahead and struck so furiously at a paint-daubed face that the face was obliterated in a sudden blur of red. He felt blows now. Naked steel cut his flesh. Death hemmed him in, close and panting, ferocious and without mercy.

And then through the dimming radiance of the day came a woman's cry—a cry from within—a cry from out of a hell that was transformed for him into a heaven.

In that cry was his name.

"David! David! David!"

He shouted back an answer. He rose to the mightiness and the glory of Carbanac. He fought as no living eyes along the Richelieu had ever seen a man fight before. A tomahawk buried itself in his shoulder and he stood against it and sent back death to the one who had given him the blow. The Mohawks wavered before the devil-spirit which they could not kill, and as they wavered he set upon them like a blood-reddened monster that was immune to death. They turned, and in turning met the Black Hunter, and not one of the six returned to their comrades.

And again that cry out of heaven came to David:

"David—David—David."

It did not stop him, but urged him on. He was like the Black Hunter. He shrieked, not in fury now, but in triumph. The Mohawks were beaten, stricken to the soul at last by a fear that was greater than the fear of man. Devils had been sent against them, devils they could not harm or destroy. The dead covered the ground, so many dead that a generation would pass before their places were filled again.

They fled, the Black Hunter a ravening death at the heels of the last to go.

In the center of a pile of the slain stood Carbanac. Something in the mighty man's attitude brought David to his side. At Carbanac's feet was Peter, unable to rise, but smiling through his blood and wounds. Close to Peter lay Kill-Buck, gone at last to join his crucified people in another and better Hunting Ground.

Carbanac, the god thrown away by a woman, was moaning, as if singing a strange song under his breath; and his eyes were wide and staring, as if he saw that woman coming to him with outstretched arms from the forest. And through eyes that were beginning to grow dark David saw the great rents in Carbanac's breast, and the terrible hole cleft by the blade of an Indian ax in his head.

Thus Carbanac stood as the Mohawks fled, and a smile came to his dying lips as he dropped his own red ax and reached out his hands toward the thing which no other eyes could see. After the smile came a little moan, and he sank down gently, making no sound as his great soul went on its way.

In the moment Carbanac died a vast and smothering darkness swept over David and he seemed to be falling gently through a space without end, but faster than he fell came the voice again, the voice of Anne, following him, overtaking him, until at last it was with him, and he could hear it crying and sobbing his name so near to him that it seemed to be a part of his soul.

For in the last moment of his consciousness Anne was kneeling with her arms about him in that pile of the dead.

Hanging in a vale filled with the darkening shadows that drift between life and death, it was many days before David knew more than his own eyes had seen of the tragedy which had come to Grondin Manor. But from the beginning, even in a moment when those about him thought he was dead, he knew that Anne was with him. Never for an hour through days of grief-filled gloom and nights of blacker hopelessness did either the spirit or the body of Anne leave his side. Through all those days of one long prayer that God might give him back to her Anne guarded the hacked and

Hea

twisted  
only w

And  
holding  
shadow  
the ed  
dragge  
to tha  
that h  
a year  
old An  
spoke

It w  
strength  
which  
stand.  
and w  
him w  
first o  
God's  
hawk  
when  
Grond  
and th  
first an

But  
ached  
and fr  
face ha  
and tr  
never  
was do  
old Fo  
with h  
four ch  
homes  
the E  
sacred  
cure, w  
horn o  
All bu  
when t  
edge o  
have fo  
ing ov

The  
ness as  
pened  
of the a  
sicknes  
quentl  
Nancy  
includi  
church  
from h  
the gr  
scarcel  
them t  
woods

The  
had se  
into t  
search  
might  
had co  
yond t  
they m

But  
refuse  
ever.  
can't g  
given  
knees a  
she en

"He  
Marie  
only a  
heart-  
greater  
before.

And  
tragedy  
dread  
for Sir

\*The  
somber  
the Bla  
Manor,  
saw him  
dying in  
as the E  
lonely m

twisted body, dividing that precious privilege only with David's mother.

And always feeling this spirit hand of Anne holding him from sinking deeper into the shadows David came at last entirely up over the edge of the pit into which he had been dragged, and one morning, opening his eyes to that same Algonquin Indian summer sun that had warmed them with its promise just a year ago on Sunset Hill, he saw Anne—the old Anne—standing in its glow, and joyously spoke her name.

It was after that, through days of growing strength, that he learned of many things which in darkness he had yearned to understand. Peter came to him, his face scarred, and with a broken arm in a sling, and with him was Nancy Lotbinière. It was Anne, first of all, who told him that only through God's great goodness to them had the Mohawk assault come on a Sabbath morning when most of the women and children of Grondin Manor were already at the church, and that Nancy had looked with her upon that terrible fight, through the slit loopholes first and then over the top of the fallen door.

But it was the grimmer things that his heart ached to know, and these came from Peter, and from the Baron St. Denis, whose gray face had aged and in whose eyes lay a deep and tragically slumbering thing that would never thereafter be quite wiped out. Carbanac was dead. Kill-Buck was dead. And little old Fontbleu the miller was dead, and along with him three other men, seven women and four children. Most of the men, feeling their homes secure, had gone with Dieskau to fight the English. In the church that morning, sacredly kept there for many years by the *curé*, were six old guns, but scarcely half a horn of powder and less than a score of balls. All but a spoonful of the powder was gone when the Black Hunter's cry came out of the edge of the forest. Ten minutes later it would have found only the red wings of death hovering over Grondin Manor.

The Baron's face was still of clayish whiteness as he told of the miracle which had happened at the Big House. On that morning of the attack Anne was oppressed by the strange sickness which had overcome her so frequently since her return from Quebec, and Nancy was staying with her. All the others, including the black slaves, had gone to the church. At the last minute Anne got up from her couch and with Nancy came across the green. God must have sent them, for scarcely had the church doors closed behind them than the Mohawks swarmed out of the woods like wolves.

The Black Hunter was gone. No eyes had seen him after he had followed the savages into the forest. Peter and St. Denis had searched every trail and thicket where his body might be found. He was not dead—unless he had continued at the heels of the Indians beyond the boundaries of the Seigneurie, where they might have killed him.

But something in David's heart made him refuse to believe that Peter Joel was gone forever. Anne strengthened his faith. "He can't go away—not like that—until God has given me the opportunity to get down on my knees at his feet and plead for his forgiveness," she encouraged him.

"He will come back," David said—and Marie Rock said nothing, and her eyes told only a little of the story that was passing in her heart—a heart in which had settled a loneliness greater than any that had ever been there before.\*

And, in truth, it seemed as though the tragedy which the Black Hunter had so long dreaded and presaged had come and passed, for Sir William Johnson's Indians had deserted

\*There are times when fact insists upon drawing a somber cloud between romance and its fulfillment. As the Black Hunter disappeared from the eyes of Grondin Manor, so he disappeared from the world. David never saw him again. But in 1772 a strange, wild recluse dying in the wilderness of the Jumiai revealed himself as the Black Hunter, and was buried at the foot of the lonely mountain which today bears his name.



Main dining room, S.S. LEVIATHAN

## Go to Europe on your own ships and enjoy the best cuisine

THE SIX SHIPS that comprise the United States Lines fleet are your own ships—operated by the United States government. They offer you a travel service to Europe that is unsurpassed for comfort and for money value. They offer you the finest cuisine on the North Atlantic. Read down this column and plan your summer vacation NOW.

### To Europe and back for \$170

(Special round trip rate)

Tourist III Cabin accommodations on United States Lines ships provide economical travel at its best. Commodious two, four and six berth staterooms and comfortable public rooms. Music, dancing and deck sports. Excellent food. One way rates from \$95 according to ship selected.

### To Europe for \$140

For this modest sum you can travel on the S. S. REPUBLIC, or for \$145 on the S. S. AMERICA, S. S. PRESIDENT HARDING or the S. S. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT. They are the finest American type cabin liners, each offering you the freedom of the entire ship.

For \$136.25 you can enjoy the real, solid, homey comfort of Second Cabin on that great favorite the S. S. GEORGE WASHINGTON. Second Cabin on the huge S. S. LEVIATHAN costs but \$147.50.

### To Europe for \$231

This is the First Class minimum rate aboard the S. S. GEORGE WASHINGTON whose distinctive American atmosphere has endeared it to thousands.

First Class aboard the mighty S. S. LEVIATHAN, flagship of the fleet and the most famous ship in the world, from \$290.

Get complete information now from your local steamship ticket agent, or write to the address below.

All rates quoted above are minimum. First class rates quoted are effective April 1st. Rates are lower now. Regular sailings from New York to Cobh (Queenstown), Plymouth, Southampton, Cherbourg and Bremen.

# United States Lines

Operating:—The LEVIATHAN, GEORGE WASHINGTON, PRESIDENT HARDING, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, AMERICA and REPUBLIC to Cobh (Queenstown), Plymouth, Southampton, Cherbourg and Bremen. Agents in all principal cities.



General Offices:  
45 Broadway  
NEW YORK CITY



## "I'm Making Real Money Now!"

**S**EE that coupon? Remember the day you urged me to send it to Scranton? Mary, that was a red letter day for us.

"Mr. Carter called me in today and said he had been watching my work ever since I started studying with the International Correspondence Schools.

"Then he asked me if I thought I could take over George Stevens' job. I told him I was sure that I could—that I had that goal in view ever since I began studying with the I. C. S.

"I start tomorrow, Mary, at an increase of \$60 a month."

**H**OW about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way? It all depends

on what you do with your spare time.

Opportunity is here—this time in the form of that familiar I. C. S. coupon. It may seem like a little thing, but it has been the means of bringing better jobs and bigger salaries to thousands of men and women.

You can have the position you want in the work you like best, a salary that will give you and your family the home, the comforts, the little luxuries you would like them to have. No matter what your age, your occupation, your education, or your means—you can do it!

All we ask is the chance to prove it. That's fair, isn't it? Then mark and mail this coupon. There's no obligation and not a penny of cost. It takes but a moment, but it's the most important thing you can do today. "Do it now!"

**I**nteresting Facts About the I. C. S.

The International Correspondence Schools are the oldest and largest correspondence schools. Three million dollars have been spent in the preparation of I. C. S. textbooks. These textbooks are so complete and authoritative that they are used by 600 colleges and universities, including Yale, Cornell, Columbia, Dartmouth, Iowa State, Michigan, Amherst and the Alabama Polytechnic Institute.

Nearly three million men have enrolled for I. C. S. courses in the last thirty-four years—a larger enrollment than that of all colleges combined!

More than two thousand leading commercial and manufacturing companies have signed educational agreements with the I. C. S. for the education of employees.

Every day, between 400 and 500 men and women enroll for I. C. S. courses—an average of one student every 3½ minutes.

Every day, the I. C. S. Instruction Department examines and corrects 3500 lessons.

Every day, the I. C. S. Mailing Department handles more than 50,000 pieces of mail.

### Mail the Coupon for Free Booklet

#### INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 2571-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

#### BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- Business Management
- Industrial Management
- Personnel Organization
- Traffic Management
- Business Law
- Banking and Banking Law
- Accountancy (Including C.P.A.)
- Nicholson Cost Accounting

- Bookkeeping
- Private Secretary
- Spanish
- French
- Salesmanship
- Advertising
- Better Letters
- Show Card Lettering

- Stenography and Typing
- Business English
- Civil Service
- Railway Mail Clerk
- Common School Subjects
- High School Subjects
- Illustrating
- Cartooning

#### TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- Electrical Engineering
- Electric Lighting
- Mechanical Engineer
- Mechanical Draftsman
- Machine Shop Practice
- Railroad Positions
- Gas Engine Operating
- Civil Engineer

- Surveying and Mapping
- Metallurgy
- Steam Engineering
- Radio
- Architect
- Blueprint Reading
- Contractor and Builder
- Architectural Draftsman

- Concrete Builder
- Structural Engineer
- Chemistry
- Pharmacy
- Automobile Work
- Airplane Engines
- Navigation
- Agriculture and Poultry
- Mathematics

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State..... Occupation.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

him, his forces from the colonies were breaking up and leaving for home, and nearly four thousand French were strongly entrenched near and beyond the pass at Ticonderoga. In spite of the first French slaughter and defeat the word went swiftly throughout New France that the English attempt against Crown Point and the Canadas had been a dismal failure, and that never again would their enemies on the south attempt to break through by way of the Richelieu.

Death for a time spread its pall of sadness over Grondin Manor. But a glorious October followed September, and while a few of its homes lay in cold and forlorn gloom life in its old way began again. There were light and laughter and occasionally song in the Big House, where Anne and Nancy and Marc Rock made their brave struggle to bury the scars of grief under the joys of living once more. Happiness and sorrow walked hand in hand, yet each day happiness grew a little stronger and sorrow mellowed itself a step at a time.

The call of the turkeys came out of the woods at dawn and sunset, dogs barked and played in the clearings again and children took up their games. The wilderness itself, as it exulting in the coming of eternal peace, was clothing itself in the red and gold and yellow glories of the sharp night frosts until they reached out for unending miles in vast tapestries of color which only the Great Artist Who is God know how to paint.

And the old mill-wheel continued its song again, and there was something about the manner of its singing which brought a great sob from Anne's breast and a choking cry from David now and then when it seemed no power within him could hold it back. For only they could hear the soul and the voice of little old Fontbleau the miller in the turning of the wheel, and only they knew that Fontbleau was still there, though they could not see him, and that his spirit hands were at work about the place he had loved.

Up on the top of Sunset Hill, in the very spot where David had told to Anne the story of the powder-horn, Fontbleau, and Carbancou and Kill-Buck were buried. "I had them taken there," said Anne, when she first told David, "because that is our hallowed ground, David, and because there, through all the years to come, we will go so often together."

And one beautiful autumn day they stood beside these precious graves, and David was almost strong again, and Anne was as she had been a year ago, with her hair in a shining braid; and she was so very much like the Anne of that day, except that she was paler, that David fell curiously wondering, until, out of the shawl she had brought with her, she drew her powder-horn.

And then, with voice trembling a little, and head bowed so that for a moment he could not see the glow or the tears in her eyes, she said:

"David, I am here, just as I was that other day such a long, long time ago. It is the same dress, the same ribbon in my hair, the same—and she choked a little—"the same heart is here," and she placed a hand on her breast. "And I want to hear the story of the powder-horn again, David, just as you told it that day, except that you must leave out the talk of fighting which frightened me so, for that is done with now. But I want you to tell me again about these words you carved, and the shrine in the forest with two angels kneeling, and of the boy, who is so soon to be my husband, who stands disconsolately with the fish-pole in his hands. Please—"

And David told the story, close over the graves of Fontbleau the miller, and of Carbancou the god-man, and of Kill-Buck the Delaware, with that same great world of glory and promise spread out before their eyes. And as he told it a four-footed beast came up from the trail behind them and stood wondering, then listened intently, as if he, too, understood—the mongrel dog.

THE END

20  
ing  
four  
near  
pite  
the  
that  
and  
that  
out  
the  
  
ness  
ober  
f its  
n its  
and  
Big  
farm  
the  
one  
nd in  
little  
at  
  
f the  
and  
took  
as it  
was  
ellow  
they  
apes  
Who  
  
song  
t the  
great  
g cry  
ed no  
For  
voice  
arming  
bleu  
e him,  
about  
  
e very  
story  
banan  
them  
t told  
round,  
all the  
ther."  
stood  
id was  
as she  
shining  
ke the  
paler,  
until  
th her  
  
le, and  
e could  
es, she  
  
t other  
the same  
ame"  
heart in  
breast  
powder  
at day  
talk  
that  
tell me  
and of  
angels  
on to be  
ly with  
"  
ver the  
arbanic  
Delaware  
d promis  
d as he  
rom the  
eriringly  
derstood